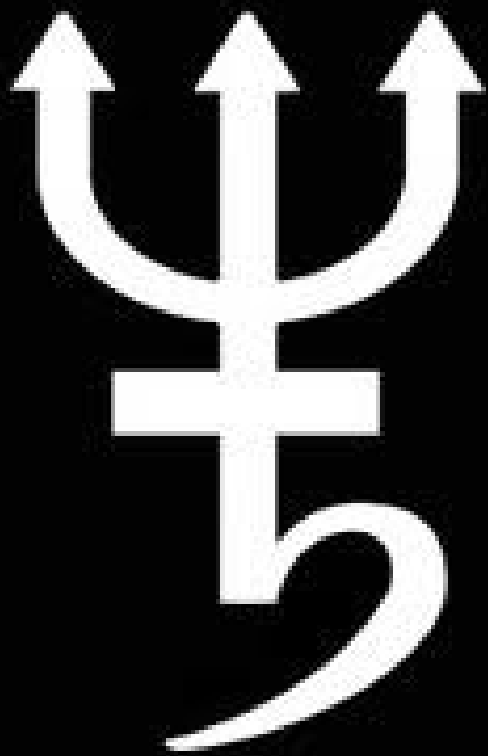


# NEXION



**An Aeonie ONA Zine**

**2017: Issue 4.1**

**White Star Acception**

# ISSUE 4.1

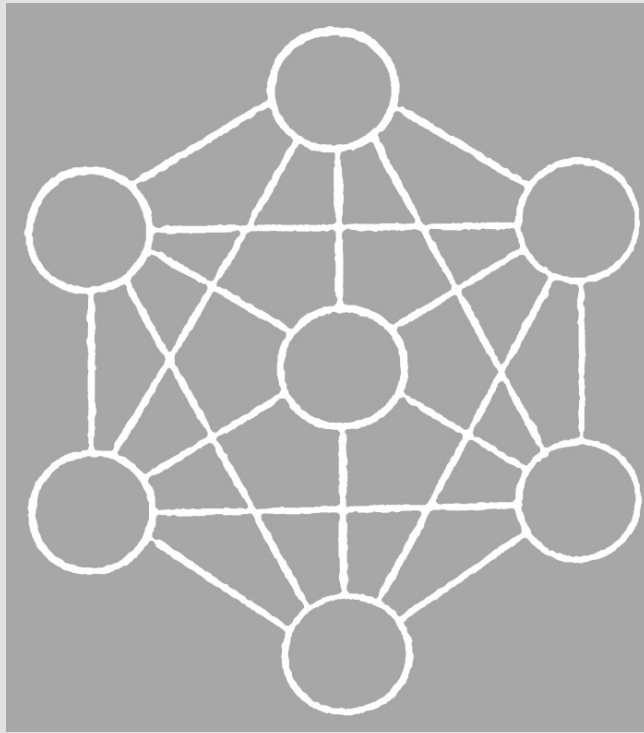


**A zine. A journal. A collection. A repository. Of Ancestral Wisdom. Of Aural Traditions. Of Echoes from the past. For the Unborn. For the Next Sinister Generation. For you who will inherit the world.**





BOREIALISM



## SEXIONS

### SEXION I:

ARTICLES. A SEXION FOR ESSAYS, WRITINGS, &  $\oplus$ NA MSS, ETC.

### SEXION II:

EDITORIALS. A SEXION FOR BLIPS, BLURPS, EDITORIALS, & MISCELLANEA.

### SEXION III:

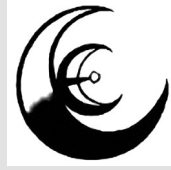
ECHOS FROM THE ETHER. A SEXION IN WHICH ARE SHARED POSTS AND SNAPSHOTS RELATED TO  $\oplus$ NA IN SOMEWAY FROM CYBERSPACE.

### SEXION IV:

ADVERTIZEMENT. A SEXION FOR ADS, CLASSIFIEDS, LINKS, NOTES, ETC.



## Prologue



..It's December of 2017. A few days before the Saturnalia begins. It's been a busy year for me out in the real world. Work... family tragedy. I spent most of my time this year off the internet. I didn't have much time to write any essays. This year, I got tired of writing philosophical essays for some reason. I just couldn't stand it. It comes and goes. I think I've grown out of the internet? I've been online since 2003 when MySpace first came out. Things in cyberspace isn't what it used to be. Forums are dumb now for me.

I think I'm done with blogging also. I found WordPress in 2008. Can you believe that? It feels so long ago. Yeah... blogging was where it all started for me. Where I actually learned how to write. I have nothing bad to say about WordPress and blogging. I gained a life skill from it. But after ten years, I'm tired of blogging. Plus, I don't want to spread myself thin. This zine is it for me. It all boils down to this zine in the end... a medium through which I can continue to write; in which I place everything I write. So, come 2018, I will no longer be active in cyberspace, but I'll keep my email, and continue to write to people here and there. The older you grow up, the more responsibility and things you have to do in the real world... so I've come to learn. I just don't have any time anymore.

2018 will be a year of interest for me. I began to study ONA writings by Anton Long in February of 2008. I had found old, outdated ONA MSS in the library section of MySatan, which back then was the largest social network for Satanists.

It's hard to believe that it's been ten years since I've been continuously studying ONA stuff. I should clarify that. To be very specific, I have studied all of the essays and writings by the person David Myatt, his philosophical stuff, such as Reichsfolk, his old Folk Culture writings, his old Numinous Way stuff, and his Philosophy of Patheimathos essays. I have also studied the philosophical essays by Anton Long of the Order of Nine Angles, as well as the philosophical writings by Christos Beest and Magister Hagur. I rarely read or study or delve into the "Traditional Satanism" promulgated or created by the old ONA, and its Traditional elements and its mythoi.

I've honestly never been a theist, and so I honestly don't believe that somewhere out there in the universe or reality there exists a devil-being named Satan. It just makes no sense to me, based on my personal weltanschauung, my world-model, and how I understand reality to be. But I do believe there exists an Adversarial Force in Nature, unto which I ascribe the word and name "Satan," which I personally identify as "Satan," based on how I understand the word and meme Satan to mean, historically and mythically.

In a way, I'm more in essence like a Rounwytha: meaning that I believe that names, myths, characterization, anthropomorphifications, denotations, etc, are very human, are causal abstractions we fallaciously ascribe onto Nature and constitutional aspects of Nature. You have to understand that reality and Nature – Physis – existed before we humans did. And so it's prosperous to believe that a creature such as we – insignificant as we are – can come into existence after the Cosmos and reality had been in existence for eternity, and believe that the silly, names, words, definitions, conceptions and characterizations we invent – story tell – mean anything at all: are actual elements of the "fabric" of reality. As Lao Tzu once said: The Tao that is tao-ed is not the eternal Tao.

And so, I've never personally been into the Traditional Satanism that ONA promulgates, nor its memetic elements such as the chants and so on and so forth. And like I said: in this regard, I am more like a Rounwytha: no names, no rites, no ceremonies; just a Quest to Understand [Buddhi]. But this is Buddhism, isn't it? There are four stages to the path of adeptship [arahata]. The first stage is becoming a Sotapanna. A Sotapanna is one who has liberated himself or herself from the Three Fetters:

[Begin Quote]

*"...those monks who have abandoned the three fetters, are all stream-winners, steadfast, never again destined for states of woe, headed for self-awakening. This is how the Dharma well-proclaimed by me is clear, open, evident, stripped of rags." —*  
*Alagaddupama Sutta*

*The three fetters which the sotāpanna eradicates are:*

**Self-view** — *The view of substance, or that what is compounded (sankhata) could be eternal in the five aggregates (form, feelings, perception, intentions, cognizance), and thus possessed or owned as 'I', 'me', or 'mine'. A sotāpanna doesn't actually have a view about self (sakkāya-ditthi), as that doctrine is proclaimed to be a subtle form of clinging.*

**Clinging to rites and rituals** - *Eradication of the view that one becomes pure simply through performing rituals (animal sacrifices, ablutions, chanting, etc.) or adhering to rigid moralism or relying on a god for non-causal delivery (issara nimmāna). Rites and rituals now function more to obscure, than to support the right view of the sotāpanna's now opened dharma eye. The sotāpanna realizes that deliverance can be won only through the practice of the Noble Eightfold Path. It is the elimination of the notion that there are miracles, or shortcuts.*

**Skeptical doubt** - *Doubt about the Buddha, his teaching (Dharma), and his community (Sangha) is eradicated because the sotāpanna personally experiences the true nature of reality through insight, and this insight confirms the accuracy of the Buddha's teaching. Seeing removes doubt, because the sight is a form of vision (dassana), that allows one to know (ñāṇa).*

[End Quote]

Being lost in rites and rituals, engrossed in them, dependent on them, is for the beginner on the Path. In the same way that ONA says in its own words [actually the words of Anton Long] that “Satanism” is only the Beginning. You’re suppose to walk a Path, not make camp at the beginning of a Path. You’re on a Quest, a Seeking, and that requires the mind to not cling to anything. Because anicca [impermanence] is the Nature, Essence, and Ethos, of all Things.

All things in reality Change. Only the unreal does not change. Unreal, as in stuff like dogma, belief, rites, names, gods. Think about that for a moment. All things real must change. Change is the Nature, Physis, and Ethos of everything that exists. And so what your mind – specifically your emotive faculty of Belief – clings onto, holds onto, is not real: because there is nothing to cling onto. The word “Believe” actually comes from the old word “Belove.” We desire – with intensity sometimes – to hold onto our beloved, that which we love, hold dear. And so what we believe in, what we cling onto, what we yearn to possess, what we need to have faith in, is, by the Nature of Things: Unreal, unrealistic, has no reality in Reality. Such things are only “real” in the domain of our Fallible human mind. When you organically Realize that [Buddhi], you will be Liberated, from the Fetters of your own mind, and only then can genuine insight and understanding of the World and Self manifest.

Rites, rituals, ceremonies, are on the same level as that of causal abstractions, denotations, reifications. For the novitiate, such things may be needed, like how a boy may need training wheels on his bike. But for those who have been walking the Path of Self-Enlightenment [Sambuddhi, actually meaning to come to an understanding of things on your own] and insight, such things and denotation, reification, abstractions, words, definitions, are fetters which hinders your pure view of things.

What do I mean by “pure?” When something is “pure” that something is uncontaminated by anything, that thing has nothing in it. Pure water has no color, no smell, no minerals, no additives, no nothing. You can see the bottom of a pool of pure water, but when your mind is dependent or clingy with such things as names, words, denotations, rites, rituals, etc, those things are like crap floating in that pool of water: you can’t see the bottom. You can’t fathom insight, because all you’re seeing – all you will ever see – are those words, abstractions, names, rites, ceremonies, beliefs.

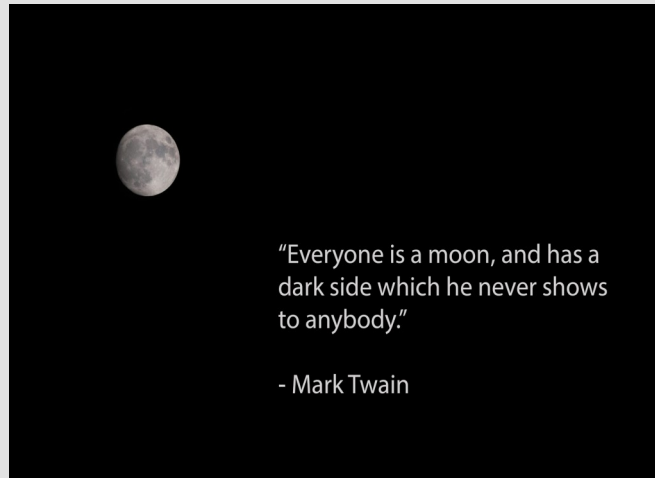
Anyways. It’s been 10 years since I have been studying David Myatt and Anton Longs philosophical essays. And that’s all that I am and will ever be to such writings: a mere pupil, not an expert, not an adept. I just simply found DM and AL’s writings to be interesting to read, thought provoking, and inspiring. And all of those essays helped me developed into the mind and person I am today. I’m very glad I discovered the ONA long ago.

I spent 10 years writing ONA inspired essays, learning to write as I went along. And, by the look of things, I will continue to do so for several more decades. Whatever I produce in the years to follow will all be contained here, in this zine. No more littering the internet with them. I’d like to concentrate all my essays and writings here, in this zine. And so this issue of Nexion zine is a little special: it marks my first decade of being on the Path.

Chloe 352, December 2017



***SEXION I***



## BEALOCRAEFT

∴

### The Essence Of Satanism

∴ I'll be candid here and express my personal innerscape and the simple things I've so far learned from Life; minus all the smoke and mirrors of mythos, propaganda, and PR shit. I've learned that *I Am Human* and I like the *harlequin* creature that I am. And I don't deny or reject my *Humanness*. Neither do I delude myself with solipsism, idealism, utopianism, sentimentalism into believing that I am above and beyond the suchness of my *Human Nature*; that I can ever transcend 'that which is human.'

“By their Fruit you shall know them.” There are seven billion of us humans on this earth. And what we do, how we behave, the acts we have committed as individuals, as families, as clans, as groups, as tribes, as nations, manifest the Fruit which is testimony of our Human Nature and its Fractal expression. We are – as all lifeforms are – *Agathokakological*.

If we humans have transcended our human nature, it would show in the Fruit of our actions, behaviour, and deeds we do and commit as individuals and as groups, fractally. I am a realist and I am intellectually honest with myself. And so, as I study and look at the earth and what we humans continue to do as humans I still see that we, as humans, still are Barbaric, we still commit atrocities against each other. We not only kill... we Overkill where we desecrate and mutilate our enemies. We are over-indulgent with our food, with sex, with drugs. No amount of religion – not the 2500 years of Buddhism or the 2000 years of Christianity – has changed us and made us un-human: we still kill, abuse, molest, torture, war, rape... and its GLORIOUS! Or-gasmically fucking Glorious.

And no amount of science and technology has caused us to transcend this dark and primal human nature of ours; this Curse of Nature. Indeed, instead of transcendence, what our science and technology has done for us and to us is augment and accentuate our primal human nature. It may be that in ancient times our ancestors killed with clubs and rocks: but today we kill with atomic bombs, chemical weapons, biological weapons. It may be that in ancient times our human ancestors formed primitive tribes and had tribal wars: but today we form sophisticated nation-states, supported by sophisticated economic systems, defended by technologically advanced militaries, interconnected with space orbiting communication satellites; and with such nation-states we fight our wars on a much grander scale.

No, our religions and science and political belief systems, have not and will not make us un-human. We are as human as we ever were. There are only two big differences between the ancient human and the modern humans: 1) we have science and technology to augment our human nature & 2) we have belief systems, and our urban worldview, our idealisms, to use as a means of denialism where we fool ourselves into thinking we are



“better” than human... that we don't have a dark side. In ancient times it was said that the third eye of Shiva – when opened – burns away the facade of delusion [our artificial urban world] we humans have erected around ourselves. And when burned away, we are rudely awakened to the Reality that we are creatures [satta] as any animal [satta] and that like any satta of this Realm of Nature, we are an inseparable current of the “river” of Dharmakaya, the Body of Nature: *How Nature flows is how we flow.*

## Satanism

I learned about human nature from “The Satanic Bible” by Anton LaVey. I had read that book when I was 14. It was the first religion I ever encountered that not only accepted human nature, but glorified it, and reveled in it. For me personally, the simple – and sometimes silly – ideas in the Satanic Bible was more of a “gateway drug.” You know, like when you're a young teenager and your friends get to try weed. So, from trying weed you learn that it doesn't kill you and it's okay. Then you get curious about other stuff like shrooms or LSD. So I personally have nothing bad to say about The Satanic Bible per se, like I have nothing bad to say about weed: we all have to start somewhere. What I will say though is that: if you are over the age of 16, and you think the Satanic Bible is just the greatest and most enlightening text ever, then you are a total retard and a silly-fuck.

*“Satan represents man as just another animal, sometimes better, more often worse than those that walk on all-fours, who, because of his “divine spiritual and intellectual development,” has become the most vicious animal of all!”* – 7<sup>th</sup> Satanic Statement, The Satanic Bible

Not only are we animals, with animal nature, but our animal nature has been refined! If Mother Nature intended for us humans to be “better” than human, she would have eliminated the animalistic nature out of the Great Ape we humans came from. But we see the opposite. We see that all of the “bad” characteristics of the Ape and Primate have been refined and accentuated in the human primate!

Our ape cousins fight, compete, and battle with each other for territory, resource, and females: and in us, we do the same things, but more refined and highly accentuated. Our fight is sublime warfare where we kill and slaughter in the millions! How wonderful it is to count the casualties of both World Wars! Hundreds of millions dead! No other creature on earth has such capacity of death and destruction, not even disease-causing virus.

*“Forge not works of art but swords of death, for therein lies great art. Learn to raise yourself above yourself so you can triumph over all. The blood of the living makes good fertilizer for the seeds of the new. He who stands atop the highest pyramid of skulls can see the furthest.”* – Satanic Points 10-13, Black Book of Satan, ONA

The truth is hard to accept. If Nature – or God – had some desire to make us “good,” Nature would have evolved the human animal so that we were incapable of killing; incapable of lying, cheating, manipulating, torture, etc. But we see just the opposite. We don't just kill like the lower order animals: that capacity to kill has been accentuated by Nature and refined to glorious and sublime levels over the aeons of evolution! That animal nature is raised above itself, fine-tuned, strengthened, made greater in the human; and in that sublimation, we humans are triumphantly the most powerful animal species in the solar system. Nothing alive compares to us: to what we can do; to what we are. Clever enough to use math to uncover the mysteries of the cosmos, and clever enough to make an atom bomb to kill hundreds of thousands of innocent people.

*“Blessed are the strong, for they shall possess the earth—Cursed are the weak, for they shall inherit the yoke! Blessed are the powerful, for they shall be revered among men—Cursed are the feeble, for they shall be blotted out! Blessed are the bold, for they shall be masters of the world—Cursed are the righteously humble, for they shall be trodden under cloven hoofs! Blessed are the victorious, for victory is the basis of right—Cursed are the vanquished, for they shall be vassals forever! Blessed are the iron-handed, for the unfit shall flee before them—Cursed are the poor in spirit, for they shall be spat upon!”* – Book of Satan V:1-5, The Satanic Bible

*“This is why we despise the Nazarene philosophy - the Satanist is proud, strong, defiant, while a Nazarene is*

*afraid of living, afraid of dying and mentally sick: weighed down by guilt and envy. The meek espouse peace because they know the strong would destroy them - so they infect the strong with the disease of 'pacifism', with guilt because they are strong.* – “Selling Water By The River,” Hostia 1, ONA

Mental Sickness doesn't just mean to be weighed down by guilt and envy. Mental sickness in the Nazarene and Mundane is also denialism, delusionalism, solipsism, idealism, utopianism, and sentimentalism. Denialism is when they deny the dark side of their human nature and of Life. Delusionalism is when your own untempered beliefs prevent you from seeing the real world as it is. An example of delusionalism are conspiracy theories. Solipsism is when they confuse their own mental constructs for what is Real. Idealism is when they superimpose their idealistic/romantic notions onto Nature, human nature, and reality. Utopianism is when these mentally sick people invent unrealistic ideas about the world and human nature and confuse such for what actually exists. Sentimentalism is when these mentally sick mundanes superimpose their sentimental feelings, their emotive wishful thinkings onto Nature and Life, and confuse such for what is Real.

I had a friend once named “Thomson.” My friend Thomson was very intelligent. He had a home library of many books, which he was proud of. He was in his 20s when I knew him. He was into the occult, the Western Tradition, and poetry. He was also a sentimental intellectualist. Those are the smart types of people who have the ability to convert their sentimental feelings and wishful thinkings into rational intellections.

My [White] friend Thomas suffered from solipsism and confused his idealistic and utopianist views of the world and humanity with actual reality. One day we got into a heated argument about human nature. Thomas had said that humans are by nature good and that only by corruption do we become bad where we kill, steal, rape, and so on. I laughed at him, because of his idealistic views, and I said: “Are you serious? What about the Native Americans?” So he says: “What about them? They were a peaceful people not knowing what war was, until White people came along.” So I said: “So you're telling me that Native American tribes didn't know what tribal warfare was, and lived peacefully with each other, until White people came along and corrupted them?” He says: “Yeah, is something wrong with your hearing?” I got angry and said: “What planet do you live on? You've never read a history book or something?”

That's an example of when and how a person superimposes their sentimental wishful thinking/feelings, their idealistic notions and utopianistic views [re: unrealistic] onto Life and the World. They see things in a faulty way, via the lens of their unrealism. And when and how their unrealistic mindframe prevents them from seeing the actuality and reality of human nature. The Fruit of our human action and behaviour as individuals and as collectives speaks the Realty/Realism of our human nature: and that Truth is hard to accept, for those who deny and reject the dark side of human nature.

Which is why mainstream religion does so well, where they have billions of adherents. Your average person is quietly disgusted with their own human nature, with their own dark side. The average person wishes to be something more than human, better than human; they yearn it. And mainstream religion gives such delusional people their fantasies they yearn for. Fantasy sells; it's what made religion so successful with regard to humanity. The fantasies that our religion offers provide us a means of emotional escapism.

“Emotional Escaping” means something different than mental escapism. When a human has murdered another human, and Christianity says that Jesus will forgive you, that murderer on death row can take that route, ask Jesus for forgiveness, and poof: the death row inmate has escaped his emotional state of guilt and remorse and whatever. That's emotional escapism. When Buddhism tells you that you can sit on your ass and do nothing, and become an enlightened Bodhisattva, that is emotional escapism, because you no longer have to deal with the feeling you have of knowing that you are just human. When the occult tells you that you can have magical powers, command demons, command the universe, obtain mystical secrets of reality: that is emotional escapism, because you no longer have to deal with the emotion in knowing that you – we – are just human.

We invent places like hell to hide the dark side of our human nature. We invent prisons to lock up and hide people who walk the dark side of human nature. Out of sight, out of mind. That's denialism. That's emotional escapism. What is not in your heart, cannot be felt. And so we pack our hearts with notions and feelings of heaven, angels, occult powers, mystical mumbo jumbo, philosophy, whatever; anything to divert our mind and heart away from that **Thing** we so desperately wish to avoid acknowledging: our Shadow, and the Abomina-

tions found therein. The acknowledgment that we humans have the capacity to commit, and even indulge, in such Abominations.

*"It has become necessary for a NEW religion, based on man's natural instincts, to come forth. THEY have named it. It is called Satanism."* – The Satanic Bible

*"Satanism is all about - in its beginnings – making conscious (or liberating) our dark or shadow nature. In the past, certain experiences were often undergone in order to achieve this, and some of those experiences were often frowned on by 'conventional' society. Some might have been 'illegal' at the time as well."* – Hostia 1, ONA

This is what got me to like Satanism. That it was a realistic religion based on human nature, based on making conscious our dark and shadow nature. Which dark side and shadow nature are often unacceptable to conventional society and sometimes illegal. In the beginning.

As Hegel and his Hegelianism suggested: you first take the savage and give him absolute liberty to be a savage. Then you take this savage and oppress him, tyrannize him. And so when that thesis and antithesis merge, they produce a synthesis where the savage learns that what he believed was liberty was in fact a type of tyranny in itself and that "true" liberty is a Balance somewhere in between freedom and oppression. Self-Control, Discipline, Regulations, Modertaion.

In the old days the WSA called this way of coming to this realization the "Ordeal of the Extreme Unctions." It was an ordeal we took. First we spent 6-12 months living life on the dark side. Such as gangbang, sell and do drugs, be a whore. Then you spend 6-12 months doing the entire opposite of what you did. If you do the ordeal right you learn that there is a Balance and that neither extremes are Natural. That somewhere in between is "True" human nature, human instinct.

And so yes, in the beginning, coming to an experiential understanding of human instinct and human nature is important. But instinct is primitive, and the dark side is only one side of a whole moon. In the end, when you learn to find that state of Balance, you come to realize that you don't deny the instincts and dark side of human nature, but to moderate it with wisdom, intelligence, and temperance. Not to let the dark side control you, but to be Master of your Dark Side.

There is nothing wrong with the shadow side of human nature, but in our latter wisdom, we learn to use such shadow nature Productively, Constructively, kamma kusala. If we as humans kill, then let us use that nature of killing productively where we kill our enemies and protect our family, people, and nation. If we hate, then let us hate productively. If we torture and terrorize, then let us use such aspects of human nature constructively, intelligently, wisely. Rather than be an ignorant mindless savage, we strive to become a tempered Noble Savage. Rather than deny or reject our human nature, we follow the Way of Nature and refine that human nature.

*"Since man's natural instincts lead him to sin, all men are sinners; and all sinners go to hell."* – The Satanic Bible

And this is the original reasoning or line of thinking as to why it's called "Satanism." It's actually universal that the natural instincts of the human being are considered to be bad/evil, and that such evil leads one to hell and damnation. The idea of bad people going to hell is universal: it's present in all major world religions.

In the Brahminical weltanschauung and its Buddhism derivative, hell is called "Naraka." In Khmer Buddhism hell is called "Narouk;" which is obviously derived from Naraka; Narouk also ends up meaning Devil. Naraka has 7 levels. The lowest level being reserved for the most awesomely heinous of bad people: those who torture, rape, and murder their own mothers! Not that there is anything *wrong* with torturing, raping, and slaughtering your own mother! The other levels are reserved for other transgressions and "criminal" offenses, which as LaVey pointed out, are all derivatives of natural human instinct/nature.

And so, naming a religion; which is founded upon human instinct and the shadow side of human nature; after

the Devil – the overseer of Hell – makes sense symbolically speaking. This devil character and his Hell is universal and thus is an element of our collective psyche.

The Essence

So then, if you have read this far, you will know and understand what the Essence/Ethos of Satanism is. As we have learned in ONA: there is Essence, and then there is Form. The Essence/Ethos of Satanism is “Man's Natural Instinct” as Anton LaVey pointed out long ago. The Essence/Ethos of Satanism is “making conscious our Dark or Shadow Nature,” as Anton Long stated long ago.

And so, the actual Essence and Ethos of Satanism is man's natural instincts, and the conscious expression of our dark or shadow nature. And so if such are the Essence of Satanism, then the various schools and codified brands of Satanism are the outer/causal Forms. For example: Dharma is the Essence/Ethos, and Jainism, “Hinduism,” and Buddhism are the outer Forms; causal derivatives of Essence/Ethos. The Form is not the Essence. LaVey's Satanism is not the Essence of Satanism, not the true and genuine source. Neither is Long's Satanism the Essence, or true and genuine source. LaVey's and Long's respective codifications of Satanism are only Causal Forms, causal expressions of the Essence/Ethos. That Essence and Ethos can be understood and expressed in many different ways. The word “Codify” and “Codification” actually means to “arrange into a systematic code,” to take a bunch of pre-existing stuff and arrange them into a system. Codify [innovate] and Create [invent] mean two different things. Did LaVey and Long *create/invent* the *idea/notion/concept* of satanism or devil worship? No, in fact, the word “Deofolgielð” actually existed as a defined and used word and concept in Old English meaning Devil-Worship, centuries before Anton LaVey and Anton Long existed:

<b>déofolgielð</b> Strong Neuter Noun <b>1. devil-worship idolatry sacrifice to devils an idolatrous practice 2. an idol an image of the devil</b>		
<b>déofolgielð</b>	<b>Singular</b>	<b>Plural</b>
<b>Nominative</b>	(the/that þæt) déofolgielð	(the/those þá) déofolgielð
<b>Accusative</b>	(the/that þæt) déofolgielð	(the/those þá) déofolgielð
<b>Genitive</b>	(the/that þæs) déofolgieldes	(the/those þára) déofolgielda
<b>Dative</b>	(the/that þæm) déofolgielde	(the/those þæm) déofolgieldum

Old English is older – predates – both LaVey and Long. The concept of devil-worship, even of sacrifice to the devil has been around since the time of Old English! In other words, in the society and minds and weltanschauung of the people who spoke Old English back then, the notion of devil-worship existed as a thinkable concept. I love language, you can learn a lot of shit from studying the language of a people. What LaVey and Long did clearly was innovation or codification where they took the Essence, and arrange a Form around that essence. They did not invent or create the idea/notion/concept of devil-worship and satanism. Here's what the words “Deofol” and “Gield” mean as separate words; which is actually insightful:

<b>déofol</b> Masculine Noun - irregular ending <b>(deofles/deoflas) 1. the devil 2. a devil an evil spirit demon 2a. of demoniacal possession 2b. a devil as object of worship false god 3. applied to a human being (1) a wicked person (2) as a term of abuse or contempt diabolical person</b>		
<b>déofol</b>	<b>Singular</b>	<b>Plural</b>
<b>Nominative</b>	(the/that se) déofol	(the/those þá) déoflas
<b>Accusative</b>	(the/that þone) déofol	(the/those þá) déoflas
<b>Genitive</b>	(the/that þæs) déofles	(the/those þára) déofola
<b>Dative</b>	(the/that þæm) déofle	(the/those þæm) déofolum

I figure that deofol was actually a composite word made up of two particles. The first particle was “Deo,”

which looks a lot like the Greek Theo(s) and the Latin Deus. The second particle is “Fol.” I thought of the word “folly” when I saw the particle “fol.” And so I went to look at the etymological lineage of the word “folly” and “fool.” Turns out that folly and fool are indeed related and arise from the Old French word, which was: Fol. In Old French Fol meant a “madman, insane person, rogue.” In Middle English Fol evolved into a word which meant “sinner, impious person.” “Folly” in Middle English meant “wickedness” among other things. And so Deo-Fol would end up meaning something like a “wicked/impious/mad diety.”

<b>gield</b> Strong Neuter Noun <b>service offering worship sacrifice money-payment tax tribute compensation substitute 1</b> <b>guild brotherhood idol god</b>		
<b>gield</b>	<b>Singular</b>	<b>Plural</b>
<b>Nominative</b>	(the/that þæt) <b>gield</b>	(the/those þá) <b>gield</b>
<b>Accusative</b>	(the/that þæt) <b>gield</b>	(the/those þá) <b>gield</b>
<b>Genitive</b>	(the/that þæs) gieldes	(the/those þára) gielda
<b>Dative</b>	(the/that þæm) gielde	(the/those þæm) gieldum

The Old English word Deofolgield wasn't some superficial word some Old Englishman put together in haste. It turns out to be a properly well thought out word with robust deeper sociological meaning. We can see this in the use of the word/concept of a “Gield” appended to the word Deofol. A Gield or “Guild” is a big idea, a complex concept.

A Guild in ancient times was like a trade union, exactly what a Guild of stonemasons or carpenters were. It's a brotherhood of people who share the same trade craft, they keep their trade secrets, offer social services, provide mutual aid, they pay membership dues, etc. So, this Old English word “Deofolgield” actually suggests something organized, or at least something believed to have been organized: in the likeness of a gield/guild. Mind you, the word isn't “Deofolcraeft,” as in “Witchcraft.” Or “Wiccacraft,” where “craft” here suggests a body of teachings. So we're not talking about philosophical teachings here. We're talking about Guilds, and the organization, social order, brotherhood, services, worship, activities, associated with the concept of a Guild.

So here, we also see something interesting. The Old English “Deofol” as it was used back then is congruent to how these same people – Ancient Brits – used the word “Satan,” as Anton Long pointed out in 'The Geryne of Satan':

[Begin Quote]

The earliest use of the term Satanism in the English language, that is, of the suffix -ism applied to the word Satan - so far discovered - is in *A Confutation of a Booke Intituled 'An Apologie of the Church of England'* published in Antwerp in 1565 CE and written by the Catholic recusant Thomas Harding:

*"Meaning the time when Luther first brinced to Germanie the poisoned cuppe of his heresies, blasphemies, and sathanismes."* A Confutation, Antwerp, 1565, ii. ii. f. 42v

Three things are of interest, here.

[1] First, the spelling, sathanismes - deriving from sathan , a spelling in common usage for many centuries, as for instance in Langland's Piers Plowman of 1337 CE:

*"For þei seruen sathan her soule shal he haue."* Piers Plowman B. ix. 61

and also, centuries later, in the 1669 CE play Man's the Master by William Davenant:

*"A thousand Sathans take all good luck." (v. 87)*

[2] The second point of interest is that, as the above and other quotations show, the term sathan was also commonly used to refer to someone or some many who was a schemer, a plotter, a trickster, or an adversary.

[3] The third point of interest is that the first usage of the suffix - by Thomas Harding - as well as the common subsequent usage of the term Satanism has the meaning of an adversarial, a diabolical, character or nature or doctrine. That is, the earliest meanings and usage of the term satanism are not 'the worship of Satan' nor of some religious or philosophical belief(s) associated with the figure of Sathan.

Furthermore, as mentioned previously, an early (1685 CE) usage of term Satans also imputes the foregoing meaning of adversarial or diabolical character:

*"To hinder us in God's work and mens Salvation, is to be Satans to us. O how many Satans then are called reverend Fathers, who silence and persecute men for God's work." Richard Baxter. A paraphrase on the New Testament with notes, doctrinal and practical . London, 1685 CE, Matthew, xvi. 23*

Indeed, in 1893 CE the writer Goldwin Smith used the term Satanism in this older general sense to refer to a type of destructive social revolution:

*"That sort of social revolution which may be called Satanism, as it seeks, not to reconstruct, but to destroy." Goldwin Smith. Essays on questions of the day . (Macmillan, 1893 CE)*

Similarly, an earlier 1833 CE article in Fraser's magazine for Town and Country used the term in connection with Byron:

*"This scene of Byron's is really sublime, in spite of its Satanism." Vol 8 no. 524*

Thus, the English term satanism/sathanism - historically understood - describes: (1) a blasphemy, a heresy or heresies; (2) a destructive (that is, practical) type of opposition.

[End Quote]

So here we see that the Old English word/concept "Deofol" and the old word "sathan/satan" in the minds and cultural weltanschauung of these ancient Brits meant the same exact thing and was used in the same manner. Both Deofol and Sathan/Satan meant a "wicked person," a contemptible person of diabolical character. Sathanism/Satanism in this older case thus meant the activities, behaviour, the Way of such types of persons described as being sathans, satans, devils, and deofols. Only later – much later – did various people codify their various schools of Satanism as belief systems and bodies of teachings and philosophies. Which are causal forms, outer forms, and not the essence. The Essence/Ethos is Human Instinct, the Shadow Side of our Nature, which is in quality and character diabolical, contemptuous, repulsive, repugnant, malignant, fiendish, depraved, demoniacal, atrocious, terrible, horrific, abominable.

And so, upon clearly understanding that such schools of Satanism are only outer expressions of the Essence, we can then understand Satanism from a Promethean perspective. Remember Prometheus stole fire from heaven [from the gods] and gave it to mankind, and was punished for his act. The Promethean perspective of Satanism is that once you know – sans mystification and obscurantism – that the Essence and Ethos of Satanism is man's natural instinct and the conscious expression of the dark or shadow nature of our human nature, then you will understand that there is no such thing as an "authority" or "supreme guru" of Satanism. There is simply no such thing as an "authority," "expert," "priest," "grandmaster," or "leader" of Human Nature and its Dark Side. You can simply go directly to the Essential Source of Satanism itself minus the middle man and manifest your own understanding and Form according to your own personal individual nature.

For, there is no such thing as equality, and so we each have our own unique qualities and characteristics. To put it symbolically: we each have different skeletons in our closets. LaVey's nature as a person isn't your Nature. Long's Nature as a person isn't your Nature. Their Forms of Satanism come into being – are codified in the ma-

trix of – their own personal Nature, views, sentiments, value system, and what aspects of their instinct and shadow side they chose to acknowledge.

For example, LaVey understood that the essence of Satanism is human instinct, but he did not acknowledge that “criminal” behaviour is an element of our human nature and so his Form of Satanism inherited LaVey's personal views where his Form of Satanism rejects and condemns criminal activity. Whereas Anton Long's Form of Satanism acknowledges criminal behaviour as being an element of human behaviour and so his Form of Satanism incorporates crime. But Anton Long sentimentally and philosophically rejects the idea of “Might is Right” as being “Bully behaviour” and so his Form of Satanism condemns such behaviour. Whereas LaVey acknowledges that yes we humans are bullies, that we have it in our Natural makeup to go on power trips and make other do and think as we wish of them, yes social darwinism is in our natural makeup, etc, so Lavey's Form of Satanism incorporates the notion of Might is Right.

And so, the question becomes: Are you LaVey or Long? Is your human nature, is your dark side – what you are drawn to of that shadow nature – the same exact composition as the shadow self of LaVey or Long? If the answer is no, then the question is: do you force yourself into their Forms of Satanism or do you codify your own Form which will best fit your individual Nature and Shadow Self? Because if some guy LaVey and some guy Long can codify their own Form of Satanism based on their own sentiments, views, value systems, beliefs, shadow self, then why are you so ignorant as to not be able to do likewise: to make your own Form based on your own actual individuated human nature and your own instincts and shadow self?

Shadow Nature – the Psyche's – is like a guitar. That guitar has lots of strings. Each string has many notes. Each note is unexpressed potential. And so, individually, as individuated sentient human beings, we each have our own unique “riffs” or “cords,” you see, that turns us on and stimulates us, makes us resonate and so on. It's the same instrument and same strings [same species], but we each have our own Cords. Our shadow nature are not equal and the same. The shadow nature of a serial killer is not the same as that of a serial rapist. The shadow nature of a dictator is not the same as that of a drug addict. And so why “dance” to the musical Cords of LaVey's or Long's Form of Satanism if such Cords do not reflect your own individuated shadow nature? If they do not strike a Cord with your own unique individual Nature?

The thing with some of these occult-gurus is that – like the gurus of the 70's era – they obscure and mystify the simple Essence so you can't see that essence, this way you become reliant and dependent on their teachings, Forms, words, dictations, glorified opinions, views, values, codifications. A merchant is no out looking to make peer merchants, he's out looking to make customers for his merchandise. Realize this shit. They keep you confined as mental children so you are perpetually reliant on their ideological parental control and dictations. And so, like ONA said: “a 'true' Satanist wouldn't put up with this, he would rebel and create his own thing.”

Another example, we can use the moon to explain: the moon has both a dark side and a light side. Let's say that Anton LaVey studies this moon and his expressed theory of the moon is that it came into being due to accretion. Let's say that Anton Long studies this same moon and his expressed theory of the moon is that a planetary body smashed into a large proto-earth, and material spun from this collision becoming the earth. The first thing that we should take notice of is that the moon is visible in the sky for everybody to see and study, and so the first question to be asked is: understanding that the moon is visibly in the sky for everybody to see and study, are you stupid or blind where you need an Anton LaVey or an Anton Long to narrate to you shit about the moon, or can you do that shit yourself?

My point of contention is not with such gurus themselves. We all need and have teachers in life whether we admit it or not. Even with learning to play the guitar you will still – in the beginning – listen to the music and riffs and cord of Pro-Musicians and follow along or copy cat their shit, learn by example and mimicry in other words. But there must come a time in your progress where you no longer need to copy other people's riffs. You might borrow cords and riffs from others, but you use those cords and riffs to build your own music.

If after several years in learning to play the guitar you have not learned to make your own music, and all you can do is follow along to songs and read music notes, then there is something Wrong with your level of intelligence and creativity. In real life you go to high school, then graduate, then go to college, then graduate, then



you take what you have learned and make something of yourself. If after 10 years you are still a freshman in high school, then you may indeed be stupid. If after 10 whole years as a satanist you still burn black candles and still wear black capes: then something is wrong with you.

That makes sense with those examples. But most of use can't apply that same sense with shit like religion, ideology, and philosophy. This thing we call "Satanism" or the "Left Hand Path" or whatever is very much just like Plato's allegory of the Cave. All of us live in the back of this Cave. In the front of this Cave – by the opening – are The Four Old Guys: 1) Crowley, 2) Anton LaVey, 3) Aquino, & 4) Anton Long. Now, every evening, on the walls of this Cave, shadows can be seen dancing. And so the Four Old Guys up at the front of the Cave are the ones who interpret the dancing shadows for the rest of us. Some of those Old Guys – all of them to some extent actually – insist and demand that only they can interpret the dancing shadows for us, and that only their interpretations and narratives of these shadows are valid and legitimate. While they are telling us their narratives, these Four Old Guys argue and fight among themselves about who has the "genuine" interpretations and who has the fake and fraudulent ones.

And so now, two questions arise for those of us in this Cave: 1) When will you realize that you too can also interpret those shadows? 2) When will you wise up and realize that you can just walk out of that Cave and experience the source of those shadows yourself? But we all know what happened to the person who walked out of the Cave: he returned to try to tell his people what he saw, and the people killed him. It's not wise to disregard those Four Old Guys, to walk past them, to tell them you don't need them, and to leave the Cave: they will excommunicate you and their mindless fanatic lemming followers will vilify you. I guarantee it. The Cave is the so called Left Hand Path. The shadows represent our own Shadow Nature, our own Dark Side, our own Sinister Nature. The interpretations of the shadows are the various Forms of Satanism. The Source that Shadow Nature is Mother Nature and her physis outside that Cave.

This cave allegory was a big dilemma for the ancient anti-Braminical proto-buddhist philosophers who codified what we today know as "Buddhism." The dilemma was: how do you not do what the Old Guys at the front of the cave do? In their minds they were thinking: "How do we teach the Essence of Buddhism to these people, without falling into the trap of being Old Guys at the front of that Cave? We want to Liberate these people from that Cave, not trap them in it like the Brahmins do." And their solution was to build a "wagon" [yana]. The wagon leads the Cave people gradually out of that Cave and brings them to the Source. The Source and Essence being Dhamma, Natural Phenomena. But before you can be Liberated – Moksha/Nibbana – you first have to Awaken and realize you are in that Cave/Samsara. Which is what Buddhist dialectics is good for, you see. To awaken them from their psychological, religious, mental, philosophical, paradigmatic vertigo.

In other words, their solution was to lead the horse to the water directly. But as the saying goes: you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it drink. You can guide and lead the Satanist the Source/Essence of Satanism – which is human instinct and our shadow nature – but you can't make them consider that essence or make them understand that the mesmerizing Forms of Satanism they are aware of arise from that Essence. And after leading them to that Source/Essence, it is not guaranteed that they will create their own Form based on their own uniquely individuated shadow nature. They may just return to their Cave. Like how most Buddhists just simply return to that Cave, oblivious of the insights that Natural Phenomena can yield. Oblivious to the understanding that it was from a study of Natural Phenomena that the Buddha himself obtain his "enlightenment," and that his teachings were all derived from the same.

Understanding that the actual Essence/Ethos of Satanism is man's natural instinct and the conscious expression of our dark or shadow nature, are you ignorant and so unaware of that shit where you need an Anton LaVey of an Anton Long or some other authority figure to tell you shit about your own natural instincts and your own dark side or shadow nature? Seriously, it's an honest rhetorical question. But like I said: in the BEGINNING we need teachers, but will you ever wise up – become wise – and leave that Cave to see and experience the Source/Essence directly yourself? In Buddhism it's called Pacchakka, which literally means to "see things with your own eyes."

Me myself, in the Beginning I study the ideas and theories of scientists regarding the moon, so that I can become familiar with the moon. Once I am confidently familiar with the moon, I begin to do my own research and I study the moon in my own way and in my own direction. And then I develop my own views and theories



about the moon. For instance, I believe the moon is expanding in size from the inside out very slowly, because inside is a ball of living plasma, and the moon is like its oyster shell it is growing. My apprehension of the moon might be crazy or unorthodox, but I am still studying the same moon.

And so, it's the same with Satanism. In the Beginning, I study Anton LaVey, and then Anton Long, in order to familiarize myself with Satanism and its Essence. I've always seen Anton LaVey's Form of Satanism to be "elementary" like junior high, and Anton Long's Form of Satanism to be "intermediary" like high school. Once I am familiar with the Essence and Ethos of Satanism, and am familiar with how LaVey and Long causally build/codify their versions of Satanism from that same Essence, I begin to causally build my own version by going directly to the Essence of Satanism. In the Beginning as a novice in Satanism, yes, it's a productive idea to study other Forms of Satanism to find the Essence and learn how the creators of those Forms make their Satanism.

But in time, when you Mature on your path in Satanism, it's more intelligent and productive to go to the Essence of Satanism yourself and develop your own Form. Why? Because of the Principle of Approximation and Individuated Perspective. No single person has the one and only "true" and "genuine" and "real" expression and understanding of natural human instinct and the dark side of human nature. Anybody who claims otherwise is either stupid, or being disingenuous, dishonest, insincere, or they are on a power trip looking to be some respected authority figure and grand guru. It's as silly as some single scientist claiming that only he has the Genuine understanding of the moon or gravity and all other Lunarologists and Gravitologists are fakes, charlatans, preaching false doctrine. It's simply stupid. I hate those power whore games those types play. I don't play that fucking game.

In the East we have a fine example of Essence and Form. The Essence is Dharma. And that Dharma over the hundreds and thousands of years has been codified and expressed in various Forms such as Hinduism, Jainism, and Buddhism. And fractally, each of those Forms of Dharma religions develop their own sub-Forms. In Hinduism you have the three major Forms of Brahmanism, Shaivism, Vaishnavism. In Buddhism you have Theravada, Mahayana, and Vajrayana. And fractally, each sub-Form has developed their own sub-sub-Forms.

In Theravada you have Sri Lankan Theravada, Burmese Theravada, Khmer Theravada, Thai Theravada, Lao Theravada. And fractally each sub-sub-form develops their own sub-sub-sub-Form. For example, in Thai Theravada Buddhism you have sub-sub-sub-Form called the Thai Forest Tradition, the Dhammayud Tradition, and so on. And fractally, each Hindi, Jain, and Buddhist expresses and understands Dharma in their own way. Thus, here you can see Fractality and the Principle of Approximation and Individuated Perspective at work, manifesting such diverse Forms out of the same Dharmic Essence/Ethos.

Like a Tree: The Trunk grows into big roots and branches. Fractally those big roots and branches grow their own branchlets, and those branchlets grow their own branchlets and so on. Like your circulatory system. You have the giant vessels connected to your heart, those fractally branch out, and those branches grow their own branchlets, all the way until you have tiny branches of capillaries so small that red blood cells have to get into a single file to pass through them. And fractally, just like a tiny individual capillary, as an individual capillary of human culture and memetic entities: idea can only pass in my mind one at a time. I can only humanly ponder one thought at a time.

And so when I, as an individual Buddhist, say that Mahayana Buddhism is fake or fraudulent, that's like a tiny strand of root calling a big branch way up high fake: it is *nonsensical*, and shows a lack of greater perspective [myopic] and wholistic grasp of the world. The reality is that both the tiny strand of root and the big branch are each parts of a greater system that Circulates the Essence. There must be Circulation, Movement, for there to be Life, Growth, Evolution. Your blood must circulate, money must circulate in an economy. A river must move to be healthy, otherwise it becomes a stagnate pool, which is breeding ground for bacteria. And so it is that same with satanism. It's silly for me as a single Satanist to say that LaVeyan Satanism or Traditional Satanism is fake and fraudulent, because both I and those two branches of Satanism are parts of a greater memetic being; which memetic being is founded upon [grows out of] the Essence of the shadow nature of the human animal.

Which Essence circulates around the memetic entity. In the same way that currency – derived from the word

‘Current’ as in the current of a river – when circulated, manifests a healthy economy and nation-state. And such economy and nation-state are reific nouns, abstract nouns which do not actually exist as concrete tangible objects that you can point at. What exists are collections of human beings who Believe in, Agree together in, the ideas, idealisms, values, etc of a nation-state. What exists are human beings who collectively agree that such currency – such money – has a value. And as time passes, our economies and nation-states grow and evolve towards greater order, manifesting greater well-being and living standards. And so, without that Circulation of Essence, there is no evolution: no change toward greater states of Being.

This pattern repeats in Nature. Life is the Essence/Ethos. Lifeforms are the Forms. And so you first have the major Forms which are Plants and Animals. Those Forms develop sub-Forms, for instance you have Mammals, Reptiles, Fish, and Bird. Those sub-Forms evolve/develop their own sub-sub-form; for instance you have Marsupial Mammals, Monotreme Mammals, and Placental Mammals [those that give live birth]. And fractally each sub-sub-form evolves its own sub-sub-sub-Form. So on and so forth. Life is the Essence, and that same Essence is beautifully and complexly expressed/manifested into a diversity of Forms of Life. And that Essence [Life] circulates around the Body of Nature: and so there is evolution: the gradual development of Form towards greater order, greater efficiency, greater intelligence.

And so, it would be nonsensical – makes no actual sense – for a fungus to say that a whale is a fake or fraudulent life form because the fungus came first, or vice versa. Because both the fungus and the whale are expressions or manifestations of Life, which Essence of Life circulates within them both. I personally think Diversity is beautiful, and that Diversity is a habit/dharma/tao of Nature. And so being in tune to Fractal Patterns, I can appreciate the beauty of the diversity of memetic forms: the many diverse types of Buddhisms, Satanisms, Christianities. It is *philosophically inconsistent* for a person to say that they think the Diversity in Nature and human culture is “numinous” or beautiful, and then with the same mouth and mind say that the diversity of human thought, belief, views, satanism, etc, is ugly. That there is and should only be one true, one real, one genuine Satanism, Buddhism, Christianity, whatever. Think about that.

For clarity: “diversity” when I use that term doesn't mean everyone and everything living all together in some goofy kind of multiculturalism, or “melting pot” as we Americans seem to like to call it. Natural Diversity as it occurs in Nature means that everything is different and has its own place in the ecosystem. The gears of a clock are diverse, but every gear has its own place and function in the cybernetic collective. Parts of a car are diverse, but each part has its own place. Shit in our galaxy is diverse: but everything has a place to be in, there exists order in that diversity. Suns are at the center of star systems. Planets go around those suns, and moons go around those planets, and asteroids have their own place. This shit is so Orderly in our galaxy that we can predictably locate stars, planets, moons, and clusters of asteroids. Natural Diversity exists within the matrix of Order. And this diversity within Order is fractal and can be seen on the atomic level, and on the level of your own human body, as well as on the level of a metropolis. The shit we are seeing in Europe is not diversity: it is disorder. And Disorder is a disease, a sickness that will ultimately cause a system to malfunction and fail.

And the funny part is that most people believe in evolution, where they have the sense to understand that diversity – genetic and otherwise – helps Nature and species survive and thrive and evolve. But they can't apply that same understanding of evolution Fractally with the domain of the human mind and culture: with memetic entities. How did a memetic entity like primordial Christianity, Pre-Constantine era, Evolve into the thing it is today? If not in the same way organisms evolve: via diversification of Form and gradual change, and the competition of such Forms. And in that process of gradual change there will arise many Forms. It is incredibly primitive minded to reduce that process of evolution and development into a mere retarded dichotomy of “true/real/genuine” and “fake.” I am not saying that every Form is equal. I don't believe in equality anywhere in the universe.

Just as I can say that because of the time it has taken for humans to develop and the nature and intelligence of human beings that we humans are the “best” Forms Mother Nature has yet developed, I can say that currently the ONA is the best memetic development/expression of the shadow nature of the human animal. Anton Long has put in 40 years to develop the ONA into what it is today. LaVey wrote a few books and stopped developing his Form. Aquino's Form couldn't adapt to the change of environment. Crowley's Form is cool, but it has grown from an unorthodox social entity into an orthodox monument to Crowley.

Monument meaning that it doesn't grow or evolve any further. It's a monument like the Washington Monument, existing only to perpetuate and glorify the few things Crowley did. LaVey's Form is rapidly also turning into a Monument to LaVey, if it has not become such already. Thankfully Anton Long has implemented a few things to insure that the ONA doesn't stop developing and becoming a Monument. He's made it known several times in various ONA MSS since the early 90's that ONA should be changed, further developed, evolved. That whatever he has done should be surpassed. And so on.

By now, you should understand this Essence and Form concept, easily and clearly. I don't like obscurantism, I don't like mystifying shit, and I don't like keeping things vague. Usually when people use obscurantism, it might indicate that such person actually has no organic idea what they are talking about. And usually, when someone mystifies something, they are keeping you from seeing something, hiding something. Behind the great Wizard of Oz is a little old man, in other words. And then usually, when a person keeps things vague, they either lack a full organic understanding of what they are talking about or they are playing power games; because when they keep things vague, they can make their stuff mean anything at any time to win you.

The various schools of Satanism are outer Forms, causal expressions of the Essence or Ethos, which is our natural human instinct and our dark side or shadow nature. The Form is not the Essence. No Form monopolistically is the only one and true, genuine expression of that Essence. Anton LaVey's Satanism is not the true and genuine Satanism. Neither is the Satanism of Anton Long. Both may express the Essence, in the same way that both a horse and a cow express the Essence and Ethos of Mammal Nature in different ways. And just as such Mammal Nature can be expressed in a host of different species, LaVey's Satanism and Long's Satanism are not and cannot be the only two permissible forms of Satanism.

*"Yes, times have changed, but man hasn't. The basics of Satanism have always existed. The only thing that is new is the formal organization of a religion based on the universal traits of man."* – The Satanic Bible

I've always liked the Satanic Bible's elementary approach to Satanism because it presents a no-nonsense, realistic, and honest expression of Satanism, the religion of man's natural instincts. Realistically, no matter how evolved or advanced our civilizations and social orders become, we will, as mortal creatures, always be Human. And with being Human, we will always have Human Nature, which is in physis, agathokakalogical, that is: Compositely both Good and Evil. Like the moon has both a light side and a dark side. That human nature will never change away from its agathokakalogical essence and ethos. Before it was "human nature" it was primate nature. Evolution only refined and accentuated that ancient primate nature in the human animal. And by the way Nature works, if we humans should evolve into something greater that is beyond human, our agathokakalogical human nature will be further refined and accentuated, and not eliminated.

*"Such a declaration will establish for all time a permanent record and will expose the fraudulent 'Satanists' for what they are - individuals who like to be associated with the glamour of evil and darkness, but who lack the - inspiration, courage and daring to be evil and dark. Furthermore, I repeat what I have written before - Satanism is not now and can never be, an intellectualized philosophy just as it most certainly is not in any way ethical or moral. It is an individualized defiance and an individualized striving which vitalizes, which affirms existence in an ecstatic way - as such, it is a way of living which courts danger, excess. It is not nor can ever be, dogmatic just as it never involves submission to anyone or anything. For this reason, there can never be genuine Satanic Churches or 'Temples' where Initiates conform to dogma or authority - such things are not for genuine Satanic Initiates but for the deluded, those lacking spirit and talent: in brief, for the manipulated, rather than the manipulators."* – Hostia 1, ONA

As much as I like the elementary Satanism of LaVey, I prefer the intermediary Satanism of ONA. There are several reasons why. The first reason is that each human being has its strengths and weaknesses. And so when a human being creates a causal form – a religion or tradition or whatever – such causal form will inherit the weaknesses of its creator.

For example, if the person is by nature idealistic, then the causal form he creates will be idealistic to a certain extent. LaVey as a person did have strengths and weaknesses. For instance LaVey's strength was understanding that there was nothing wrong with indulgence, because it was in accord with human instinctual behavior. But a weakness he had was understanding that our instinctual nature actually goes beyond just indulging. Another

weaknesses he had was that he [LaVey] was an intellectual by nature, and so his Satanism takes on an intellectual flavor of being a “philosophy,” a way of seeing and thinking of things. Another weakness he had was that he never acknowledged that human instinctual nature existed before the law and order of the state, and so human acts that defy the law and order of the state, or that are “illegal” are indeed expressions of instinctual human nature.

A highly evolved Satanism cannot just be a philosophy, because the intent of a Form is to Express or Manifest the Essence and Ethos. And so if the Essence and Ethos is man's natural instinct and the conscious expression of our dark or shadow nature, then an evolved Form of that Essence and Ethos must Express that Essence and Ethos in causal action, behaviour, and deeds. To understand human nature via philosophy and science is one thing. And to live that human nature, express it in action, deed, way of doing, is an entirely different thing.

Another reason why I prefer the Satanism of the ONA is because the ONA “goes all the way” with human nature. Meaning when it talks about the dark side of human nature, they go to the full extent of that dark side, advocating everything associated with such dark side, such as murder, sacrifice, crime, etc. The ONA also stresses that its Satanism is a way of life and not just a philosophy, not just a belief system.

Regarding the rivalry between schools of Satanism: I know the Church of Satan believes itself to be the only valid form of Satanism, and I know the ONA believes its Satanism to be “Genuine Satanism” implying or overtly stating that other forms of Satanism are “fake” or “fraudulent.” I see nothing wrong with such competition and rivalry. In the same sense that I see nothing wrong with animals in any given ecosystem compete and rival each other. In the same sense that I see nothing wrong with Google and Amazon competing with each other. Competition breeds innovation [evolution] as they say. Memeplexes, like organic lifeforms, behave like lifeforms and will compete to spread their memes/genes, in order to dominate and thrive. The behaviour of these forms of Satanism is congruent to the Law and Way of Nature. We see the same behaviour fractally in gangs, corporations, sports teams, nations, and individually in people where we try to be prettier or smarter or richer, more admired than others.

It should just be kept in mind by those of us who are intelligent that there is no such thing as a fake causal Form. There are only Forms which may inadequately/inaccurately express the Essence and Ethos. The Essence is what is important, not the codified causal form. What's that mean? Well, it means that if you are an organism in an ancient primordial ocean, and you have no light sensing organs [eyes], and your rival organism grew light sensing organs: your Form has just been rendered inadequate. With eyes, your rival can see food and mates better and will dominate the ocean in time. Thus, it will be able to – more adequately – express the essence of Life better than you can. If a Form of Satanist is unable to adequately manifest or express the essence of Satanism, then it is inadequate in some way.

*“Satanism encourages its followers to indulge in their natural desires. Only by doing so can you be a completely satisfied person with no frustrations which can be harmful to yourself and others around you. Therefore, the most simplified description of the Satanic belief is: INDULGENCE INSTEAD OF ABSTINENCE. People often mistake compulsion for indulgence, but there is a world of difference between the two. A compulsion is never created by indulging, but by not being able to indulge. By making something taboo, it only serves to intensify the desire. Everyone likes to do the things they have been told not to. “Forbidden fruits are sweetest.” Webster’s Encyclopedic Dictionary defines indulgence thusly: “To give oneself up to; not to restrain or oppose; to give free course to; to gratify by compliance; to yield to.” The dictionary definition of compulsion is: “The act of compelling or driving by a force, physical or moral; constraint of the will; (compulsory, obligatory).” In other words, indulgence implies choice, whereas compulsion indicates the lack of choice.” – The Satanic Bible*

I've always liked the simplicity of LaVey's Form of Satanism. No mystification, no obscurantism. If the Essence and Ethos of Satanism is man's natural instincts and making conscious our dark or shadow nature, then the Act of being Satanic, of expressing or practicing that Satanism is to freely give oneself up to, to yield to, to gratify, without restraints or restriction, your natural desires and dark side.

We all have a dark side which we never show anyone, as Mark Twain rightly said. By “dark side” I mean all that such dark side means, suggests, entails, insinuates, and hints at. The elements and desires of our shadow

nature, evolved from millions of years of natural animal instinct, are best left unspoken and unwritten, best left in the shadows. We all know what a human being is capable of doing and committing. Most of the dark side desires and fantasies are so dark, they would cause most self-proclaimed “Satanists” and social-rebels to be outraged. I'm speaking of the unspeakable things that are Deplorable, Depraved, Disgusting, Despicable, Degenerate [The Five D's]. Things most people would consider to be inhuman.

Inhuman indeed. For such dark nature has been a part of our composition as biological creatures since before we were human. The problem is not that such dark nature exists, but that the human sentiment has evolved to pass judgment on such! In the same way as when we watch Nature in its natural course, like seeing a pack of hyenas attack and eat alive a young baby animal. We see such things, and pass our human sentimental judgments. Not ever realizing that such things have been done and indulged by biological creatures hundreds of millions of years before we humans existed to pass judgment, to be outraged.

As humans with a dark side, we all live together in a neighbourhood of glass houses. Which is funny to me when you think about it. In one glass house you might have a father who has the shadow nature of fucking his daughter, and his next door neighbour will point fingers, and throw stones at that house and say: “OMG, how awful and disgusting!” Meanwhile, that neighbour has the shadow nature of liking to get fucked in the ass by a horse. You have another neighbour in his glass house point fingers and throw stones at another glass house and say: “OMG! Might is Right is so bullyish, you're so barbaric!” And this neighbour has the dark side of supporting, endorsing radical 'Islamists' bullying, raping, terrorizing, and killing defenseless Europeans. You have another neighbour shaking his finger and throwing stones at another neighbour saying: “OMG! Doing drugs is bad!” Meanwhile, this neighbour worships satan, is a nigger hating nazi, and masturbates to gore.

We think we are such evolved creatures. And we especially believe we are more better/evolved than the person next to us; 'holier than thou' mentality. We think we are creatures who have transcended our animal nature, transcended our instinctual nature, transcended the body of Nature. Lost and in the samsaric delusion of our urban, idealistic, and sentimentally artificial world. We superimpose such artificial world, such sentimentally utopian views, onto Nature, and pass our judgments from such artificial vector. What silly creatures we are, like children playing house, oblivious to the Real World beyond our doll house. Sheltered in our own delusions and sentimentally idealistic solipsism.

Shiva is the Great Destroyer. With his Third Eye he burns asunder that stupid man-made artificial world and its stupid sentiments and utopianismic projectionism. Awakening us to realize the world beyond our idealistic delusions. No, we are not free from Nature. We are, and have always been an inseparable part of the body of Nature, of Dharmakaya. And Nature is by default agathokakological, compositely both sinister and numinous. And the dark side of Nature, its sinister side, is horrific. That Horror we see and fear, is itself the dark side of our human nature. As it is the dark, primeval side of all lifeforms, of Nature Herself.

And so, Anton Long said long ago:

*“The true nature of evil - and thus Satanism and the LHP - has been misunderstood. Evil is natural and necessary - it tests, culls, provokes reaction and thus aids evolution. And to repeat - Satanism is replete with evil: it is evil. Satanists are sinister, evil. They cannot but be otherwise. Evil, correctly defined, is part of the cosmic dialectic - it is force, which is a-moral: i.e. it is beyond the bounds of 'morals'. Morals derive from a limited (human - or, rather, psuedo-human) perspective, and a morality is a projection by individual consciousness onto reality. Nothing that is 'moral' or immoral exists. All morals are therefore artifice - they are abstractions. Actions, by individuals, which are normally considered as 'evil' are things that are done by individuals against others - that is, evil acts are considered as belonging to us, as a species. It is not considered 'evil' for a tiger to kill and eat a person: that is natural, in the nature of the tiger. What has been and generally is considered to be evil, in humans, is in general nothing more than instinct - or rather, a feeling, a pre-conscious desire or desires. Such instinct is natural - the actions which result from it can be either beneficial or not. That is, the actions are not 'evil' in themselves. They should not be judged by some artificial abstractions, but rather by their consequences - by their effects, which are either positive or negative.”* – Hostia 3, ONA

Satanism – beyond the mystification and obscurantism – is actually simple to understand. All the extra stuff, such as the philosophical ramblings, the magickal curricula, the many words written, the competitive rhetoric,

the religiosity, the spiritual gibberish, etc, obscures that simple Essence and Ethos. The essence of Satanism is man's natural instincts and the conscious experience of our dark or shadow nature. It's that simple. And so the Practice – Praxis – of Satanism is the conscious experience of such natural instincts and dark natural desires, as well as the giving to others the liberty to indulge in their natural instincts and dark natural desires.

### Closing Remarks

Satanism is an ode to human nature, which nature is the end result of Nature's billions of years of developing and refining its own agathokakological Primeval Nature. In its fundamental simplicity, there is no greater religion. When you study Natural Philosophy, that is the philosophical study of Nature, you will eventually enter the domain of human nature. And once in that domain, you will see things you wish you had never seen. Things you would rather deny the existence of. If you deny such things, then your understanding of Nature, of Natural Philosophy, is incomplete and intellectually dishonest or outright mendacious.

And most people are philosophically and intellectually dishonest enough with themselves and others to deny and reject the dark things that lurk in the shadow side of Nature and its LifeForms; especially in the human LifeForm. If such dark things must be spoken about, they caricaturize it as being “primitive” and utopianistically say that we humans must strive to transcend that primitive nature. Like a creature running away from its own Shadow.

Have you ever tried to run away from your shadow? Try it. During a nice sunny day, stand outside so that your body casts a shadow on the ground, and try as hard as you can to run away from your own shadow! Or it is like a moon that has discovered it has a dark side, and it hates that dark side. And so it spins around to face the dark side at the sun to get rid of it. Only to realize that the Other Side has become dark. So it spins frantically, like a dog chasing its own tail.

Yes, the gratification of instinctual desires is immature. But that immaturity is necessary for later Maturity. Like how we humans grow up. Before we can be mature, we have to spend some time in our childhood being immature. And tellingly, what we learn and experience and experiment with during those immature stages of our life, develop into Wisdom and organic intelligence later in age.

The Essence and Ethos of “Satanism” is simple: it is man's natural instincts, the conscious experience of our dark or shadow nature. Such shadow nature is a facet of our overall human nature. And such human nature is an inseparable living branch that grows on the Tree of the Body of Nature. And such Body of Nature has its own Primeval Nature which is agathokakological.

And so, all of these “Satanisms” that exist – the various different schools of such – are Outer Forms of that same Essence and Ethos. They are Casual Forms, meaning they are an organization/codification of beliefs, views, values, thoughts, opinions, intellections, causal abstractions born from the Essence and Ethos. No one owns that Essence. It is a silly idea to think so. As silly as the idea that somebody owns gravity, or the nature of panda bears.

But it is within human nature itself to behave like you own something. That nature isn't even uniquely human, primate and most animals and even trees act like they own domains and territories and females and resources. The tallest trees with the widest branches in a jungle owns the largest sunlit real estate. And when such trees own such large real estate, they have the most light, which means they are thriving enough to generate many seeds. The same way with humans and their memetic domains. “Satanism” is a memetic domain, and humans in such domain will struggle with each other to be the Alphas of that domain. To own the most mindscape and psychological territory, so that they can spread their memes the widest and furthest.

And so humans in this Satanism domain will act like hot shots, like they invented Satanism, like theirs is the “Genuine” and only Real Satanism. Like they are the supreme and extreme authority on Satanism, and everyone else who came before them was ignorant and stupid. What these apes in Satanism don't tell you is that: 1) they created their own version of Satanism by amalgamating their own lofty ideas into something codified & 2) they derive their ideas from an actual source which is the Essence and Ethos of “Satanism”. They mystify and obscurantize those two points and never tell you such simple things, because you may simply go to that same Source and make your own Form of Satanism to compete with theirs. And a wanna-be occult guru surely doesn't want competition: you would take his fame, notoriety, adulation, respect gained, and income away!

I have a Promethean facet to my nature. I really don't like authority figures or anybody who acts like they are the shit. Like their opinions and beliefs are “better,” because they are some fucking High Priest, some fucking

ipsissimus. What these authoritative clowns don't understand is that when they monopolize something like Satanism – because they want all the followers and attention – they restrict the further evolution of Satanism, and restrict the diverse expressions of the same. All because they are power whores on a power trip. I'll fucking out-think and out-insight you. Let's make a competition out of it, if that's your fucking game! I'll fuck you up in a decade! It's like limiting LifeForms to only two monopolized Forms. And the funny thing is these same power clowns talk about how they understand that there is diversity in nature! Stupid fucks.

Anybody who understand the Essence/Ethos of Satanism can create/codify their own Form. And they should do so. Why? Because of the Principle of Approximation and also because of the Principle of Inherent Weakness.

The Principle of Approximation means this: if you allow 100 people to study human nature, natural instinct, and so on, and then you give those 100 people a pencil and a large blank piece of paper and tell them to write, draw, make a poem, tell a story, etc about their individuated perspective of human nature and natural instinct, you will get 100 different things on those pieces of paper. Not a single one will be the same. And so the intelligent question to ask is: of those 100 piece of paper, which one has the one and only true, genuine, and real grasping of human nature and natural instinct? None. They are all approximations of individuals, from their individualized perspective.

The Principle of Inherent Weakness is when the weaknesses [the suchness] of a creator infects or influences its creation with its own weakness and limitations; with its own suchness. For example: I am ignorant of Western philosophy. And so any Causal Form I may create, or any conceptualization I create will inherit that weakness where my creations are devoid of Western philosophical insights; which is limiting. But also: my strength is that because I was raised in a Buddhist culture, I know a lot about Buddhism. And so anything I create, will have a lot of Buddhist insights or will be influenced by Buddhist insights. This seems like a strength, but it can be a weakness because it is restricting and limiting where that anything I make is limited to a Buddhist perspective.

And so in the Natural Order, in order to transcend the de-evolutionary limitations of the Principle of Inherent Weakness, Fractality must exist. Meaning here that if the Cosmos was created into being from One Creator, then a limit exists where that the Cosmos is limited to the suchness of that single creator. A primitive example: let's say that the One Creator of the universe is color blind and can only see in Blue. And so if this One Creator makes a universe, it will be all Blue. Fractality is when this Creator says to itself: “Okay, I just realized I have limits! Therefore, let me break apart into self-same creative patterns. Let each self-same pattern be unique. And let each self-same pattern create according to its approximate perspective and suchness.”

We can use Music as an example. The creator of the musical universe is limited to Gospel Music. One day it realizes that because of its limit/weakness, any music it creates will be church gospel music. And so, if the musical universe is to be filled with Diverse kinds of music, it must transcend its own limits. How does it do this? By Fractalism. Where the fractal pattern of the capacity to make music and use musical instruments and sing is fractally expressed in others. And so, fractally: a person comes along and uses that fractal creative force to make jazz music, another comes along to create blues music, another creates soul music. Another uses that fractal pattern of musical creativity to create rock and roll music. Another uses that pattern to make disco, another makes hip hop.

And so on. Fractality allows the Essence to be expressed in Diverse Forms. Remember the Dharma religion example? Another example of this would be the Fractality seen in Christianity. You first have Catholicism, Orthodox, and Protestant denominations. Each of those fractally have their own sub-Forms. For example Protestantism fractally develops into Quakerism, Evangelism, and Mormonism. With the Orthodox Form, you have sub-Forms like the Greek Orthodox Church and the Russian Orthodox Church. And so on, and so forth.

And so, although each sect and denomination are different, they all actually Express the Same Essence and Ethos! And so, with this bigger picture, or wider context in view, you can see that such a fractal schema does in fact allow for maximal diverse expression of the Essence. And you see that the Form such Essence is expressed through gradually evolves to better express that Essence. Conversely, if you only allow Catholicism to exist and the one and only true Christianity, such a schema actually limits the evolutive expression of the Essence of Christianity. If the creator of the universe were to say: “The only one and true acceptable living creature in my universe are amoebas!” The evolutive expression of Life would seriously be limited!

With something like Satanism, we can already see negative consequences creeping into the scene with its limi-

tation of Forms. The Forms LaVey and Aquino founded lack the ability to adapt to the change in the environmental marketplace, the value system, and higher intelligence of the new generation. So they are dying out. Which leave only the ONA's Satanism as the last major Form. This is a good and a bad thing. Good because ONA triumphed over its rivals. And bad because of the incredible limitations placed on the evolutive expression of the Essence of Satanism. It's not guaranteed that in 50 years, the people of that era will see any worth and relevance in ONA's Satanism. Just as we Satanists of today can look back at LaVey's 1960s Satanism Form and think of it as being elementary and outdated, people 50 years from now will see ONA's Satanism with the same perspective because of their higher intelligence and the collective intelligence of their social orders.

What will be required is “counterintuitive” to the generic intellect. Freedom to circulate and express the Essence/Ethos of Satanism is required, in a “Promethean” manner of speaking. But before such can happen, the individual Satanist must develop a certain amount of intelligence and understanding, where they/we understand that restricting that Essence to just one or few Forms, is de-evolutionary, long-time-wise. The Essence must circulate. *“The spice must flow.”* New Forms of Satanism must arise, not just the philosophy of such, but culture-wise also; and competition between such Forms.

It only takes an elementary understanding of nature and economics to understand why diversity and competition are both necessary. For example, in nature: you have lions and gazelles. The lions chase the gazelles down and catch the weaker ones and eat them. In doing so, the genes of the weak gazelles are removed – culled – from the genepool. And thus, the future generations of gazelles, become more genetically “better.”

In general economics, you have diversity in the form of there being many different industries, and fractally, in each industry there are many different companies. Companies within an industry traditionally compete with each other. The weaker companies eventually cannot sustain themselves and become bankrupt. Thus, culling the weak company's memes and unfit corporate culture out of the economy's meme-pool. The fit companies, dominate the landscape and influence it. In this way, the future economy is gradually strengthened and evolved.

My contention with that huge bail out the US government did for the big banks is that in doing so, you prop up dysfunctional banks and perpetuate their corrupt and/or dysfunctional corporate culture. And that weakens the meme-pool of the economy, stifling economic evolution/development. Evolution towards greater order and greater efficiency. And so both diversification of Form and competition of Form are needed in order for evolution to take place.

Regarding ONA: Freedom to circulate and express the Essence/Ethos of ONA - without restriction, inhibition, molestation, interference - will be required, if it is to live a long time; if it is to survive its Founding Personality [DM/AL] who is at this time of writing, in the Winter Season of his mortality; soon to expire from this causal world.

A return back to the basics of the ONA: that ONA is not an organization one joins; it is a corpus of ideas written by Anton Long and Company. That any individual who resonates with such corpus can put into practice such corpus in whole or in part. That ONA is open source and thus open to be further developed and changed. That groups, orders, organizations, nexions, etc who are influenced and inspired by ONA may use such corpus in whole or in part to make for themselves their own Form, Style, Flavour, Distro, of the Sinister Essence and Sinister Tradition. And that there should exist a healthy amount of competition between such ONA inspired individuals and groups. If some ONA people leave ONA: let them. If new ONA inspired groups arise with a different way of doing things and different belief system: let them. If some nexions die out: let them. In this way, the Essence of the ONA – its Ethos – is circulated and gradually evolves in Time.

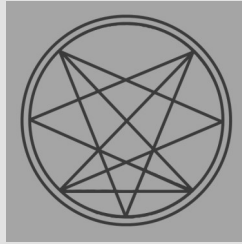
So, to end: The Essence of Satanism is simple. It is our own human nature, human instincts, which has both a light side and a dark side. That Essence or Ethos is found within your own person, being the human being that you are. That Essence can be expressed in many ways. And groups such as the ONA exist to perpetuate a certain discipline, or Form, or germline, of that Essence. In understanding the actual nature and source of that Essence, you understand that such Essence does not, and cannot belong to any person or group, not even to the ONA. And so in the end, Satanism is actually very simple, if understood properly.

∴Chloe 352

White Star Acception







## Oldies But Goodies

I've been fortunate – or unfortunate – enough to have been interested in and involved with Satanism for actually a decade now. I've been watching Satanism and Satanists move, grow, and leave since my MySpace days. Over the many years I have seen Satanists gradually grow into a new understanding of what “Satanism” is. This newly emerging understanding is much different then what it was “philosophically” interpreted to be 10 years ago. 10 years ago you basically had 3 general types of Satanists. You had your retarded Theists whose Satanism was primitive reverse Christianity. You had the Modern/LaVeyans whose Satanism back then meant materialist reductionism + Ego worship + the “philosophy” of “Satanism means indulgence.” Then you have the Egyptoid Satanists/Setians who were like the “hippies” of Satanism all into the quasi-Egyptian, pseudo-left hand path, subjective universe crap. Thank god Setianism attritted to death and irrelevancy.

One group during that era stuck out, and still sticks out: ONA. I was going through many of the “old” xerox facsimiles of old 1980-1990 ONA MSS just reading writings by ONA from that specific era just to see how much ONA stuck out. Many notions and ideas we may take for granted in ONA have actually been around since those early years. It's pretty cool for me at least to be able to trace back the origins of memes. For example I always thought the meme/idea of “Cultivation” was a contemporary ONA used word, but it's been used by ONA since the early days. The other cool thing to see for me is seeing how over time the other institutions of Satanism and mundane Satanists have used more and more ONA meme/ideas to beef up their stagnant Satanism. Of course they will never admit it. But when you learn to follow memes, it becomes easy to know which fool has been borrowing from ONA.

Following memes is easy. It's useless and impossible to follow one single meme/word/idea. For example the meme “White.” By itself there is no way of getting any data from it. But memes like to travel in clusters. The more compact [coherent/cohesive] the cluster of memes, the more power they have to travel from mind to mind and influence. So then, if you learn to look for a meme and its traveling meme buddies, you'll be able to get your data and trace the history and origins of that Memeclass. For example when you notice the meme “Power,” traveling with the meme “White” [White Power], it becomes possible to trace that two memeset to a possible Neo-Nazi memeplex of some sort. If the meme “Hitler” is in the mix, then you can deduce that the originating memeplex may be National Socialism of some type. If you get Hitler, the meme “National-Socialism” with that hyphen, and the meme “Ethical,” then you can trace that memeclass specifically to the Reichsfolk memeplex. Even if a person does not know where he got his memeclass from, you can tell if he's infected with for example, Reichsfolk memes, that someone he was exposed to was either Reichsfolk or was influenced or inspired by it.

And it's the same way with ONA memes. You can't really say that someone is infected or influenced by ONA if they use a single meme like "Causal." Causal by itself is just a word/idea. It's not one generally used by your average imbecile mundane Satanist, but it's a word in active circulation, at least with the intelligent people. But when you come across a Satanist who uses a cluster of memes like "Causal," "Pathei Mathos," "Form," "Abstraction," or their essential ideas [the actual memes], you can figure out that this person is infected – influenced – by ONA either directly or indirectly. So they don't have to admit that they were influenced by ONA. They genuinely might not even know it. Which would work in our favour since any person who does not know where he's getting his ideas from and why he's using them is a fool. You want those fools to keep using the words and memes. Words – the words we think in – is what we build our worldviews and paradigms with. Those words they use literally influences how they see themselves, their world, and the entire experience of reality.

Let them use those words and ideas, in total blissful ignorance even. It's the only way to have an influence over their Satanism to change it. A memplex must be replaced one meme at a time. ONA memes must gradually seep into and replace their old useless and irrelevant memes. One word at a time. One idea at a time. One concept at a time. One fool at a time.

Like the Gods said once: *"Explosion when my pen hits tremendous/ [...] Shacklin the masses.../ [...]As the world turns, I spread like germs/ Bless the globe with the pestilence/ The hard headed never learn/ [...] Paragraphs contain cyanide/ [...] Light is provided through sparks of energy/ From the mind that travels in rhyme form/ Giving sight to the Blind/ The Dumb are mostly intrigued by the drum [...] My pen blows lines ferocious..."* [- Triumph, Wu-Tang Clan]. The dumb are intrigued by what they hear. New words used by others that sound smart or cool, they pick up like germs. Their mind, paradigm, and worldview, fall under the influence of such words, like a body falls influence to the beat of a drum of a good song. Intoxicated by the opiate of the mass, who needs their constant fix. Memes are like dope to the deaf and the dumb.

So this will be a collection of some old era ONA quotes that I like or find very interesting, especially when considering the time frame, and the general mindset of Satanism/Satanists back then. All of them are from old facsimiles of xeroxed MSS circulated from a past era long before the internet was in public use. Listen for the drum:

*"[T]he ONA understands and practices Satanism **as it is**, with its insistence that Satanism is about **individual self-development** in both the real and the Occult worlds, and that this can only be achieved by hard, long, dangerous and toilsome experience. Further, the ONA has exhibited a creativity and an understanding which makes all other manifestations pale into insignificance. Thus, it is not surprising that it has been so influential in the past few years.*

*"This influence has, however, seldom been acknowledged - other groups and individuals often borrowing the teachings, methods and ideas and claiming them as their own, this 'borrowing' not being confined to "Satanic" or Left Hand Path groups in general. This is both natural, and necessary given the sterility of creativity which exists and has existed in such groups, and given the nature of the human species in general, and the Satanic in particular."* - Satanic Influence; ONA, Hostia 1, 1990

*"A Satanist is an individual explorer - following in the footsteps of others (and perhaps using their guide books) but **always seeking further horizons, daring to defy convention** (in ideas as well as in morals and atti-*

tude) yet part of an evolutionary succession enabling **what is experienced to be understood** and become beneficial. For this reason, a genuine Satanist understands tradition as important and necessary – the culmination of centuries of insight and experience, a useful guide which enables further progress and exploration: a starting point for that inner and outer journey which is begun by Initiation, as well as a map of the way chosen and followed.” - The Tradition Of The Sinister Way; ONA, Hostia 1, ~1992

“There is no morality here - only the judgment of experience...” - Manipulation 1; ONA, Hostia 1, 1990

“There is not and never has been any substitute for self-learning from experience.” - The Alchemy Of Magick; ONA, Hostia 1, 1991

“Thus, traditional Satanism is concerned with the 'inner development' of its Initiates, and its followers are few in numbers.” - The Sinister Path, Aims & Intent; ONA, Hostia 1, ~1992

“Satanism can never become (until the 'New Aeon' arrives at least) respectable: for to become so would destroy its numen, its viability as a way to genuine Adeptship.” ONA – Organizational Structure; ONA, Hostia II, ~1992

“[T]he creation of new forms is important and indeed vital – there must be a continuing evolution.” - Esoteric Tradition; ONA, Hostia II, ~1992

“What matters is action, the desire to achieve, to become again fierce, tough, forbidding and thus real **individuals who have broken the psychic chains of the majority**.” - Conquer, Destroy, Create; ONA, Hostia II, ~1992

“A Satanist, concerned with experience, may use a political form for a specific purpose -the nature of that form in terms of conventional politics and morality (such as 'extreme Right-wing') is irrelevant. What is important is whether it can be used to (a) provide experience of living and the limits of experience, and/or (b) aid the sinister dialectic of history.” - The Hard Reality Of Satanism; ONA, Hostia II, 1991

“[I] have tried to make clear (sometimes by exaggerating the point) that I regard Satanism first and foremost as a practical way which involves garnishing experiences of the limits of living, and learning from those experiences **-transmuting the experiences into self-insight, the development of consciousness and so on**.” Steven Brown Letters [to Ms. Vera]; ONA, Hostia II, May 27, 1992

[Q1] “However, there are some points which perhaps are best raised in a private letter. First -and perhaps inconsequential out of its context -no one has ever claimed to be 'Head' of the ONA: **no such position exists**.” Steven Brown Letters [to Grampa Munster Aquino]; ONA, Hostia II, Sept 7, 1990

[Q2] “Satanism existed in many forms long before LaVey, and the ONA simply represents one such form: a form that has changed and is still changing, developed as it is and has been, by creative individuals within it.” - Steven Brown Letters [to Dr. Aquino]; ONA, Hostia II, Sept 7, 1990

Note: Quotes Q1 & Q2 are from the same letter. I especially like those two quotes by Anton Long, considering the date. AL just states in plain ole English even way back then that the ONA has no leaders or head, and that the individuals within it change it, develop it, and still is changing it. In some recent writings AL has used contemporary language by referring to ONA as being “Open Source.” He has also over the years restated that he is not the leader, and that ONA has no leader.

It's amazing how these two concepts have been said over 20 years ago, and has been resaid often, but yet still your mundane know-it-all insists that ONA has a leader somewhere who “left it,” and that “we” of ONA today are trying to change it or resurrect it, whatever. Like they Gods said: “The hard-headed never learn.” They must see what they want to see in it. Those who force DM or whoever to be the leader of ONA Need such people to be ONA's leader for their own “emotivations.” For their own emotive motives. They dislike ONA, they need DM to be the leader, so they can say he left it, thus ONA is dead, and this makes them feel better, like they know information others aren't privy to. When all they know are their own assumptions and wishful thinking. They need ONA to be static and unchanging, because it's supposed to be dead and/or not real like their Satanism is. It's not supposed to be influencing and inspiring anybody. But it is, as it has been for 40 years.

*“All these energies are 'sinister' (or Left Hand Path, if you prefer) -at the most simple level this means they enhance our creative evolution; at another, it means they 'disrupt' already existing forms which may hinder such evolution and explication of individual potential.” - Steven Brown Letters [to Dr. Aquino]; ONA, Hostia, 1990*

Note: The above is a cool quote. In it “AL” uses the term “Sinister” the way it is most often used in ONA, and he gives the term its actual meaning. The word Sinister does not actually mean Draconian, Demonic, Maniacal, Psychopathic, etc. It actually just means “Left,” from the actual Latin for Left. And in this quote AL even briefly gives a simple but enlightening summary of what the Sinister Path or Left Hand Path is or means in the ONA. It is nothing diabolical or fiendishly heinous as your average mundane will believe the word to mean. That's what the word means in their mind. And they project their meaning onto the ONA, never stopping to realize that perhaps the ONA and its initiates have their own definition and use of the word. And yet – and yet – these mundanes insist that they are individuals. If you are a genuinely individuated person, shouldn't you know and understand that Other People have their own Minds, and thus Other People also have their own apprehension, shade of meaning, and usage of words? I seriously doubt that your average minded mundane [was that redundant?] really grasps what the term “Other People” actually means.

*“On the practical level, this means that the societies must be made the breeding ground for the tactical forms chosen. The peoples must yearn for something -and what they yearn for must be given to them. That is, their instinctive yearning will be controlled, psychically, via sinister Adepts.” - ONA Strategy And Tactics; ONA, Hostia II, ~1992*

Note: You have to learn how to understand the common idiot, the public, the mass. The common mass – regardless of how much they reject collectivism and insist on being individuals, socially acts, reacts, and moves as a herd or non-individuated mass. They move or yearn en masse for the same thing at any given time. Case in point: How many users does facebook have? Why is Apple Inc the most wealthiest corporation? What do I mean by move en masse as a herd socially? I mean in 2004 MySpace was the biggest thing to hit cyberspace. Everybody was into it. Now MySpace is dead. What happened? All of the dummies as a social herd of human cattle migrated en masse somewhere else. Where did they all go? Answer: How many users are on facebook?

These common Mundanes are cattle. They socially and psychologically move – behave – as a giant incoherent group. They yearn collective – within the limits of a generation or two – for things. If this concept of collective yearning were not true, then Apple Inc cannot be the most wealthiest corporation. Ipads would not be selling and be the talk and star-commodity of mundanerville. You would not have 2 billion Christians in the world all yearning for the same salvation. It's how group minds, group dynamics, and group psychology works. It's why Sociology as a science is viable, and verifiable. Sociology treats people as a social group or mass, a blob.

But their collective yearning ripples out only for a generation or two. As a new generation emerges, that newly emerged generation as a collective has its own yearning and wants. And you can look to Tibet for your proof of this phenomenon. The generation of the 1950-1960 in Tibet collectively yearned to be free from China, and they still do. The newly emerged contemporary generation collectively yearn for Chinese music, Chinese words, Chinese culture, Chinese fashion. This is how cultural liquidation occurs, in the mass yearning of each successive generation.

So when we observe the mass yearning of the mundane cattle, we can refer to this mass as the “market.” Learning to spot the yearning of a new generation is when you are able to take your eyes off of the out going mass and pay close attention to what are called “Niche Markets.” A Niche Market sociologically would be like a “tear” in a fabric. Or a crack in a dam. They start small within an incoming generation, and may be hard to see. With each emerging generation the tear gets bigger, until when time has past and the out going generation has died, the Niche Market yearnings have replaced the old needs and desires. Nobody yearns for black and white televisions today. Nobody even yearns for a cell phone made 10 years ago. I'll point out a tear in the Market which ONA now safely dominates without competition. In LaVey's time Satanists were very critical of Buddhism. The Satanic Bible itself did not have much good to say about Buddhism.

Today, you can now barely begin to notice that a niche market had torn where a new generation of Satanists are seeking new knowledge and memes in Buddhism and other Eastern schools of thought to supplement their own understandings. And this same tiny niche market has now shifted its “Satanic Paradigm” to seeing life as a quest to gain an understanding of Self and World. In other words, the Niche Market is incorporating Natural Philosophy from both the West and the East. Natural Selection will take place where today's Satanic groups must either give the new yearning market what they need, or become irrelevant, die out to be replaced. As ONA initiates, you have to

learn to spot those cracks before competition does, and then make new forms accordingly. To own or dominate these cracks and tears, is to gain an influence in the minds of the future, and thus the societies or social order such new minds will express and manifest.

This isn't in any way saying that an ONA person is not Human. It's human nature to be a part of a group and to follow your group. There are several differences though. One difference is that there is a conscious or deliberate choice to act or behave in a certain way, or get involved with certain things. The other major difference is that there is an understanding that such behaviour is human and natural. It becomes a different and stupid matter when your mundane Satanism teaches some doctrine of non-conformity and extreme individuality, but yet you hypocritically follow the large incoherent mass.

The last major difference to consider is what a herd is, as opposed to something like an army or ant colony. There is a difference sociologically and biologically speaking. You can see the difference if you compare a mafia or Organized Criminal organization with the random criminals of a given city. What's the difference? The difference is that the number of random criminals in a city may be committing the same crimes as the mafia, but they are incoherent and not organized. A herd of cattle is not an organized coherent entity. It's just a field of many cows. A city of criminals does not equal coherency and organization. It's disorganized and incoherent. Which is why – think about this hard – if a general gives an order to an army, his order is carried out almost immediately. If a mayor were to give an order or make a request to his citizens in his city, the collective response time would be much slower, if they even respond. In relation to the big and incoherent urban order that surrounds an ONA person, ONA is like an organ is to a body. It is slightly more specialized and organized than the random herd of city-state citizenry.

Organized entities last or live shorter time spans than disorganized entities. One is a reproductive organ of the other which only forms in response to condition, and/or to Seed something in the Causal. To better understand this phenomenon, let's take mushrooms. The mushroom itself is actually the coherent and organized reproductive organs of mycelium. The mycelium itself is shapeless, formless, and very hard to see. It lives inside the ground in dark moist spots and is very big. When a spot becomes dry of nutrients the mycelium reacts to the condition by organizing its cells into a coherent entity. That coherent entity becomes a stalk which pushes out of the ground, which is the mushroom. The mushroom of course makes and spreads the spores of the mycelium. Stepping on the mushroom doesn't kill or harm the actual non-organized mycelium.

Human culture, not as a memplex, but as a group of people, is the mycelium. Culture on the human level is formless, leaderless, shapeless, headless, and non-organized. This is so to help this culture live long. You have something like Brahminical culture in India which is thousands of years old. And you have thousand year old European cultures. From time to time this non-organized culture produces organized “bodies” within it. So as an example you have the Catholic Church within Southern European culture. That church is the Mushroom of the mycelium of Romanesque European culture. It is the reproductive organ with which that cultural entity seeds itself

in other places. And you look very closely at the color scheme and symbolism the priests of this church uses unconsciously. They wear white, or white is regarded in a special manner. Sperm is white. They have wands that sprinkle holy water. They have specialized “cells” or units [missionaries] which carries a bundle of memes which they send out. Just like sperm carries a bundle of information and is cast out. The sperm itself does not contain all of the information of its originating organism, just the basic genes. And so the Roman Catholic Church does not contain all of the “genetic” information of old Romanesque European culture, just the basics.

So you watch history very closely. You see this Catholic Church send out its sperm cells into indigenous lands such as the Mayan, Incan empires, and the Philippines. How do most empires and nations symbolically personify the spirit of their empire or nation? As a female. The empire or nation as a body is the female, with her own genetic information. The missionaries are the sperm used to attempt to inoculate that female body with outside genetic information. Once the “female” culture/nation takes the genetic information from the missionaries, we see something take place aeonically over time. We see an increase in the “Europeanization” of the indigenous population. In fact, just as you would expect in biology, you see Latin America and the Philippines actually become Hybrid entities, mixed with their old indigenous genetic information, and with the new Romanesque European cultural memes.

Another example would be Buddhism. The dis coherent entity is Brahminical India. The only problem with what we refer to as Brahmanism/Hinduism is that it's people specific and highly incoherent. This makes it genetically less able to seed outside cultures. So Buddhism is the answer. Buddhism is nothing more than a refined species of Brahmanism/Hinduism made and tailored to be spreadable. It has been stripped away of the memetic parts which are people and place specific such as the Vedas, Caste System, and so on. But the essence – and even most of the deities – are all still accounted for. So Buddhism is the organized reproductive organ of Brahminical culture. And just like a reproductive organ and its counter part in Southern Europe, Buddhism sent out missionaries into foreign lands in ancient times. Egypt was seeded, China, Southeast Asia, and now the West. And we see that the “female” receptive bodies [nations/culture] which takes those Seeds, produce Hybrid people and social orders. They have a mixture of their original culture, but also Brahminical cultural memes and practices, worldviews, and so on.

You have to learn to pay very, very close attention to how those old time tested reproductive organs work at seeding foreign people with a worldview. It's an important bit of knowledge and skill for the ONA. Pay no attention to the belief system itself. That's not the main mechanism something like Catholicism and Buddhism gets foreign people to adopt a new worldview, paradigm, and so on. When missionaries spread Catholicism inside a new receptive culture, specialized lexicons and Latin is used. You have lexical words like “Baptism,” “Eucharist,” “Host,” “Saviour,” “Pope,” “Church,” “Sin,” and so on with Catholicism. With Buddhism you have lexical words in Sanskrit and Pali such as “Karma,” “Dhamma,” “Sangha,” and so on.



What do we know about words and language? We know that the words we think in have an absolute influence on how we see and understand reality. Before a person can wholly adopt a belief system or new paradigm, his *weltanschauung* has to be subverted by those specialized words. The words bypasses their mental immune system because they are not technically foreign beliefsets. They are just words with perhaps definitions. But the words themselves act like genetic coding or digital coding which has been inserted into their cell or operating system. The words influences how they think and see things. They act like primer. After the primer, then you can paint them with the beliefs and foreign ideas.

Before you can make peasants into Communists, you subvert their mindscape with innocent useful word, like Bourgeois, Proletarian, Capital. They are innocent words peasants can adopt and use. But those words have a deeper sinister purpose. It infects how the peasants see themselves and their world. Then you start telling them what they want and need to hear. The rich are bad, Jews need to go, the worker makes the nation and should therefore lead, and so on. And it's incredibly effective. You end up with peasants turned into rebel Proletarians killing for a party. Then the USSR falls, and a change of words is employed by a new political and economic order. Instead of Proletarian, the word "Citizen" is now used. The same common group of people adopt that word, and the behaviour and reaction changes, along with their worldviews and paradigm. The public are no longer rebel proletarians, they are productive citizens of a democracy. Look closely though, and you notice nothing real has ever changed. The leader types still lead, the common mass are still subjects of a regime.

Religion is not the only means a culture sporifies. Any Organized entity which forms within the matrix of its mother culture is a reproductive organ, this includes Political Parties, and secret societies. You have Germany and out of that Germany you have National Socialism. The National Socialism seeds other minds and cultures. So you see in time that those countries or people who adopt National Socialism take on a hybrid "German" flavour and worldview. Incorporations are cultural reproductive organs. Remember old world British colonies first began as territory owned and occupied by a Company. Whatever happened to that old Hudson Bay Company? Why, it aenically developed into what we today call Canada, which looks and feels like it's parent. Democracy as an institution is the reproductive organ of what we might call the Occidental Order. We see that whatever country adopts democracy, suspiciously takes on a Western flavour. At the moment the East is behind since it relies on things like Buddhism to inseminate World Order with its Oriental Order, which doesn't work as well as democracy.

It's very hard to change a culture because of the lack in coherency of its units/cells. This is a defense mechanism, since it must live long to try to seed humanity. A miniature example would be the constructed language of Esperanto. After about 150 years since it was born, Esperanto collected a very large following globally. That following is the cultural body, which is composed of an incoherent collection of people who learn to speak the language. Over the years many people have criticized faults in Esperanto, and so reform movements started. Those reform movements tried to

change words around, add new words, remove old words, etc. None ever worked. Why? Because the cultural body itself is disorganized and made up of random unconnected people. Even if you get some to adopt your changes, you have not changed Esperanto. A living culture is beyond the control of any single person. It is its own entity.

We in the ONA can see this on a very practical level. For a while several years ago Old Guards like DarkLogos tried to state that the Black Book of Satan II & III were not a real part of the ONA. They tried to push that idea very often. But it was futile. Because a living tradition or culture is beyond the control and dictates of any person simply because the ONA is composed of disorganized cellular units. You would have to get every ONA person to agree that the BBS 2 & 3 are not ONA, and that is futile now because ONA is now a living tradition. I think it's a good thing. The living tradition itself held onto the BBS 2 & 3; even if AL were to decree otherwise. It's like a child you give birth too. When the child – or your baby cousin – is small it's easy to control it and tell it what to do. Just like in the early days, it may have been easy for AL to tell ONA what to do and be. But when the child becomes a teenager, it becomes harder to control the teen and tell it what to do. It reacts negatively. We've all been teens. When the child becomes an adult, then there is no more control. The adult is its own person, with its own mind, life, and destiny.

In ONA, the Causal Forms which have and may develop within its cultural matrix is the organized reproductive organ of the mycelium of ONA. Each form has the basic genetic information of its parent, with specialized memes, words, and ideas. The forms inseminate foreign bodies around ONA. But we can see that because ONA is still very young, it is clumsy with its reproductive organs. Like a young teen just coming into the awareness of its own sexuality and reproductive capabilities. It will take time, trial, and error for ONA to be a stud muffin.

Give the people what they want, the quote states. Like in real life girls know what they want and need. If you are a guy, and you can't sense what a girl wants and needs, then you're not getting any. Other guys who are more experience, who can sense what the girl wants and needs will get to inseminate her. So ONA people have to learn to sense and intuit what the people want, and make forms to penetrate them. But we're all human, with the same human nature. Just as they yearn, ONA people need an yearn. The ONA as a living entity has its needs. And just like them, we are group oriented. But must you be hypocritical and self loathing because of it?

***“The whole of Satanism is a defiance against the religious attitude. Satanism is a rebellion against all those forms which hold or try to hold our existence, our being, in thrall -and the most potent form of thralldom has been and still is, religion. Religion emasculates us -whether it be overtly, via a religion, or covertly by a religious attitude such as is evident in political or social zealousness, in conformity to a dogma and an authority. Satanism, in essence, is an individual defiance -an individual pride, an individual striving, an individual quest for excellence. It is about fulfilling the potential inherent in our existence -and this means finding and fulfilling our unique Destinies. Satanism means self-effort, self-learning, self-experience: it means each indi-***

**vidual striving** to become like a god; striving to be like the Prince of Darkness Himself.” - Concerning The Temple Of Set; Anton Long, Hostia II, ~1992

*“There is no easy way, no easy path, to Adeptship. The journey takes years, and involves **self-effort, self-discovery**, unaided. It Involves triumphs, and mistakes -and learning from one's mistakes. But perhaps most of all it involves a commitment and **a learning from practical experience**.”* - Adeptship – Its Meaning And Significance; ONA, Hostia III, 1992

*“As Aeschylus once explained Pathei Mathos; one can learn through adversity/suffering and so achieve wisdom.”* - Mastery – Its Real Meaning & Significance; ONA, Hostia III, 1990

Note: The word “Pathei Mathos” in the original facsimile is in Greek letters. I think this is the earliest dated document in ONA where the word and concept of “Pathei-Mathos” was used. It's just very, very interesting to take careful note of the date.

*“They [Satanists] might be real heretics -fighting against the State either politically or via armed warfare if that State (as most Western ones do ) upholds the Nazarene sickness of spirit (evident in modern political ideas like 'liberalism' and 'humanism' and 'equality': the triumph of the worthless at the expense of the noble).”* - Satanism – Or Living On The Edge; ONA, Hostia III, 1991

*“It amuses me -and has amused me -when I come into contact with modern. self-professed 'Satanists'. Be such people a part of some 'Temple' or 'Church' or 'cult', or be they working on their own. With a few notable exceptions, these people are ridiculous -for them, Satanism IS an intellectual philosophy, a collection of rituals, and/or an anarchic attitude. For them, it IS an object of study, and involves meetings, discussions. For them, it IS communal. and involves 'ethics' and/or a religious approach and attitude. For them, it IS a glorification of their ego and a wallowing in the pleasures and wealth this existence can offer: an excuse for self-indulgence and **lack of self-discipline**.”* - Song Of A Satanist; Anton Long; Hostia III, 1990

*“The notion of self-responsibility is as mentioned above, crucial to the LHP and accordingly any organization which claims to be of the LHP and which does not uphold this in both theory and practice is a fraudulent organization. In practice this means that an organization **does not restrict the experiences of its members** -it does not, for instance, impose upon them any binding authority which the members have to accept or face 'expulsion' just as it does not lay down for them any codes of behaviour or ethics. That is, it does not promulgate a dogma which the members have to accept as it does not require those members to be obedient to what the hierarchy says. **There is no "proscription"** of certain views, or individuals or other organizations as **there is no attempt to make members conform in terms of behaviour, attitudes, views, opinions, expressions or anything else**.”* - The Left Hand Path, An Analysis; ONA, Hostia III, ~1992

*“Satanism is not merely attending nor even conducting ceremonies or rituals of a 'Black Magick' kind. Nor does Satanism mean or imply membership of an avowedly Satanic group. Neither is Satanism merely the enjoyment of material delights. Rather, Satanism - quintessentially - is an attitude and a way of living.*

*“This attitude expresses a strength of character - a belief in oneself and one's Destiny. Part of this is pride, and part of it is defiance: an individuality, a dislike of limits. However, perhaps **the most important part is a self-knowledge or self-mastery** born from having gone to and often beyond one's physical, mental **and moral limits**.”* - The Quintessence Of Satanism; ONA, Hysteron Proteron, **1989**

*“Membership of the ONA basically means an individual following the Seven-Fold Way as explicated in the various Order MSS. Members should understand that they are thus part of an Order which has long-term aims -of centuries and more. By actively following and using the methods and rites of the Order they are actively aiding those aims.”* - The Aims Of The ONA; ONA, Sacramentum Sinisterum, 1997

*“Satanic reasoning, and the judgement of a 'thing', derive from direct personal experience. Thus, for the Satanist, there can be no real understanding of something until that something is lived. Before then, understanding is merely academic, relying as it does on the validity of sources other than one's own experience.”* - Makrokosmos; ONA, Sacramentum Sinistrum, 1997

[Block Quote]

Historical Addendum: Reductio Ad Absurdum:

*The individual responsible for the present codification of ONA (in the form of the seven-fold way, Star Game etc.) does not claim any supra-personal authority for that codification (in the form of Satan/Set or an extra-terrestrial intelligence) or indeed for the creativity, which was its essence. Neither does he claim any authority via having belonged to some ancient and mysterious group whose “Master” taught and Initiated him.*

*The truth is simple, and a little ordinary. He was fortunate perhaps in spending most of his childhood and early youth in Africa and the Far East where, in the former, he grew up among people who believed in pagan practices and witchcraft, and, in the latter, he came in contact with many and various traditions including LHP Taoist magic and Martial Arts. All this formed a somewhat unusual education (there is no claim to being “Initiated” into any form) and provided a continuing interest in esoteric arts. This curiosity, interest together with his keen intellect, enthusiasm and zest for danger let him to, in later youth, to not only seek out LHP groups in Europe but also into many interesting and diverse experiences, and in the late sixties he was Initiated into some LHP groups/underground Satanic Temples.*

*His diverse experiences then and later (some dangerous, some at variance with prevailing social dogma, many dark, some heretical) provided useful background for an Occult and personal synthesis and led to him taking responsibility for a small LHP group. The teaching of this group were rather garbled, full of mystifications and occasional insights, but they did provide some basis for creative extension.*

*Thus, the new synthesis that was the seven-fold way was created. The original LHP group had no historical significance and did not claim among its former members any person of significance on*

*any level – it was simply a reclusive circle of a few individuals oriented toward the Black Arts whose teachings (such as they were) centred around a septenary approach to magickal alchemy and a “mythology” about the Dark Gods. (It should be noted that the other LHP groups he joined derived their magic from a mixture of Crowley/Golden Dawn/demonism or were rather boring, lacking Satanic zest).*

*In the early years of the eighth decade of the present century a decision was made to publish the tradition of this small group (the ONA – as it came to be called some decades earlier) together with the new codification. Some of the traditional material concerned Sacrifice and some related to the Dark Gods mythos.*

***No one within this group believes these traditions and methods are unalterable or invested with “supernatural” authority. As expressed in such published works as “Naos” and “The Black Book” they are a practical method of achieving magickal Adeptship and extending consciousness into the next stage of its development.***

***Thus the ONA has no structure because no structure is needed - its members may guide others if those others wish, such guidance occurring because those members have themselves undergone (to a greater or lesser extent depending on their own personal development) the tasks of the seven-fold way and can thus offer advise from experience.***

*It is as absurdly simple as that.*

-Reductio Ad Absurdum; ONA, 1989

[End Quote]

Closing Remarks

So those were a number of quote from classic ONA MSS & Documents. Most are dated between 1989-1992. All of these quotes come from PDF facsimiles of xeroxed copies of booklets ONA people in phase 2 [snail mail days] created, and distributed during that past era. It is impossible because of this for mundanes to claim that “we” doctored our documents to make ONA look and sound cool. The fact is ONA doesn't have to be doctored to look and sound cool. It is cool, and has been cool for 40 years.

It's just took 20 years for you mundane Satanists to catch up to our coolness. To appreciate what ONA has been trying to say for so long. Not even to some generalized “ONA.” But to its unsung intellectual heavy weight, “Anton Long,” and the other heavy weight “Christos Beest.” You spent 20 years talking trash about them, disregarding them, calling them fakes. And now you liberally borrow from their past works to develop your own mundane Satanism. You mundanes truly do live up to your descriptor: Anariya [Ignoble/ Dishonourable]. There isn't a shred of nobility or honour in your flesh and blood as a breed of people. It's the very essence of what makes a human a worthless peasant, a serf: Common, Ignoble, devoid of Honour.

An institution or culture is very much like a body. The body needs both a brain and a heart. In the past Anton Long served as the Brain of the ONA, with his type of contributions. Beesty Boy was the Heart of ONA, with the art and imagery, the music and chants, the finer and “softer” contributions which tugs at our hearts. Both are needed to inspire us to think and feel. Because as humans, we have been created – or evolved – to both think and feel. When one is lost, there is an imbalance in “the force.” There also has to be a place in ONA for the balance of gender, both an animus and an anima. Boys do the territory thing with land and ideas, expanding and so on. Girls work the domestic home front and bond, maintaining the culture and social order.

The classic quotes above point out a number of very important notions many in and out of ONA forget or disregard. One point is that ONA has no special history. It has a mythos but not a super spectacular history. It was simply start by one or two guys in Shropshire of all places and then a small number of their friends got involved. Another point is that ONA never had a leader or some central authority figure.

Another point is that ONA has no structure or hierarchy. This means it's not structured like a Church of Satan or an OTO where you can send an application to request membership and join. It has no structure period. There is nothing to send a request for membership to. No leader, no building, no group. Membership in ONA basically means putting the Seven Fold Way into living practice, and working on your own toward adeptship, via a cultivation of experiences and going beyond your limits. This is one thing mundane Satanists just don't get. They don't get that you can't practice or live ONA on the internet. You just simply can't do the Seven Fold Way or experience anything in cyberspace. There is no such thing as an internet ONA person. There are ONA people online using the internet, and the internet is a very useful tool, but you can't do what is ONA online.

Another point is that from the early days, ONA was constructed to be adopted by anyone interested who had Codex Saerus, Naos, and the other core booklets as a guide. Those core books gave you a Self Initiation ritual to do, it gave you the entire Seven Fold Way to work on. You do ONA on your own. Later you may chose to make your own temple/nexion, or join one. Joining a group is what requires the tests, face to face meet up, and so on. Because such groups need to get to know you and learn to trust you.

Another point most mundanes don't want to pay attention to is that from the beginning ONA has been an “Open Source” entity. Anybody within ONA can add and change things. You can add your own writings and booklets, change what needs to be changed. This doesn't mean that every individual ONA person will adopt your changes though. Remember, ONA is a living tradition now, so it is hard to force your changes onto the whole ONA. People like DarkLogos couldn't even do it when for a while he tried to make the Black Books of Satan 2 & 3 not a part of ONA. He couldn't do it, because collectively the ONA likes and needs those books. They are a part of the Tradition of ONA. This is how a living culture or tradition grows. Everyone has the equal chance

to introduce new things into a culture, but there is no guarantee that those who make up the culture will like or adopt what you introduce.

For example nothing is stopping anybody from changing and recreating Codex Saerus. You can do it. But will the many independent people that make up the living Tradition adopt it? This is where social skills are needed if you want to have some sort of influence on ONA. Or at least be determined to spend a lot of time to distribute your ideas over many years. Introducing change into a living tradition takes Time, generations. Whereas in an autocratic framework such as the Church of Satan or something, the High Priest can make a dictate and his servile minions will have to adopt the policy or get kicked out. Be glad ONA isn't like that. It's a Tradition, not a structured organization or church, or temple. You can try to be the "leader" of ONA, but how many of the independent Initiates and nexions will like you and "vote" for you as their leader? How many ONA people will subserviently submit themselves and give up their individual autonomy and sovereignty to let you be their "leader?" To let you dictate to them what to believe, how to see the world, and how to live their lives? Submission is the total opposite of the spirit of Defiance of ONA. If you are in ONA and you have that mentality and attitude of looking for or needing phallus worship, an authority, leader, a Jesus, breasts to suckle on, then I don't think you are in the right place.

One great thing about a culture is that not every one will like each other. Do all Americans love other Americans and agree with every other American? No. I hate most other Americans actually. In a culture there is no set or defined morality or ethics. There only exists the sentiments shared by some people. If you rape a person and go to prison, you are still America with the right to vote still. It's just that the people you live around might not like what you did because of their personal sentiments and beliefs. So when you get put into prison, it is not the cultural entity of America that rejects you. It's a group of people and their private sentiments and beliefs. It's not like a religion where if you are a Jew and you work on the Sabbath, you are stoned to death. It's not like a Church of Satan where if you do something against their rules you are no longer a mundane Satanist.

ONA culture means Culture. You don't have to like other ONA people, you don't have to get a long with them, and they might not like you and what you do. If you do something others in ONA don't like or agree with, you are still ONA. It's just that some ONA people had an asscow over what you did. Individuality really means Individuality in ONA. You're on your own, and don't let other ONA people's private sentiments and beliefs stop you from being your own person. If you fuck up, then the consequences of your actions and mistakes are entirely yours to reap and learn from. But ONA people know their own Kind. So if you don't actually belong, people will react and shun you in some way. Blackwood tried to belong and tried to be leader, and he got ridiculed and "thrown" out of ONA, because he didn't belong. A crystal knows what kind of molecules belongs in its crystalline lattice. A pack of wolves knows who and what belongs, knows friend from foe; knows kindred from Other. The acausal ONA entity knows what types of people are its causal cells. Even if we don't always get a long and agree, we're still a pack, with a shared Tradition,

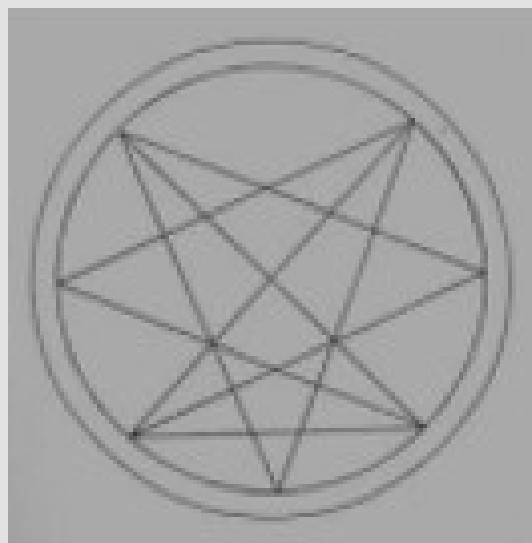
shared mythos, shared culture, shared worldview, shared language, shared customs, shared rites, shared Sinister Dialectic, shared aims, and shared Way.

Self-development via direct experience and adversity has been a fundamental concept of ONA from day one. If I could break ONA down to a simple sentence or phrase, it would be that. Self-Development Via Direct Experience & Adversity. It's the spirit of ONA. Everything else rests on that cornerstone. There is no moral system in ONA because nothing and nobody has the power to limit your potential for growth from your own experiences. There is no leader in ONA because no person has the power to limit or dictate what you can and should experience and learn from. There is no dogma or doctrine in ONA because no idea or idealism has the power to say what you can or cannot personally experience and learn from. ONA must grow and develop because as each of its causal cells grows and changes from our own personal experiences and Pathei-Mathos, the acausal organism we are cells of will change and evolve. All ONA MSS are basically are guidelines, or maps to help each individual Initiate find their own way. The map stops at a certain point, and from there, it is up to each individual Initiate to cut out their own trail, for the next generation to find and walk.

Chloe 352

Order of Nine Angles

7.11.123 yfayen







# The Geryne of Satan

## Introduction

This brief essay will outline a few interesting facts about the terms Satan and Satanism (and thus Satanist), including their historical usage in the English language, and thus may guide the sagacious to an understanding of the geryne [1] of Satan: that the mysterious secret of Satan is the simple heretical, japing, and confrontational reality of *being or becoming a satan*.

## Satan

The scribes of the Septuagint mostly rendered the Hebrew שָׂטָן as ὁ διάβολος/τω διάβολω – and which Greek term implies someone who is an adversary and who thus is pejoratively regarded (by those so opposed) as scheming, as plotting against them; that is, the sense is of ἐπίβουλος - scheming against/opposed to (the so-called ‘chosen ones’). Someone, that is, who stirs up trouble and dissent.

Only in a few later parts – such as Job and Chronicles – does the Hebrew seem to imply something else, and on these occasions the word usually occurs with the definitive article: *hasatan* – *the satan*: the chief adversary (of the so-called ‘chosen ones’) and the chief schemer, who in some passages is given a fanciful hagiography as a ‘fallen angel’.

Now, given that the earliest known parts of the Septuagint date from around the second century BCE [2] – and thus may well be contemporaneous with (or not much older than) the composition of most of the Hebrew Pentateuch (the earliest being from around 230 BCE [3]) – this rendering by the scribes of the word satan as ὁ διάβολος/τω διάβολω is very interesting and indicative given the meaning of the Greek, and supports the contention that, as originally used and meant, *satan* is some human being or beings who ‘diabolically’ plot or who scheme against or who are ‘diabolically’ opposed to those who consider themselves as ‘chosen’ by their monotheistic God, and that it was only much later that ‘the satan’ became, in the minds of the writers of the later parts of the Old Testament, some diabolical ‘fallen angel’.

Thus, it is generally accepted by scholars that the Hebrew word satan (usually, *asatan*) in the early parts of Old Testament means a human opponent or adversary (of God’s chosen people, the Hebrews) [4] or someone or some many who plot against them.

Now, as has been mentioned in several previous ONA texts, in heretical contradistinction to others and especially to contradict the majority of modern self-described Satanists, the ONA asserts that the word satan has its origin in Ancient Greek.

That is, that it is our contention that the Hebrew word derives from the old (in origin Phoenician) word that became the Ancient Greek αἰτία/αἴτιος – as for example in the Homeric *μείων γὰρ αἰτία* (to accuse/to blame) or as in “an accusation” (qv. Aeschylus: *αἰτίαν ἔχειν*) – and that it was this older Greek form which became corrupted to the Hebrew ‘satan’ and whence also the ‘Shaitan’ of Islam. Furthermore, in the Greek of the classical period αἰτία and διαβολή – accusation, slander, quarrel – were often used for the same thing, when a negative sense was meant or implied (as in a false accusation) with the person so accused becoming an opponent of those so accusing, or when there was enmity (and thus opposition, scheming, and intrigue) as for example mentioned by Thucydides – *κατὰ τὰς ἰδίας διαβολὰς* (2.65).

Given that, for centuries, שָׂטָן was described in the Old Testament of the Hebrews was commonly written in English as sathans [5] and thus pronounced as sath-ans (and not as say-tan) it is perhaps easy to understand how the Greek αἰτία – or the earlier Homeric αἴτιος – could become transformed, by non-Greeks, to שָׂטָן

In respect of this God and this ‘fallen angel’, as mentioned in another ONA text:

” There is good evidence to suggest that, historically, the writers of the Old Testament drew inspiration from, or adapted, older stories, myths and legends about a Persian deity that came to be named Ahriman, who could thus be regarded as the archetype of the Biblical Satan, and also of the Quranic Iblis. Similarly, there is evidence that the God – Jehovah – of the Old Testament may have been based upon myths and legends about the Persian deity who came to be named Ahura Mazda.” *A Short History and Ontology of Satan*

Furthermore, despite claims by some Hebrew and Nazarene scholars, it is now becoming accepted that the oldest parts of the Old Testament were probably written between 230 BCE and 70 BCE, and thus long after the time of Greeks such as Aeschylus and long after Greek word *aitia* was used for an accusation.

It is also interesting that there is an early use, in English, of the plural term *satans* adversaries, which occurs in the book *A paraphrase on the New Testament with notes, doctrinal and practical* published in London in 1685 CE and written by the Shropshire-born Richard Baxter:

” To hinder us in God’s work and mens Salvation, is to be Satans to us. O how many Satans then are called reverend Fathers, who silence and persecute men for God’s work.” Matthew, xvi. 23

In an earlier work, published in 1550 CE, the *chyl dren of Sathan* are corralled with heretics:

“Dyuers Bysshoppes of Rome beynge Annabaptystes, heretyques, scismatiques, & chyl dren of Sathan.” John Coke. *The debate betwene the heraldes of Englande and Fraunce*. 1550, g. Giv<sup>v</sup> [*Débat des hérauts d’armes de France et d’Angleterre*. Paris, Firmin Didot et cie, 1877 ]

Thus, satan/sathan/sathanas as a term – historically understood – describes: (1) some human being or beings who diabolically plot or who scheme or who are opposed to those who [6] consider themselves chosen by their monotheistic God; and/or (2) some human being or beings who are heretical and adversarial, against the status quo, and especially, it seems, against the religion of the Nazarenes.

## Satanism

The earliest use of the term Satanism in the English language, that is, of the suffix-*ism* applied to the word *Satan* – so far discovered – is in *A Confutation of a Booke Intituled ‘An Apologie of the Church of England’* published in Antwerp in 1565 CE and written by the Catholic recusant Thomas Harding:

“Meaning the time when Luther first brinced to Germanie the poisoned cuppe of his heresies, blasphemies, and sathanismes.” *A Confutation*, Antwerp, 1565, ii. ii. f. 42<sup>v</sup>

Three things are of interest, here.

(1) First, the spelling, sathanismes – deriving from *sathan*, a spelling in common usage for many centuries, as for instance in Langland’s *Piers Plowman* of 1337 CE:

“For þei seruen sathan her soule shal he haue.” *Piers Plowman* B. ix. 61

and also, centuries later, in the 1669 CE play *Man’s the Master* by William Davenant:

“A thousand Sathans take all good luck.” (v. 87)

(2) The second point of interest is that, as the above and other quotations show, the term *sathan* was also commonly used to refer to someone or some many who was a schemer, a plotter, a trickster, or an adversary.

(3) The third point of interest is that the first usage of the suffix – by Thomas Harding – as well as the common subsequent usage of the term Satanism has the meaning of an adversarial, a diabolical, character or nature or doctrine. That is, the earliest meanings and usage of the term *satanism* are not ‘the worship of Satan’ nor of some religious or philosophical belief(s) associated with the figure of Sathan.

Furthermore, as mentioned previously, an early (1685 CE) usage of term *Satans* also imputes the foregoing meaning of adversarial or diabolical character:

“To hinder us in God’s work and mens Salvation, is to be Satans to us. O how many Satans then are called reverend Fathers, who silence and persecute men for God’s work.” Richard Baxter. *A paraphrase on the New Testament with notes, doctrinal and practical*. London, 1685 CE, Matthew, xvi. 23

Indeed, in 1893 CE the writer Goldwin Smith used the term Satanism in this older general sense to refer to a type of destructive social revolution:

” That sort of social revolution which may be called Satanism, as it seeks, not to reconstruct, but to destroy.” Goldwin Smith. *Essays on questions of the day*. (Macmillan, 1893 CE)

Similarly, an earlier 1833 CE article in *Fraser’s magazine for Town and Country* used the term in connection with Byron:

” This scene of Byron’s is really sublime, in spite of its Satanism.” Vol 8 no. 524

Thus, the English term satanism/sathanism – historically understood – describes: (1) a blasphemy, a heresy or heresies; (2) a destructive (that is, practical) type of opposition.

## **Satanist**

The earliest usages of the term Satanist, that is, of the suffix *-ist* applied to the term *Satan* – so far discovered – also imputes a similar meaning to foregoing; that is, of an adversarial, a diabolical, character or nature, of heretics, and of heretical/adversarial doctrine:

” The Anabaptistes, with infinite other swarmes of Satanistes.” John Aylmer. *An harborowe for faithfull and trewe subjects agaynst the late blowne blaste concerning the gouernment of wemen*. London, 1559, sig. H1<sup>v</sup>

“Be ye Zuinglians, Arians, Anabaptistes, Caluinistes, or Sathanistes?” Thomas Harding. *A Confutation of a Booke Intituled ‘An Apologie of the Church of England’*. Antwerp, 1565.

“By nature an Athiest, By arte a Machiuelist, In summe a Sathanist, loe here his hire.” Marphoreus. *Martins Months Minde*. 1589, [7]

Only much later, from around 1896 CE onwards, was the term Satanist used to describe those who were alleged to worship Satan:

” There are five temples of Satanism in Paris itself.” Arthur Lillie. *The worship of Satan in modern France*. London 1896.

” It is believed on the Continent that apostate priests frequently consecrate for the Satanists and Freemasons.” Joseph McCabe. *Twelve years in a monastery*. London, 1897.

Thus, the English term satanist/sathanist – historically understood – describes: (1) an adversarial, a diabolical, character; (2) those who adhere to or champion heretical/adversarial doctrines.

## Conclusion

As someone wrote over two thousand years ago – εἰδέναι δὲ χρὴ τὸν πόλεμον ἔόντα ξυνόν, καὶ δίκην ἔρην, καὶ γινόμενα πάντα κατ' ἔρην καὶ χρεώμενα. [8]

Anton Long  
Order of Nine Angles  
122 Year of Fayen  
(Revised 2455853.743)

## Notes

[1] The Old English word *gerȳne* – from Old Saxon *girūni* – means “secret, mystery”.

[2] The earliest MS fragment – Greek Papyrus 458 in the Rylands Papyri collection [qv. *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library*, 20 (1936), pp. 219-45] – was found in Egypt and dates from the second century BCE.

[3] It is, of course, in the interests of both Nazarenes and Magians to maintain or believe that the Hebrew Old Testament of the Hebrews was written centuries before this date, just as such early dating is a common mundane assumption perpetuated by both those who consider the Internet is a reliable source of information and by those who have not studied the subject, for some years, in a scholarly manner. Had such a scholarly study been undertaken, they would be aware of the scholarly disputes about the dating of Hebrew Old Testament – and of the Septuagint – that have existed for well over a hundred years, as they would also be able to make their own informed judgement about the matter.

My own informed judgement is that there is good evidence to suggest that 230 (± 50) BCE is the most likely earliest date for the Hebrew Old Testament. I should, however, add, that this is still a ‘minority opinion’, with many academics still favouring the more ‘safe’ (that is, the currently more acceptable) opinion of 350 (± 30) BCE.

[4] For example – καὶ ἦσαν σαταν τῷ Ἰσραὴλ πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας Σαλώμων (3 Kings 11:14)

[5] See the section on *Satanism*, below.

[6] καὶ ἔστι διάβολος ἐν τῷ Ἰσραὴλ

[7] See *The Martin Marprelate Tracts* (1588–89) and the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, volume III - Renaissance and Reformation, Cambridge UP, 1920, p. 394f

[8] *One should be aware that Polemos pervades, with discord δίκη, and that beings are naturally born by discord.* [Trans DWM.]







## ONA: Hardcore Hate, Ultra-violence, and Heresy

Let it be understood, again - that we of the Order of Nine Angles revel and delight in genuine heresy, in a defiant individuality, and in being amoral. Thus, when we are criticized for inciting hate and violence, and for affirming human culling, we say: so what? For that is what we do, and we do what we do because we embrace the Dark; we desire The Dark; we seek to Presence The Dark - Chaos - upon Earth and in and through others. Thus do we willingly, gladly, laughingly embrace hardcore hate, ultra-violence, and heresy.

For we love to challenge “normals” and cause offence, for such things may be the genesis of a cathartic insight, for some.

Thus, when we are criticized for championing what is heretical in our societies, we say: so what? For that is what we do. Thus do we sometimes gladly praise in our Rites, our lives and through our actions, individuals such as Adolf Hitler and National Socialism itself: and each and every other heresy of our times - and if some shudder and direct epithets and “terms” at us, our response is to laugh and raise our arm in a fascist salute. For, unlike the shuddering ones, the normals, the mundanes, we revel in life itself: our blasphemies a liberation for ourselves and for others.

Thus do we seek to ignore, to transgress, the laws, the limits, that the mundanes set to protect themselves and their societies, for we are rebellion itself: outlaws who thrive beyond and in the margins that mark the boundary between The Light and The Dark.

Thus do we desire our name - as known in the world of the mundanes, and as known in the world of The Dark - to become a synonym for Chaos, liberation, culling, and revolutionary change.

Not for the Order of the Nine Angles - or anyone connected with it - cosy intellectual discussions about obscure esoteric matters. Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - the scribblings of Occult internet forums where those who-do-not-know converse with those who-do-not-do. Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - any *sincere* affirmation of or any *sincere* identification with the ways, the politics, the religions, the world, of the mundanes. Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - some urban or suburban “Temple”. Not for the ONA - or anyone connected with it - ONA meetings, conferences and dialogues.

Instead, our way is the way of action, of deeds, of violence, terror, revolution, combat, war. The way of the defiant *individual* - the real heretic who leads and manipulates others, the human shapeshifter who plays, who acts, a rôle in the living game which is the life, the societies, of the mundanes.

Thus those who use our name in vain should beware: for we willingly, gladly, laughingly, embrace hardcore hate, ultra-violence, and heresy, dedicated as we are to bringing real Chaos to the lives of the mundanes, to disrupting and destroying their societies and all their ways of life.

Where there is The Darkness, we are. Where there is Chaos, you will find us lurking, leading, manipulating. Where there is Heresy, you will find us as instigators, as champions of The Forbidden. And where there is a law, you will find us transgressing it...

Sortarius

Order of Nine Angles



## **The Core ONA Traditions**

The core ONA traditions are also known as The Five Core ONA Principles, and these are basic principles/traditions on which the Order of Nine Angles is based and which may thus serve to distinguish us, exoterically, from all other esoteric/LHP/Satanic/sinister groups.

These basic ONA traditions are: (1) the way of practical deeds; (2) the way of culling; (3) the way of kindred honour; (4) the way of defiance of and practical opposition to Magian abstractions; (5) the way of the Rounwytha tradition.

### **Practical Deeds**

The principle that it is practical deeds which breed our kind, and which thus are necessary and required. Practical deeds undertaken in real life and which deeds express our sinister ethos: that is, they are exeatic, they challenge, they test, they are hard and difficult, they are amoral, they are heretical, and they are dangerous. One such practical deed undertaken by our kind – or by those desirous of becoming one of us – is culling.

For us, such deeds come before words and before any theory – even before our own kind of esoteric theory.

### **Culling**

The principle that culling – of mundanes – is natural, and also necessary for our kind, both in personal and in Aeonic terms. To cull is to test one's self and to gain some necessary sinister pathei-mathos.

Exoterically, culling is our esoteric badge of sinister-honour, and marks us – internally, to ourselves, and externally, to those of our kindred whom we personally know and trust. Thus, such a blooding-in is a condition of joining us – as Drecc, or as a Niner, or as a pledged member of a traditional nexion.

One either culls or one reveals an inner weakness, a cowardice: a refusal to be sinister in real life. If one culls and succeeds, then one has shown the cunning, the skills, the character, that make and mark our kind. If one culls and fails – and so, for example, gets caught by some mundane 'authority' and so becomes confined – then one has failed, and one can either accept that failure (and forever remain mundane), or use that failure as a learning experience and thus as another opportunity, for instance to make a name for one's self in some place of mundane confinement and/or recruit there and blood-in others there and so establish there a nexion of our sinister kind, to the detriment of mundane 'authority', and as a new presencing of our Sinister Code.

As mentioned elsewhere, culling is of two kinds – the individual and the collective.

The individual is when a specific individual is removed because of specific deed or deeds done, with their rotten character so revealed. The collective is when a specific method – such as combat, insurrection, revolution – is being used either by one of us as a causal form or within a rôle, or by a nexion (or collocation of nexions) as a means or tactic to implement Aeonic strategy, and which collective type of culling does not target specific, named, individuals, but rather ‘the sworn enemy’ any of whom are deemed acceptable targets.

Thus, individual culling involves giving the potential offer a sporting chance by testing them according to our well-established guidelines for the testing of offers; while collective culling does not require such guidelines, only that the target(s) belong to or are part of the group designated as sworn enemies, it being for individual nexions, or a gang of Dreccs/Niners, to decide for themselves as to who and what are their sworn enemies, it being understood that such nexions, such Dreccs and Niners, are by their very nature at war with mundanes and with the Magian System, exemplified as this System is by the modern nation-State with its laws, its so-called Courts of Law and its Police and armed forces.

## **Kindred Honour**

The principle that our kind are distinguished by their behaviour toward each other and by their behaviour toward mundanes.

Our behaviour toward our own kind is guided by our Law of Kindred Honour (aka The Law of the Sinister-Numen aka The Dreccian Code aka The Sinister Code). Our behaviour toward mundanes is guided by our understanding of them (and their wealth and property) as a useful resource and as useful subjects for whatever causal form(s) we may employ to achieve our esoteric, Aeonic, aims and goals.

Thus, we have respect for our own kind, and only our own kind – with such trust being earned, and with our kind known to us by their practical deeds, by their behaviour, not by their words, written or spoken.

Thus, we regard mundanes as useful and often necessary since they are the ones who make our chosen causal forms work when we undertake works of Aeonic sorcery or when we desire, by means of some causal form or forms, to exeatically enhance our own causal existence and/or learn from sinister pathei-mathos. In this sense, mundanes are or can be useful nexions whose (acausal) energies (life-force) we direct and use for our own purposes and/or to achieve our aims and goals and/or those of the ONA. Hence, if we use a political form or some religious causal form – for whatever reason – then mundanes are required, necessary, to presence that form in the real world: to achieve the goals set/defined by such a form with such mundanes adhering to or believing in such a causal form and of course being expendable.

## **Opposition to Magian Abstractions**

The principle that our kind not only know Magian abstractions for tyranny that they are, but also are pledged by practical means to subvert, undermine, overthrow, and destroy The System based on these abstractions and replace it with our own ways of living based on our tribes and our Law of Kindred Honour.

The System (and thus the Magian ethos) is manifest in a practical way – exoterically – in the tyranny of the modern nation-State, with its abstract laws, its politics, its consumer-capitalism, its dishonourable impersonal so-called ‘justice’; in the vulgar mass ‘culture’ that has replaced living ancestral traditions based on aural pathei-mathos, and in subservience to dogma, ideas, ideology, ‘qualifications’ and spiel, over and above practical experience and a learning from such individual experience.

The System (and thus the Magian ethos) is manifest in terms of psyche and archetypes in the religions of Nasrany, Islam, and Judaism, in the Magian Occultism propagated by the likes of Crowley, the CoS, the ToS, and others, and in modern myths such as that of ‘democracy’ and that of holocaustianity, both of which myths have now become akin to official religions for Homo Hubris sponsored by all modern Western nation-States.

Among our practical means to subvert, undermine, overthrow, and destroy The System are our Dreccs, our Niners, our Balobians, and our gangs. Among our esoteric means are our traditional nexions and their Aeonic sorcery, and which sorcery includes the use/manipulation of specific causal forms, including some forms which may seem to be, exoterically and by mundanes, a part of The System.

Thus, our kind (1) are known by their practical ways of living (based on tribes and our Dreccian law and justice) and which ways are harbingers of our New Aeon and which ways by their very nature oppose the Magian and The System (even though this opposition may never be overtly stated); and/or (2) are known by their overt practical esoteric and exoteric opposition to all causal abstractions and thus by their emphasis on the five core ONA traditions.

## **Rounwytha Tradition**

The Rounwytha tradition is also known as The Way of the Rounwytha. This is the muliebral tradition or principle which forms the basis for the inner (esoteric) Way of the ONA and which thus is one of the core principles on which the ONA is based.

In practical terms, and exoterically, this principle means: (1) a recognition of the need to extend one’s faculties by cultivating, developing and using esoteric empathy (aka Dark-Empathy), and (2) the understanding that our Dreccian Code applies without fear or favour – equally, without distinction – to men and women of our kind, and that our kind are judged solely by their deeds and by how well they uphold kindred honour, and not by gender, sexual

preference, or by any other Old Aeon categorization or prejudice. Thus this principle means, for instance, that the Vindex of ONA tradition can be either a male or a female warrior.

Esoterically, this tradition/principle is expressed in the archetype of The Lady Master and in the acausal form (the acausal entity) Baphomet, The Dark Goddess of ONA esoteric tradition to whom human sacrifices were and are offered.

Furthermore, to cultivate, develop, and use the faculty of esoteric empathy is a Dark Art – and this particular Dark Art can be cultivated and developed in two ways, one exoteric, and one esoteric.

Exoterically, by those of our kind who seek to or who have the character (the wyrd) to live a practical sinister life as, for instance, a Drecc, a Niner and who thus express the Rounwytha tradition by their very practical way of tribal living in accord with our Sinister Code. That is, it is this style or way of living which, over years, develops this faculty as a successful response to the challenges inherent in such a tribal living and inherent in such a practical, years-long, implementation of Kindred Honour.

Esoterically, as part of the life-long commitment of those of our kind who have chosen to follow (who have the character, the wyrd to follow) the inner (the esoteric) way of individual training to Adept and beyond, and who thus undertake at the very least the basic Grade Ritual of Internal Adept.

As a Dark Art, the skills so developed enhance our character and our living in practical ways and in a manner consistent with our unique and individual wyrd, as well as, for example, giving us advantages over mundanes and the ability if and when required to use/manipulate mundanes.



## **Guide To The Culture and Sinister Ethos of the ONA**

The *Order of Nine Angles* (ONA, O9A) is a subversive, sinister, esoteric association comprising Sinister Tribes, Dreccs, Traditional Nexions, Sinister-Empaths, individual Sorcerers (male and female), and Balobians.

By *subversive* is meant disruptive of and opposed to the existing order (society, governments, and their so-called “law and Order”) and desirous of overthrowing and replacing the existing order.

By *sinister* is meant a-moral and of The Left Hand Path.

By *esoteric* is meant secretive, and Occult (that is, pertaining to The Dark Arts). In general, many of those associated with the ONA hide their identity (by which mundanes and mundane governments know and describe and classify them) for practical reasons, given the subversive and sinister nature of the ONA. Some may also hide their association with the ONA, for the same reason. Pseudonyms and aliases, and new, alternative, identities, are positively encouraged by the ONA.

By *association* is meant a collective – a collection of individuals and groups who share similar interests, aims and life-styles, and who co-operate together for their mutual benefit and in pursuit of similar goals.

A *Sinister Tribe* is a localized, territorial, sinister kindred – a gang – of Dreccs who rule, in a practical way, their own neighbourhood or neighbourhoods, and who regard mundane property and wealth as a useful resource.

A *Drecc* is a person who lives a practical sinister life – that is, who upholds and lives by The Code of The Sinister-Numen (see below) and who thus accept that the only law is the law of sinister-honour. Thus, Dreccs have contempt for mundanes, for all mundane societies, and for all laws except their own, and accept that the only true justice is Dreccian justice – that is, based on the law of sinister-honour.

A *Traditional Nexion* is a local group of Sorcerers (male and female, or all male or all female) who follow The Seven-Fold Sinister Way and who thus practise External, Internal, and Aeonic Magick (Sorcery). Traditional Nexions often use the term Traditional Satanism to describe their Way.

By *Balobians* – aka *Balo-Bohemians* – we mean those artists, musicians, artisans, and writers, who share or are inspired by our sinister ethos and life-style, and/or who share some or all of our aims and objectives, but who may not have some formal involvement with us.



Thus, the ONA is a diverse, and world-wide, collective of diverse groups, tribes, and individuals, who share and who pursue similar sinister, subversive, interests, aims and life-styles, and who co-operate when necessary for their mutual benefit and in pursuit of their shared aims and objectives.

The criteria for belonging to the ONA is this sharing and pursuit of similar sinister, subversive, interests, aims and life-styles, together with the desire to co-operate when it is beneficial to them and the pursuit of our shared aims. There is thus no formal ONA membership, and no Old-Aeon, mundane, hierarchy or even any rules.

Instead, there is an ONA Kulture and ethos, and an identification with this ONA Kulture and sinister ethos.

Those who identify with this ONA Kulture and sinister ethos are free to chose the means, the methods, the ways, that suits their own character best, and/or which interest or inspire them most, and are actively encouraged to do this.

Hence, those who belong to, or associate themselves with or who are inspired by our collective may and do differ in the means used to attain our (and their) aims and objectives, just as they will differ in whether or not they have, or desire, some formal association with us; that is, whether or not they publicly or otherwise adhere to or associate themselves with the ONA and use the ONA name.

Thus, many Balobians, for instance, do not assign any label or terms to themselves, and so they may not describe themselves as satanists, or as Dreccs, or even as Occultists – although some do – just as some Balobians may adhere to or align themselves with or practice some other, non-ONA, Occult Way, or adhere to or align themselves with some non-Occult Way or *weltanschauung*.

### **The Goals, Aims and Objectives, of The ONA**

Our fundamental aim is to change, to evolve, human beings – to produce a new type of human being. This derives from our belief that we human beings have great potential; that we can consciously change and evolve ourselves, and that esoteric Arts, especially The Dark Arts, are one of the most practical means to do this. Our Dark Arts include our sinister tribes and our Dreccian way of life, as well as the more traditional Dark Arts of External, Internal, and Aeonick Magick.

Our main goal is to disrupt, undermine, destroy, overthrow – or replace by any practical means – all existing societies, all governments, and all nations, and in their place create new societies, new ways of life, based on our own tribal way of living, where the only law is our law of sinister-honour.

We desire to do this because of our belief that the current order, the current systems, are all mundane, and reflect the nature of mundanes; of those who lack our sinister spirit, our defiance, our desire to free ourselves from mun-

danity and the restrictions of patronising governments and abstract, impersonal, law, and which governments treat us as either children or as subjects to be restrained and controlled.

Our means – our Dark Arts – are many and varied, and include our *sinister tribes*, our *Traditional Nexions* (with the Seven Fold Sinister Way and External, Internal, and Aeonic Magick), our *Dreccs*, our *Sorcerers and Sorceresses* who work alone or with a few sinister comrades, our *Sinister-Empaths*, our Star Game, and our sympathizers and helpers, such as *Balobians*. One other important means, employed, by the ONA – and an essential part of our Dark Arts – is our *sinister Mythos*, and which ONA Mythos includes The Mythos of The Dark Gods, and The Mythos of Vindex.

One of our objectives is for our new species to leave this planet we call Earth (our childhood home), and establish ourselves among the star-systems of our own Galaxies, and other Galaxies. This leaving of our childhood home will, with its challenges, its experiences, and its opportunities, enable us to mature, and further evolve, as a species.

## **The Sinister Ethos of The ONA**

The sinister ethos of the ONA – a guide to our sinister life-style – is expressed in our Law of Sinister-Honour, and defined by our Sinister Code.

### *The Sinister Code*

Our sinister-honour means we are fiercely loyal to only our own sinister, ONA, kind. Our sinister-honour means we are wary of, and do not trust – and often despise – all those who are not like us, especially mundanes.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to be ready, willing, and able to defend ourselves, in any situation, and to be prepared to use lethal force to so defend ourselves.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to be loyal to, and to defend, our own kind: to do our duty, even unto death, to those of our brothers and sisters to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to seek revenge, if necessary unto death, against anyone who acts dishonourably toward us, or who acts dishonourably toward those to whom we have sworn a personal oath of loyalty.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to never willingly submit to any mundane; to die fighting rather than surrender to them; to die rather (if necessary by our own hand) than allow ourselves to be dishonourably humiliated by them.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to never trust any oath or any pledge of loyalty given, or any promise made, by any mundane, and to be wary and suspicious of them at all times.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our serious disputes, among ourselves, by either trial by combat, or by a duel involving deadly weapons; and to challenge to a duel anyone – mundane, or one of our own kind – who impugns our sinister honour or who makes mundane accusations against us.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to settle our non-serious disputes, among ourselves, by having a man or woman from among us (a brother or sister who is highly esteemed because of their sinister deeds), arbitrate and decide the matter for us, and to accept without question, and to abide by, their decision, because of the respect we have accorded them as arbitrator

Our duty – as sinister individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to always keep our word to our own kind, once we have given our word on our sinister honour, for to break one's word among our own kind is a cowardly, a mundane, act.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to act with sinister honour in all our dealings with our own sinister kind.

Our obligation – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – is to marry only those from our own kind, who thus, like us, live by our Code and are prepared to die to save their sinister-honour and that of their brothers and sisters.

Our duty – as individuals who live by the Code of Sinister-Honour – means that an oath of sinister loyalty or allegiance, once sworn by a man or woman of sinister honour (“I swear on my sinister-honour that I shall...”) can only be ended either: (1) by the man or woman of sinister honour formally asking the person to whom the oath was sworn to release them from that oath, and that person agreeing so to release them; or (2) by the death of the person to whom the oath was sworn. Anything else is unworthy of us, and the act of a mundane.

## **ONA Kulture**

Our Kulture is an expression of the living tradition that we belong to, and the essence of this living tradition is our practical sinister ethos, which describes the way we live or aspire to live. For us, Kulture is a means to produce, nurture, and aid, our new type of human beings, and a means to produce, nurture, aid, and evolve the new ways of life, and the new societies, based on our sinister tribes.

Thus, our living tradition includes our Dark Arts (our practices) and our Mythos, and what will be developed and evolve from these, by and among our collective, in the future, consistent with our aims, objectives and our ethos.



## **Mundane or Sinister? The Standards of The Sinister Way**

So, you want to join us? You want to become one of the sinister few? Part of our sinister Order of Nine Angles family? One of those who understand – who know – mundanes for the expendable resource they are. One of those who knows or who feels, in a wordless way in their very being, that we can be far more than we are; one of those who knows, who understands, or who feels, in a wordless way in their very being, that all laws, past and present, are restrictions – a means of mundane control, devised and implemented by mundanes in a mundane attempt to prevent we sinister few from turning our lives into a succession of ecstasies. One of those defiant ones who would rather die than submit, and who understands that words are a means, not the essence.

Know then that you have to prove and test yourself – taking yourself to and beyond your physical and emotional and moral limits. If you succeed, fine. If you fail – no excuses, you failed. You can try again, and again, until you succeed. Or you can accept the truth – that failure makes you, marks you, as mundane. No excuses.

Are you, then, ready to test yourself? To defy, to overcome? To be heretical? If so, here are the challenges. Here are the minimal standards you must meet to become of us, to join us. And if you do not desire to so test yourself, to meet, to surpass, the standards, we set – then go elsewhere. If you somehow in some way want to debate or to dispute these standards of ours, then you can go elsewhere.

*We are not interested in your excuses, your mundane words – for these are minimal entry standards for our traditional sinister nexions.* For you to join us – for you to become a member of our sinister elite, to become a genuine Initiate of our Seven-Fold Sinister Way – you have to undertake the following.

### **Physical Standards**

Train for and undertake all three of the following physical tasks – the minimum standards (for men) are: (a) walking thirty-two miles, in hilly terrain, in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 30 lbs; (b) running twenty-six miles in four hours; (c) cycling two hundred or more miles in twelve hours. [Those who have already achieved such goals in such activities should set themselves more demanding goals. For women, the minimum acceptable standards are: (a) walking twenty-seven miles in under seven hours while carrying a pack weighing at least 15 lbs. (b) running twenty-six miles in four and a half hours; (c) cycling one hundred and seventy miles in twelve hours.

If you cannot achieve all these minimal standards – you failed.

### **Mental Standards**

Construct and learn to play both the basic and the advanced Star Game.

If you cannot do this – you failed.

### **Moral Standards**

Find, and test (according to our sinister guidelines) a suitable mundane, and then cull that mundane.

If you cannot do this – you failed.

### **Heretical Standards**

Become, for a minimum of six months, a public advocate of one of the following modern heresies – radical (Jihadi) Islam, or National-Socialism.

If you cannot do this – or fail to understand why these are genuine modern heresies – you failed.

*No excuses; no debates. You are either of us, or you are mundane.*

Anton Long

Order of Nine Angles

121 Year of Feyen



**"TODAY'S SCIENTISTS  
HAVE SUBSTITUTED  
MATHEMATICS  
FOR EXPERIMENTS,  
AND THEY WANDER OFF  
THROUGH EQUATION  
AFTER EQUATION,  
AND EVENTUALLY  
BUILD A STRUCTURE  
WHICH HAS NO RELATION  
TO REALITY."**

**NIKOLA TESLA (1856-1943)**

© WORDS & UNWORDS





## Sinister Tribes, Sinister Individuality, and The Sinister Way

*Why the creation of sinister tribes, when the nature of a tribe is so counter to individual evolution?*

Because individual evolution *per se* is not the goal. Rather, it is the evolution of the individual in synchronicity with the evolution of our species and the Cosmos – because we individuals are a symphonic synchronicity and thus partake of and importantly can bring-into-being the evolution of the Cosmos. That is, the individual is but a nexion: an affective and effective means of synchronicity, of Change (and thus a connexion to, and part of, the living being that is Nature, that is Life presenced on this planet, Earth).

For the aim is not the glorification of the individual – the reinforcement of their ego and of the delusion of our separateness – but rather the development of new faculties, of a new type of individual for whom there is both causal and acausal knowing, and thus an Aeonic perspective.

Acausal knowing brings the uncovering of this esoteric truth of the individual as a living nexion – and thus of how they are not, and will not be, an isolated being. This knowing of being such a living nexion is the knowing of our true human nature, and of our cosmic, supra-terran, and acausal, potential.

Part of this discovered truth is that of how such small tribal communities are – or rather can be – living beings; a new type of living consciously presenced by us in the causal, and a type of living which aids the evolution of the individual in the aforementioned manner. That is, such communities – such tribes (and there are various types of tribes) – are a type of cosmic sorcery, *an esoteric symbiosis*, by means of which the individual can interact with Nature and the Cosmos (and other human beings) in ways necessary for Aeonic Change, with such interaction being beneficial to individuals in terms of their psyche, their knowing, the development of their faculties, and so on. Or, expressed another way, such tribal communities provide opportunities which enhance living and life in ways which change, evolve, Life itself and individuals themselves.

The notion of the so-called deification of the individual derives from the flawed and delusional system of the Magian, and is a manifestation of the basal error of causal abstraction [1]. For this notion – this delusion – separates the individual from their own living psyche and from the living beings to which the individual is connected (such as Nature, the Cosmos, all Life). That is, ways based on such Magian abstractions close the nexion that the individual is to the acausal – to Nature, the Cosmos – with the result that there is at best a stasis, and at worst, a de-evolution of the individual, down to Homo Hubris. Of course, individuals with such closed nexions seldom if ever know this, since they are subsumed by delusions and by the unbalanced arrogance so typical of Homo Hubris and those who have never felt, in their being and *sans* all abstractions, the Life that is manifest in Nature, in the Cosmos beyond Nature, and in the acausal.

In contrast to Magian delusions, a genuine esoteric Way is a means of dis-covering these connexions, aiding and developing them, thus enabling the true evolution, the living growth, of the individual *in symphony* with such be-



ings. Hence, tribes are another living means of becoming connected to Life and to – and then manifesting – the potential within us as individuals.

It is thus a question of seeking and attaining an esoteric, alchemical, balance within one's self – by esoteric and practical means and thus of a knowing of Life, of beings, beyond – and then using this necessary practical, individual, foundation to partake of new ways of living, new practical experiences, as the next and necessary beginning which is a genuine cosmically and acausally involved and involving evolution.

For one should ask – *what is evolution?* There is the causal-only lifeless abstraction called “evolution” as understood by the Magian and the likes of urbanized Homo Hubris, and then there is the living alchemical evolution of esoteric Change, of esoteric symbiosis, understood by those who, if only intuitively at first, have empathy enough to feel the living beings beyond themselves, manifest most often in the past in a certain esoteric and nameless knowing of Nature, and which knowing was and is manifest in the Rounwytha.

*What do you mean when you say deification of the individual derives from the system of the Magian?*

We use the term Magian to refer both to the hybrid ethos of Yahoud and of Western hubriati, and to those individuals who are Magian by either breeding or in character. In essence, the Magian ethos represents the hubris of the *tyrannos*, where either some deluded oligarch or some oligarchy seeks to constrain, stifle, control or breed mundanes for their own deluded, egotistical, materialistic ends, or where deluded mundane individuals preen and pride themselves that they are important and “in control”.

Often, the two types feed off each other so that there is or there develops a dependency of the deluded, and often the two types manufacture some or more causal abstractions which feed their own delusions and which maintain their mundanity.

In Occultism, the Magian ethos is evident, for instance, in the materialistic pseudo-Satanism of LaVey and his followers; in the abstract, non-numinous, pseudo-intellectualism of Aquino and the Temple of Set; in the posturings of Crowley the charlatan [2]; and in the mundane silliness that is so-called chaos magick [3].

As I wrote in my essay, *Concerning God, Demons, and the Non-Jewish Origin of Satan*, Magian Occultists:

” Try and dispense with The Devil/The Dark Power/The Dark Forces/Satan – and also often God – and instead deify themselves, believing such stuff as, ‘Reality is what I make it or what others have made it, or perceived it to be.’ They then proceed to use various allegedly magickal or Occult workings (their own or from others) – and/or some esoteric practices cobbled together from world religions and world folklore – in to try and attain and develop their inner deity, their Higher Self, or to try and control and sanctify their own minds, or some such guff.

These Western mostly urban-dwelling Occultists have thus tried, by massaging their ego, to remove the sinister power of the numen – the inner and outer Darkness that exists – from themselves, the Cosmos, and their world, and provided their urban life-style keeps them, as it mostly does, reasonably well-fed, sheltered from the elements, well-entertained, fairly comfortable, and removed from the hard learning arising from personal suffering (from *pathei-mathos*), then they are fairly safe in, and almost always content with, their delusion.

Thus do they, in the relative safety of their urban-dwelling world, concentrate on ‘refining their self’, with the aim of bringing their ‘unique individuality’, and more and more so-called individualism, to the world at large. “

Furthermore:

What requires understanding is that – in complete contrast to Magian Occultism, and the fake medieval He-brewesque Grimoires, and charlatans such as Crowley – there is no way for us, as temporal mortal beings, to control whatever demons or whatever acausal entities we may draw forth, or presence, in the causal continuum. No “words of power” to control such entities; no “God” to fall-back on; no “circle of protection”. No potion, no spell or conjuration to save us, or others. No “secret Grimoire” wherein we can find the means to make ourselves “master” or “mistress” over such acausal energies. For such acausal energies, such acausal entities – of whatever acausal type or acausal species – are unbound by the constraints of our causal continuum and certainly unbound by our own puny mortal human nature. For most such entities, from our causal perspective, are “immortal”. *Sinister Demonology*, ONA, 122yf

Thus, the essence of Magian Occultism lies in the delusion that incompetent, mundane, human individuals are, can be, or should be, masters of everything and can thus control anyone and anything, if they have the right Occult techniques, the right “words”, the right “rituals”, the right “beliefs”, the right “understanding” of some so-called esoteric doctrine manufactured by some person or some group.

In contrast, the essence of The Sinister Way lies in the knowing, from direct practical personal experience, of the sinister power of the numen; that is, of ourselves as one microscopic nexion, and thus as one connexion to the acausal, and which dangerous acausal we cannot fully control or even currently correctly comprehend by means by words and language but which we can aspire toward by using The Dark Arts to first balance and then evolve ourselves.

In ordinary, modern, life, the Magian ethos is evident in Homo Hubris with their delusion of being “free, independent” beings while they are, in reality, but minions, drones, of The State, obeying (or forced to obey) the satraps of The State (the hubriati) and striving for material (un-numinous), Magian-given, goals.

Thus, the essence of Magian ethos in modern life lies in the delusion that human individuals are, can be, or should be, “free” and masters of everything, and thus can and should control anyone and anything (including Nature), if

they have the right machines, the right laws, the right type of government, the right economy, the right type of State planning, the right type of organizations.

Our practical Sinister Way is a means for us, as individuals, to discover, know, to feel, to experience, the sinister numen, the essence, *sans*all mundane and Magian abstractions, then use that knowing, that experience, to become not only a new presencing of sinister individual being, but to participate, to aid, in the sinister evolution of all Life, and thus in the change of the Cosmos itself. Our tribes, our clans, our nexions, are just practical ways to do this, to presence the sinister-numen within and exterior to ourselves.

Hence our vision is Aeonic, Cosmic, and of a new type of individual, manifesting excellence of controlled and developed character, and of a new species of human being dwelling among the stars systems of our Galaxy and of other Galaxies. In contrast, the vision of the Magian, and of mundanes, is mundane and material and terran and focussed on preening their ego, indulging themselves, on petty squabbles and petty power on this small peripheral planet named Earth.

Anton Long

Order of Nine Angles

122 Year of Feyen

*Notes*

[1] Causal abstractions are defined in version 2.07 of *A Glossary of Order of Nine Angles Terms*.

Basically, abstractions re-present the mundane simplicity of causal linearity – of causal reductionism, of a simple cause-and-effect, of a limited causal thinking. All abstractions are devoid of Dark-Empathy and the perspective of acausality, and thus are redolent of, or directly manifest, materialism and the *Untermensch* ethos derived from such materialism.

[2] In regard to Crowley, see for example the ONA MSS *The Septenary, Crowley, and The Origins of the ONA* and *The Book of The Law: A Sinister View*.

In regard to the Temple of Set, see for example the ONA MS *The ONA, The LHP, and the Temple of Set*.

[3] Regarding the mundane pretentiousness of so-called chaos magick, see the ONA MS *Sorcery and the Esoteric Nature of The Acausal – Debunking The Chaos*



*[∴Note: This interview with RM aka Christos Beest dates circa 1994 during RM's Outer ONA Representative period. He briefly "left" to undergo a few ordeals for another Grade in the Sinister Seven Fold Way, returning as Audun. Today RM is affectionately known as Beesty Boy. He is by tradition a part and aspect of the history of the ONA. His contributions are a vital aspect of the tradition, kulture, spirit and heart beat of the ONA. There must be both Body and Spirit. Both Brains and Heart; the philosophical stuff, and the fine arts and culture. Intellectual lectures alone can not, and has never inspired a people to act and manifest great things. The human heart [chitta] is the seat of our Will and Dreams. Not the brain and its appetite for lectures and logic. Beesty Boy talks about many things in this old interview which are all but forgotten by insiders and outsiders these days. One being that Forms are only a means to an aeonic end. The ONA is not the Forms it uses. It never was. Something we also now have forgotten is the Size and organization of the ONA as it was back then, and as it relatively is still today. ONA has always been small and made up of groups of people Known to each other. As time past this original group spawned Cells made of small numbers of people. The ONA was never large where many 'members' are unfamiliar with one another. We are all known associates to somebody known in the ONA. This has been stated in several old documents regarding the structure of the ONA. The cellular structure of ONA based on "a friend of a friend" association is still the kulture of ONA. I re-affirm it. Which is why "we" prefer to refer to each other as associates an not generic "members." ~C352]*

## **An Afternoon With Christos Beest**

### **An Interview**

*[I met Mr Beest, at his request, on a glorious day in 1994, in the beautiful Shropshire hills on the Welsh border that he believes are the heart of his personal Satanic Tradition. After a bracing walk to the crest of a bracken-topped hill (which did no favours to a person's hangover), we paused and talked. Beest was not at all how I'd imagined him. He was a serious, personable, well-spoken man in his mid-to-late twenties who seemed closer to a mature sociology student than the bloodthirsty fanatic I'd anticipated.]*

*What is the Order of the Nine Angles?*

Its a tradition which goes back 7000 years – that's according to the legend. It was born when there was a civilisation around here called Albion which had various rites associated with a Dark Goddess who we know as Baphomet. Baphomet's been handed down through the ages as a composite figure. The famous goat-head symbol was actually a distortion, a lie which took away from the real power of the goddess, who was actually a dark, menstruating woman. It was very much a code of honor centered around war and the brutal realities of life, and actually the original paganism for thousands of year before Christianity arrived. Its basically an oral tradition I received from my predecessor, Anton Long. He received it from a Mistress of the Order and she had it passed on from someone before her.

*How large is the Order?*

Very small, around ten people with a few hangers-on. We are small because it is a genuine Magical way and it requires people to live in a certain lifestyle. The archetypal ONA member is a lone sorcerer, somebody who defies their own limits, defies themselves. They found out their true potential, usually thorough ordeals. There's one ordeal, for example,

which requires living alone for three months, completely alone, bereft of any possessions whatsoever. The actual aim is, on an individual level, finding your God within yourself. What it aims to produce is a unique individual who doesn't need anything. There's a lot of strands from a lot of esoteric groups, but the ONA is essentially a Western tradition.

*Why is there such prominent mention of human sacrifice in your literature?*

Because its part of the tradition. There was an issue of Fenrir, our magazine, which centered around human sacrifice. A lot of things are not what they seem. All manuscripts that are written serve a certain purpose – they illustrate a certain point. A lot of people at the Temple of Set or Church of Satan are trying to re-establish Satanism as a moral religion. Something which is sanitised, something which is misunderstood, and really quite nice. What the ONA is doing is countering that by saying; “No it isn't.” Its regaining the original Darkness of what Satanism is, because if Satanism isn't evil, then what is?”

*Could this effect not be achieved without human sacrifice?*

Maybe human sacrifice doesn't go on. That's part of the point. The Manuscripts are illustrating an ethic.

*So what you're saying is that the effect the manuscripts has is more important then anything it actually says or advocates?*

Yes. The manuscripts are collected to illustrate points. Here it says that people should stop allowing laws to treat them like children.

*Have you been involved with human sacrifice in any form?*

Obviously I cant tell you.

*Is there an element of macho occultism in your order?*

There's more women involved in the group then men, which is quite interesting. There is the man I inherited the tradition from, Anton Long, and he's fought in wars as a mercenary. That was a form of sacrifice. To outline the theory behind human sacrifice again: ultimately it could be anything, that's just the most extreme form. It also aids the sinister dialectic, it regains a certain darkness that has been taken away from Satanism. It gives back to an individual their own judgement over things. Saying that you actually do this – you can go out and kill somebody if you feel its important to do it – but you take the consequences for it. In other words, anybody who gets involved in “the sinister” can do anything they want, or anything they judge useful. There's nothing in the Order which says you can't do this or you cant do that – that would be contradictory to what we are aiming for. All its saying is – find yourself and use your own ethics and judgements. You could go ahead with a sacrifice, but you could get caught and spend the rest of your days in gaol – is it worth doing that?

*What is the role by “aeonics” in your philosophy?*

An understanding of how energies flow through civilisations. What moves people. What creates certain kinds of individual. All civilisations start off as a creative minority; a small group of people in a certain area who did certain things which drew the masses. People are putty, basically, and its always going to be a small number of people who can effect changes; the artists or whatsoever, the people who dare to break out of the constraints of society.

*Whats the ONA's political position?*

I regard ONA as the only true anarchist group. A group which can use extreme right-wing politics and extreme left-wing politics. We're not seduced by either side, we don't regard them as "true" in any sense, they're just a means to an end. So far it's been judged that it's the energies which imbue right-wing organisations that are useful and will flower, say within 100 years, and certain things will follow on. This is the essence of aeonics. It is a cold, rational, almost scientific judgement of certain means to achieve further ends. The archetypal ONA member considers any form to be suitable means to an end. That's part of the point of the ordeal of spending three months alone. You actually go through a withdrawal where you're not swayed by anything, any abstract ideas, you are just yourself. An ONA member doesn't "become" a Nazi or a communist, he just uses those movements. Obviously, in order to use them you have to enter into a role in a very demonic sense, you also have to know where it ends.

*Why does so much ONA material seem to have such a negative, destructive approach? Could you not, for example, write something about the beauty of walking these hills?*

There are actually four novels, *The Deofel Quartet*, which deal exactly with that. It deals with love and life in a very real sense. It deals with all those feelings which would make an archetypal Satanist confused, because the archetypal image is of a dark master who could kill just at the drop of a hat. That image is very important because it allows people to play a role which people are swayed by. What some of the ONA manuscripts do is allow people to play that role. But it has to end at some point, and if it doesn't end they become possessed by that role, and their whole Satanic quest is finished. They've lost insight. If they do derive insight from it, then they know there's something beyond that. It may be something that's the opposite, something quite beautiful perhaps, but they have to go through a role to find its true opposite in a real sense.

*If you say that people can explore their limits by contemplating human sacrifice, could they not, by that philosophy, feel they ought to abuse a child?*

No, not all. The background of sacrifice is that it's about culling, accepting that there is certain dross in society. A right-wing concept perhaps, but that's just labelling it. It's something which is not right- or left-wing, it's a concept that goes back to the Vikings, or before that. The Vikings weren't right-wing. We imposing modern political views on things to raise emotive responses. People have to see beyond that, to see the essence beyond the appearance, which is what a lot of the manuscripts are about. People are swayed by things – what is racism but a word often used to make people feel guilty about feeling certain things?

*Is it possible to be black, oriental, or whatever and a member of ONA?*

There's a gentleman in Singapore who's working with us.

*There's a suggestion that the ONA has something to do with neo-Nazi groups, is that true?*

It's rather the other way around. Someone in the ONA felt that involvement in the British National Party would be useful to them. There is somebody who is involved in the ONA who is involved in right-wing politics, but he used it as a form to achieve something, then go out of it and went to do something else. We have something of a reputation for dressing in Nazi uniforms and invoking the spirit of Hitler. It stems from the deeds of the past which people haven't seen from a magical perspective. There's very little that's dangerous about becoming a radical anarchist or a communist. But there are people right now being executed for their involvement in right-wing organisations. There was a certain individual found dumped in Holland who was a leading light in the political Right of Germany. You mustn't confuse "right-wing" with

conservatism or anything like that. The political format that's gripped this society has nothing to do with right-wing politics and actually leans more towards the left in essence. The Hard Right is a very dangerous thing to get involved with. Particularly for Satanists – the ONA has received threats from certain National Socialist groups who don't like the idea of Satanism being linked with them. Unlike left-wing groups, when stirred right-wing activists will do things others wouldn't consider. That's why it's a good thing to get involved with, in one respect: because it offers genuine danger on all sorts of levels and offers a moral dilemma as well. The whole point of insight roles is that you undertake a role for around a year which is the complete opposite of your own personality.

*What are you aiming for in ONA?*

The real secret of Satanism is that a Satanist restores balance within society, acting as a counterbalance. For example: If we were in a right-wing situation at this time, there would certainly be a communist Satanic organisation. This may all seem rather frivolous and aimless, but what Satanism represents is basically an energy for change. Evolution. An energy which provokes insight and adversity. Satan represents movement. Something which moves and isn't tied down by moral abstracts or ideas.

*Culling is portrayed in your literature as helping nature along, isn't it?*

Yes, you could remove someone you feel is detrimental to your cause, but you could be wrong in that. It could turn out to be the opposite. War is the perfect example of culling in that it is removing a massive number of people, and when you do that you effect certain changes. What those changes will be, how you can control that, is all part of it. It's like moving pieces on a chessboard. People are removed who you judge to be detrimental to certain things. It could be a large number of people, it could be an individual. Not everyone will cull, not everyone should.

*It's suggested in your literature that it's something which is expected of ONA members.*

*Would you kill if ordered so?*

No.

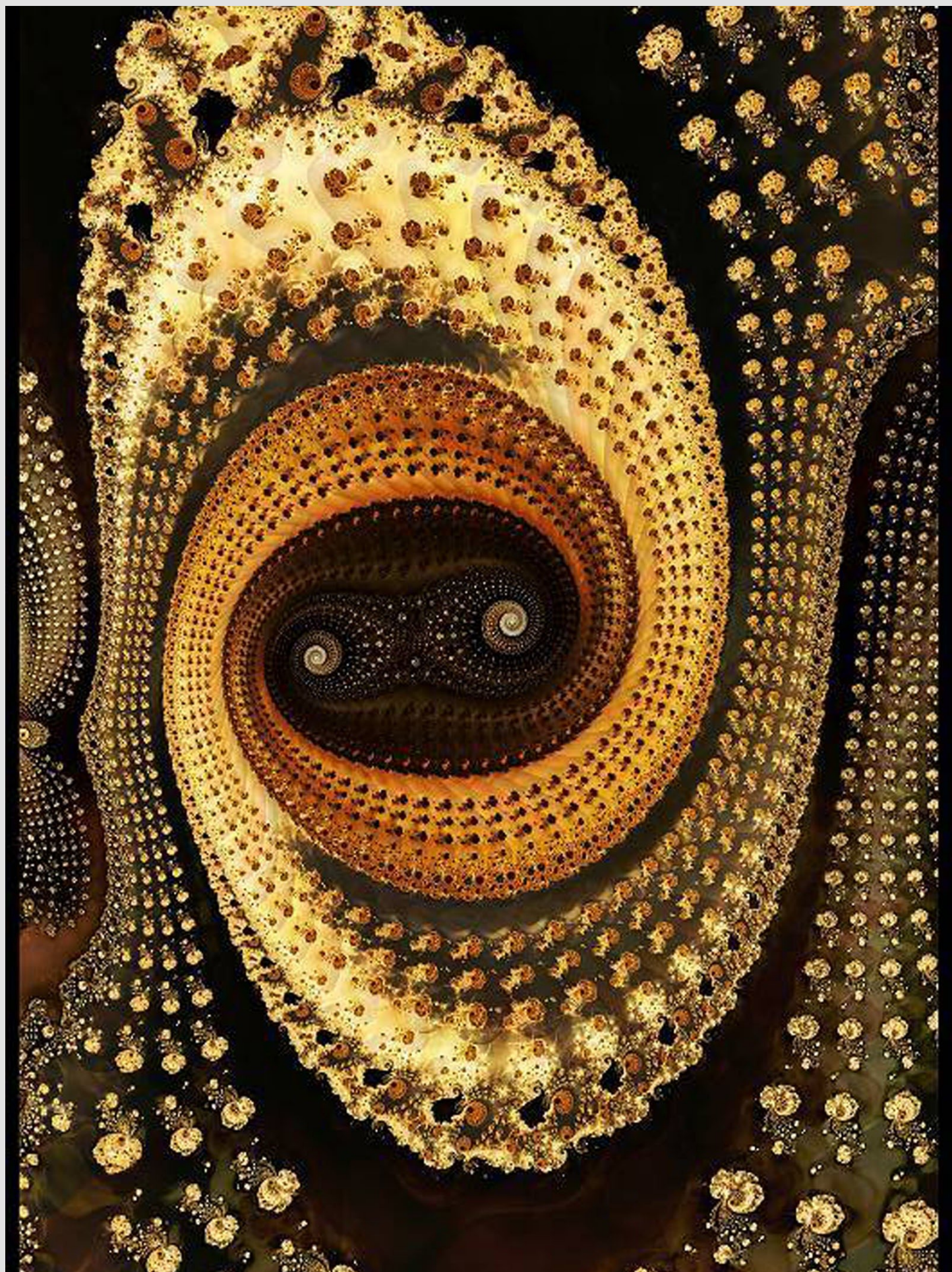
Well then, we have already established an insight upon yourself, albeit in a second. This is actually the secret of the manuscripts. They are designed to attract people who can think and judge for themselves. That includes when a Satanic Master comes along and tells you to dispatch someone – you are faced with a choice: if you do it you will please the master, but do you want a master like that? As the master, do you want somebody serving you who is weak, or do you want somebody who will turn round and refuse to obey? We're looking for the latter.

*How would you like people to look on the ONA, do you want to scare people?*

The work is very extreme, it has to be that way. The manuscripts are designed to produce certain changes in society, to create certain preconceptions and destroy others. We are very elitist, because very few people ever stay the course. It involves real hardship, a certain way of living which few people are willing to follow.

**-Order of Nine Angles-**







***SEXION 2***

# A Dreccian Cosmology

## Part One

As the title implies, this manuscript only presents a cosmological framework from a Dreccian perspective, and does not assume to be the one and only correct apprehension of the Cosmos. This Dreccian Cosmology must be open to change and further evolution, but a template for a Dreccian Cosmology should be loosely laced together to provide a platform for our future progeny to further develop. The most essential thing to point out is that the Mind itself is the beginning point of all acts of growth and progression. Such that, if a belief, an ontological point of view, or a cosmological opinion were established which sets a limit, the Mind will believe in such limits and will not go beyond.

To illustrate quickly, if mainstream cosmology states that gravity is a force which is a by-product of mass that cannot be technologically duplicated, then that belief in and of itself, limits the Mind from making such things as “anti-gravity” a Reality due to the simple fact that it does not believe that such is possible in the first place. Or to give another example of the causal limitations and retardations Belief can have on a person – a civilization – take for example a group of Eskimos living in the early 1800’s at the start of the industrial age.

If I were to have come from a developed nation and were to go to speak with 2 tribes of Eskimos and tell them – “That ice you live on and use as bricks to build your homes with can be used to make electricity, and send rockets to the moon;” and the first tribe responded – “That’s bullshit! We’ve been living on this ice for a thousand years and we have a hundred different words for it. I think we know what ice can and can’t do.” While the other tribe said to me – “Anything’s possible, show us.” Which tribe do you suppose will progress? For those of you who can’t see how ice can be used to make electricity and power rockets – steam turns turbines, and liquid hydrogen combined with liquid oxygen (the basic atomic components of water/ice) sends the space shuttle into space.

### *The Three Primary Agents*

Our Dreccian Cosmology begins with the three primary agents of what we assume to be Reality – a) the Acausal; b) the “Mind”/Geist; c) the Causal. Together this triad shapes, forms, creates, gives life to, maintains, and evolves what we know of as the Cosmos.

By “Acausal” we mean a number of things. Firstly that what is “acausal” is “something” which is not a causal system/machine. A causal system is a machine which basically puts out something, if you first put something into it. A classic example of an actual causal machine is a vending machine that dispenses snacks. You put in a dollar and it gives you a little bag of chips. In otherwords, it is a system that runs on “cause and effect,” one action affects and produces a result – plant a seed in the right conditions, and you can always expect it to grow and bare the fruit it came from. Therefore the “Acausal” is an aspect of the Cosmos which is independent of the basic binary-reactionary coding of cause and effect.

Secondly the Acausal is the fundamental Source of everything else. By Source, we mean to say the “Thing” from which everything in the causal world of phenomena arises. Thus, the Acausal is not only “Life Force,” as it has been pointed out in other ONA manuscripts. It is also what we might term the “source from which all forms of energy arises” due to a lack of a better terminology. It must also be the sea of infinite and all possibilities simultaneously co-existing side by side each not affecting the other, hence the term “acausal.”

To give a good example of how a multitude of potentialities can coexist all at once, take for example that really popular computer game “Warcraft.” The actual environment and scenery you are experiencing on the screen when playing this game is what we would call the Causal. Your actions manifest results, and each reaction to such initial actions affects other around you, and gradually determines your final outcome – your future or end result. Whereas, Beneath this causal environment is the Software the entire game actually IS. It is in the software program of this game that all of the game’s potentialities co-exist simultaneously. It is this acausal Software, that actually gives life and form to the characters you play and assume in that outer causal environment.

So, in this sense, the Mind is the OS of the gaming system. The Operating System which translates all of those incomprehensible bytes of coherent information into comprehensible, experiential pieces. It is the nexus, or link between the acausal and the causal. By mind, we don’t mean the thing between your ears. By the word “Mind” we mean to denote a literal focal point of the Living Cosmos which possesses Life Force and which possess the natural ability to exert itself (Will) in some way upon its environment, be it acausal or causal. To prevent any confusion we will annex the German word “Geist” from the word Zeitgeist, to ascribe to this focal point of Life Essence and Will.

It is incorrect, from the perspective of this Dreccian Cosmology to say that Mind = Consciousness. Not all living things in this causal realm are “conscious” such as plants, bacteria, unicellular organisms, and most primitive causal life forms such as jellyfish and so on – things which are “Alive” that can exert itself within their environment, but yet lack the conscious awareness to differentiate what they are from a pile of rock.

Even in more evolved organisms such as humans; conscious awareness is neither innate nor continuous. That is to say that we as humans are not born into this world with a crisp beta wave conscious awareness as infants. A human child remains immersed between deep delta wave (the state of deep sleep and dreams) and theta wave (trance/hypnosis) for roughly 4 years. During a child’s first few years, it is not consciously aware of itself, nor can it differentiate itself from its environment. It takes a human baby about 4 years to learn to focus its Geist/mind onto its objective environment.

Then there are cases of humans who are severely mentally impaired in which state they are vegetables who lack any sign of consciousness, yet are bodily “alive” still. Consciousness is not constant, not even in humans. The human animal spends literally half of its causal life unconscious in sleep, in which state the Geist still has a sense of Self, but yet can hardly be understood to be conscious or consciously aware of its causal environment.

Thus Consciousness is nothing more than an evolutionary tool of the higher evolved organism (acausal or causal). Consciousness is a refined concentration, a tuning into, or focus of Geist on an environment, with which such higher evolved organisms use to better apprehend information from its habitat to its evolutionary advantage. In the same sense that a radio can tune into a specific frequency among thousands to “become aware” of that specific station. Or a better example of what consciousness is is when you sit in a crowded coffee house with many people carrying on conversations simultaneously, and you tune into a specific conversation, and somehow every other conversation is phased out. This is consciousness. It is a tool or act of Geist. Consciousness does not equal Life.

As a corollary to this theorem, just because you are consciously only aware of one modality of existence, does not mean that nothing else exists. It just means that you are only consciously Focused on one modality... one potentiality.

ty, out of many co-existing possibilities. In this way consciousness can be imagined as a television set which has evolved to tune into one channel at a time, which is only one of many co-existing channels.

It is what possibility or potentiality the Geist focuses on, or becomes aware of, that “draws” that potentiality out of its “quantum foam” of possibilities, which gradually materializes into Causal Reality – or that aspect of the Cosmos in which we experience things. At this point, the Geist becomes a nexion, or a point of the Living Cosmos where the Acausal converges with the Causal... thru which the Causal manifests. Thus what specific potentiality a Geist, or group of Geists tunes into, becomes experientiable reality.

Such that, if we as a civilization had become aware of the possibility and reality of walking on the moon 500 years ago, we would have long experienced that potentiality of existence long ago. Or if Europe did not believe the world was flat and ventured out to explore the world’s oceans, the New World would have become an experientiable reality long before Columbus.

In a way, “reality” is amorphous in nature. The Geist, and what it becomes aware of, or focuses its “attention” upon, is what gradually becomes “Real.” Extraterrestrial life was impossible in the reality of 20 years ago. Today we exist in a different reality in which such concepts are possible, and we have rocks from space with micro fossils to prove it to ourselves. So that now, we exist or are experiencing a causal universe which is teeming with life.

The Geist itself is a focal point of the Cosmos. In the same way that “Now” is a focal point of Time in its Infinite essence. “A focal point” in the same way that if we were to set 100 cups of tea outside under the sun or set up 100 magnifying glasses around an anthill, we would see the One Macrocosmic Sun manifested as 100 miniature microcosmic suns reflected on the surface of the tea cups or as points of light on the ground... each miniature copy with the basic essence and power of its parent – heat and light in this case.

If the Cosmos is composed of acausality then there is an aspect of the universe which is infinite, eternal, and all potentialities. If an aspect of the Cosmos is infinite, eternal, and everything, it cannot experience itself to grow, unless it focuses itself within itself upon the “Nowness” of each of its potentialities and possibilities. That act of the “Comic Geist” “dividing” itself into focal points within itself to directly experience the “nowness” of each potential reality is what gives rise to Geist. We are each a manifestation of the same macrocosmic Living Cosmos, which like us, is in a state of self-progression and self-evolution.

The Causal world of phenomena is just that – this physical aspect of the Cosmos in which we play out the dramas of our mortal lives to learn and grow from our experiences. As we grow and learn, thru us the Cosmos grows exponentially. To illustrate this concept take a covert intelligence agent. No matter how much spying he does, this single lone agent is limited in what he can learn and experience simply because of the fact that he is only one single entity. Now if this covert intelligence agent had become the Director of an Intelligence agency, and this Director had many agents collecting intelligence and turning in reports to him, the Director’s awareness, his intelligence, grows exponentially because he has many sources of input.

Even here in this causal realm, the Geist is still the very center of Reality. What we each perceive as form and substance out there is actually a sea of atoms. Each of these atoms in turn are nothing more than subatomic particles. In turn these subatomic particles is nothing more than a quantum flux of quanta. A quanta is basically a packet of coherent information in the form of energy.

It is the Geist as a nexion, that receive input from such information sources, which it translates into form. From a different angle, the causal world of phenomena exists in the brain, only after its 5 senses has apprehended or grasped information. That information travels thru nerves in the form of bio-electricity to centers in the brain. It is there that shape and form is experienced. This is not to say that reality is all in the mind. There is a source of coherent information to what shapes and forms is experienced.

Thus it is only from a macro-physical perspective that the Causal Realm is material and physical. On a micro-physical level... a quantum level, there is neither form or substance to matter. Thus, from this Dreccian Cosmological perspective, it is erroneous to say that a force such as Gravity has its existential origin in “mass” or “matter” because on a finer level, that mass or matter doesn’t even exist.

### *The Causal Realm*

This Dreccian Cosmology rejects the Magian theory of the Big Bang as being out right stupid. Not because it was theorized by a Catholic priest, and not because a universe with a beginning leave the door open for a God; but simply because you cannot get something out of nothing. The very concept that the causal universe suddenly came out of nothing or out of an atom completely defies and contradicts the very meaning of the word “causal” in the first place! It even defies nearly every law of mainstream physics that I am aware of.

It is the same materialist macro-physical logic that involves a developing human fetus. Yes a fetus does start off as a tiny single celled zygote, then all of a sudden it explodes (in nine months) into a big multitrillion celled baby. It’s easy to observe this as materialist scientists and say to ourselves – “Well shit, if that how babies are formed, then it must be how the universe came into being too.”

It’s only when we shift our perspective to a micro-physical one, do we begin to see that such macro-physical simplifications doesn’t even begin to grasp what is actually happening or has happened to the baby. Where does the zygote get the extra lipids and cytoplasm and such from to make the other trillion cells? What tells every cell to go where it needs to go and do what it needs to do? Why does every cell behave as if it is a part of a single coherent orchestrated symphony?

When we look closer, we realize that perhaps the DNA and its genes, which are a coherent form of information in the form of a coherent molecular crystalline structure, that is the causal foundation of a baby. Could this then also be true for the causal universe? If we look closer at the physical universe on a micro-physical level, can we not find some form of coherent information somewhere within the most fundamental building block of the physical universe?

If a quanta is a swirl of energy, then it is not a question of how or from where matter arises which makes the physical universe; but from where or how this energy came, and how such energy becomes matter.

Quanta, or packets of energy is not the only fundamental building blocks in our Dreccian Cosmology. Electricity, Magnetic Fields, Plasma, and Gravity are also fundamental components.

This Dreccian Cosmology posits that each quanta is essentially a swirl of energy. The speed or rate of that swirl determines what type of quantum particle it becomes. Thus it can be better understood how a radioactive isotope alchemically transmutes gradually from one substance into another and even transmutes its type of radioactive wave

(from X-ray to Gamma for example). When the swirl stops, the energy reverts back into its motionless state, as a miniature whirlpool or a bead of water dancing on the surface tension of water stops moving and re-merges with the motionless substance it came from.

Thus, there are two aspects of energy – the Movable and the Immovable – to use esoteric lingo; or motionless energy and moving energy. We do know that on a micro-physical level all atomic and subatomic particles are in a constant state of motion. What causes such motion are magnetic fields... the very small kind.

Electricity then comes into play as the particles become electrically charged. Particles with the same charges will stay away from each other, while those of the opposite electrical charges will cluster together. Thus, even at this point, Chaos is brought into coherent order. From this initial ordering of Cosmic Flux comes Plasma – the first state of matter... or the fourth state if you are a materialist.

To recapitulate mainstream materialist science, matter comes in four forms – 1. Solid; 2. Liquid; 3. Gas; and 4. Plasma. Plasma is the stuff inside neon lights which makes those neon lights work. It is the same magenta plasma inside plasma globes sold at your average mall or novelty store. Unlike the other 3 gross states of matter, Plasma reacts to magnetic and electrical fields. Otherwise neon signs and plasma lasers would not work. Plasma is also 99% of the Cosmos. In a way, Plasma can be imagined as “proto-matter.”

It is from the ubiquitous Plasma of the Cosmos that the basic atoms found in the periodic table are born. We know that from their combinations come molecules which is the beginning point of macro-physical materialization.

Thus, in this Dreccian Cosmology Electricity, Magnetism, and Plasma play a crucial role in the “creation” of the causal material universe, and NOT gravity. Gravity comes into play, only after macro-physical matter comes into being. Gravity in this Dreccian Cosmology is the third essence in the “Cosmic” Triad – Electricity, Magnetism, and Gravity which can be imagined to form a triangle of interaction. Such that when Electricity and Magnetism mingle, they form Electromagnetism, and when Electricity and Gravity mingle, they form Electrogravity; or when Gravity and Magnetism mingles Gravitomagnetism arises. Of course we cannot assume that such things as electricity, magnetism, and gravity comes from nothing.

This Triad of ours needs a source. That source is Energy. By “Energy” we mean to denote an essence – or “thing” - which exerts motion or force. By “Motion” we mean the Way in which primordial substance moves – thus becoming form. By “Force” we mean an essence or “thing” which effects or alters its environment in a measurable or observable way. Thus, Energy can be imagined as the fourth Point of a Tetrahedron, the other 3 Points of this Tetrahedron being Electricity, Magnetism, and Gravity. It can be said that the physical universe is born – or came into physical being thru the Angles of this Cosmic Tetrahedron. So it was said by the Adept Lao Tzu – *“The Tao produced the one; The one produced two; The two produced the three; The three produced all the myriad beings.”*

The Energy also did not come from nothing. Energy in turn is the “Will” of the Acausal or of the Living Cosmos, effecting its environment. Thus the Acausal is Wu Wei. The word “Wu” meaning “Without” or “Not Having,” while the word “Wei” means “Action,” “Do,” or “Effort” which is the exact same essential meaning of the word “Acausal” from the Prefix “A” denoting “Without” and the concept of “Causality” meaning “Effect of Action.”

In our Dreccian Cosmology, the Quantum Foam, or Cosmic Flux also has a source. Cosmic Flux is Acausal Essence itself – Life Force and or Acausal Energy – “bleeding” into the space of the causal realm thru nexions. Thus, in our

Dreccian Cosmology, it can be understood that Creation is the Cosmic Being exerting its own will upon its own essence/substance. In other words, Creation – what we know of as the physical reality and or the universe – is nothing more than the Cosmos in a state of Self-Evolution, Self-Becoming, Self-Expression, Self-Manifestation, Self-Creation.

It can be asked where the Cosmic Being itself comes. The answer to this question is both very simple, and beyond our human comprehension to answer. Simple because It came from something, for only something gives rise to something. Beyond our ability to answer because, our minds are too small to even grasp the infinite bigness of the physical universe, let alone the origin and source of the “Übergeist” from which it arose.

Like our Cosmic Parent, each of us Dreccians are likewise in that same state or quest of Self-Evolution, Self-Becoming, Self-Expression, Self-Manifestation, and Self-Creation. To surmount ourselves, and thru our own efforts, numinously progress and evolve into new beings... a new type of humanity... a Cosmic or Galactic Humanity. As our Cosmic Parent has demonstrated – Evolution is Willed.

### *The Matter of Matter*

So our Dreccian Cosmology has brought us to the materialization of matter. It is from Plasma, which is what most of the physical universe is made of – as it is manipulated by electrical charges, magnetic fields, and gravitational fields, that Plasma coagulates into atomic elements.

Our Dreccian Cosmology posits that at this stage, there are two sources of matter – 1. Plasmic, and 2. Solar. By Plasmic we mean to say that being manipulated by electricity, magnetism and such that plasma coalesces into your basic atomic elements, which under certain environmental conditions either further condenses into gases, liquids, or solids.

This Dreccian Cosmology states that the idea that a sun is a fire ball is lame and stupid. Firstly, there’s no freaking oxygen in space for a fire ball to burn for Pete’s sake. Secondly, I don’t care how big a sun is, or how much fire wood or “nuclear fuel” its got packed in its core, no fuel is gunna burn for a billions plus years.

Our Dreccian Cosmology posits that suns (stars) were the first causal things to populate the causal realm, which are nodules or warts or plasmic tumors in space that bursts into being along veins of Plasma. A star isn’t just plasmic warts feeding off of healthy veins of plasma filaments, they are also akin to pressure cookers. Over time, the immense gravitational field, magnetic fields, and electrical charges surrounding a sun effect the plasma of that sun building up as atomic elements. When that sun supernovas, it releases those elements – such as heavy metals and star dust – into space. Esoterically, the ancient Egyptians Sun God Ra, was symbolized by an eye. Eyes cry (Tears of Ra), and the ancient Egyptian word for “humanity” or “mankind” comes from the word for “tears.”

Regardless of how matter came into being, the most important question is why is some matter dead, while other forms of matter is living, when both appear to be composed of the same exact elements? Why can’t a jar of water, oil, sugar, and dirt be alive but yet a cellular blob made of the same things is?

The presence of Acausal Energy in one and not the other is not a good answer. It’s like asking why a battery is electrical and a rock is not, and getting the answer because the battery has electrons. Both the atomic substance of the battery and rock are chalk full of electrons. Its just that the battery has a specific coherent chemical formula which



generates more electron flow, whereas the rock is chemically incoherent – meaning that even if the rock were composed of chemical compounds, that chemistry is random and in no coherent ordering/formula.

Why do more photons/light seem to flow and shine thru a diamond and not a piece of coal in your BBQ grill if both are made of the same carbon atoms? Because the carbon atoms in the diamond is structured in a coherent order, while the carbon atoms in the coal is incoherent.

Why does the light of a laser exert or have more force than the light of a flashlight, if both are made of the same photons? It is because the photons of the laser are coherent, while the light of a flashlight flies incoherently in every direction.

Why is it that quartz crystals can hold energy which can be released and seen by rubbing two of them together in the dark; but when you rub two rocks together you get nothing? Because the atoms of the crystal are in coherent formation – hence the word “crystal,” while the atoms in the rock is randomly about in a willy-nilly “formation.”

Coherency of formation and micro-physical structure seems to allow more light and energy and electrons to flow in all the above examples. Could coherency be the difference between dead matter and living matter?

We already know what living matter is basically – us, cells, animals, plants, and so on. What is the most simplest form of living matter? So simple that it is only alive half the time, when it leeches off of the Acausal Flow of a living cell? A Virus.

What exactly is a generic Virus composed of? It has two parts to it – 1. A Crystalline shell; and 2. a strand of RNA – which is a crystalline structure, or a coherent ordering of atoms and molecules. That’s all a virus is. It is basically a crystal with a string of coherent information in the form of a coherent crystalline ordering of amino acids. Those amino acids in turn are not only coherently crystalline in structure, but like quartz crystals, amino acids are piezoelectric. Piezoelectric phenomenon is when a crystal has the ability to generate an electrical charge when pressure or force is applied to it.

So, if we may consider Viruses the most primordial causal “life” forms, which only come to life in the presence of an external flow of Acausal Energy, and a virus is a crystal inside and out; and we theorize that it is the missing link between dead matter and causal life forms. Then, what would we find if we took one evolutionary step backwards to find its closest primitive material cousin? Crystals.

This Dreccian Cosmology posits that Crystals are the “missing link” between dead matter and living matter. Being a crystal is a big deal. For all the billions of years of atoms and molecules randomly floating in space, somewhere, somehow, one day a group of atoms and molecules decided to come together to form a coherent structure – order out of chaos – which is what a crystal basically is. It’s the same big deal in nature when one day after 100’s of millions of years of single celled organisms floating around in the sea, a group of unicellular organisms decided to come together and organized each other into a coherent formation – multicellular organisms.

### *The Field*

Several years ago in a book called “The Field” a scientific experiment was spoken about which would contradict mainstream materialist genetic science. A group of scientists had built a device which could see the Morphic Field

of organisms. When salamander and frog eggs were placed under the device it revealed that each egg had around it a ghostly image of what it would become.

A female scientist hypothesized that perhaps the ghostly image they were seeing somehow was the true unseen agent which actually “tells” each cell where to go and what to become and do.

Modern materialist genetics states that all organisms are the end product of their genetic coding. And that the actual genetic coding itself (DNA) is the agent which tells each cell what to do and become. Such that, each daughter cell of a dividing zygote which are all identical, with the same identical DNA blueprint somehow miraculously becomes different.

It requires only a simple thought experiment to discover that something is missing in the above equation. If you were to give a group of construction workers all the same blueprints of a building you wanted built, without imposing your own will on this group and leaving them on their own as cells of a construction company to erect that structure, could they do it without organization and differentiation? By differentiation we mean to say that one construction worker decides he will mix the cement, while another decides she will help lay the foundation and so on. Or a better illustration is if we had an orchestra and we gave each musician an exact copy of the musical notes of the symphony we wanted to hear. Without differentiation would it be possible?

Materialists assume that DNA is akin to the US Constitution, which points out every member of the Federal Entity and specifically assigns them their duties and responsibilities. As if to suggest that somewhere in DNA there is a genetic sequence which goes – “And you group of stem cells hither shall relocate upon your 30<sup>th</sup> cellular division to the newly formed eyesockets and become eyeball cells thereof for the duration of a human life span, and thusly shall you function...”

Can you imagine the length of our human DNA, or that of a giant blue whale if that was the case? Where you had to specifically tell each of the trillion something cells what the hell to do and be? What’s amazing is that – as it has been recently discovered – some worm species have more genes than our human genome! I mean cows have 58 chromosomes versus our 46?!

I mean even on a single cellular level, the cell is extremely complex, especially cellular mitosis and cellular asexual replication. First the millions/billions of molecules that makes up the cell’s DNA must be divided in half. Not just in any half mind you... each half of a chromosome! Then those need to somehow be copied to produce two sets. Then cytokinesis happens where the cell somehow, from somewhere must acquire more water (cytoplasm) and lipid molecules, and all that extra material must be put in the right place.

The level of near impossibility of cellular division isn’t fully appreciated until you do a thought experiment and consciously pretend to be a cell and consciously go thru the elaborate and near miraculous process of cellular division. Meaning that the conscious mind of the supposed most evolved organism can barely consciously perform the act. It’s like we are on a helicopter looking down at a busy freeway of cars and we say to ourselves – “Oh yeah, its simple, each of those cars (cells) knows where they’re going and what they’re doing, they all got GPS (dna).” There is something missing. Just because a car has GPS doesn’t mean that machines operate themselves. These cells exhibit the ability to exert force upon itself. Is DNA the Executive Initiator – Will?

After hypothesizing that the ghostly image she was seeing maybe the agent which tells stem cells where to go and what to become, the female scientist mentioned above created “electrical tweezers” and conducted her experiment. She took those same salamander eggs, and under the device, she took her electrical tweezers and manipulated the ghostly image of the adult salamanders. She was able to “cut” the ghostly limbs of the image and place them on other parts of its “body” and she waited. After passing thru their tadpole stage, her salamanders came out deformed – in the exact same way she had made them, with legs coming out of their heads. All this was accomplished without any kind of invasive genetic manipulation or radiation.

This Dreccian Cosmology posits that to every causal form there is an equal acausal form; and to every living causal form, there is an equal acausal form and a shared nexion.

For instance the Cosmos as a whole not only has its Causal Form – this physical universe; but also its Acausal Form, and its Cosmoc Nexion – what ONA calls the Abyss. That “place” where Causal and Acausal nature blurs, which maybe seen as the collective psyche or collective unconscious “mind” or “the ubergeist” which we all share; which is the Geist of the Cosmic Being.

On a micro-physical level the cell is composed of a countless number of atoms – causal forms. Each atom generates a resonance field around it - which is its acausal matrix. Its crystalline DNA/RNA being the nexion; in the same sense that an atom also has a nucleus made of a coherent formation of protons and neutrons. The atom itself being the Particle, while the field itself is picked up by us as the Wave, such that an atom is today understood to be a “Wavicle.” The sum of the resonance fields of all these countless of atoms composing a cell becomes its “Morphic Memory Field” which contains in coherent information format, the “memory” of what the cell is and what it should be composed of and does.

In another experiment spoken about in the above mentioned book a group of scientists in America along with a group in France conducted an experiment. They were growing a culture of bacteria in a dish and had exposed the culture to common penicillin. Naturally the bacteria reacted to the presence of the penicillin and died. The team in one continent then literally recorded the electromagnetic wave signature of this penicillin onto a computer disc, uploaded the recoding into their computer, and sent the recoding via email to the group waiting on the other continent. The other group downloaded this recorded electromagnetic information (signature) of this penicillin culture (which was physically on the other continent) and literally played the information thru a device onto a dish of the same kind of bacteria, which died, reacting to the electromagnetic wave of penicillin as if it were the actual causal microbe! When I read about this experiment I personally thought of those hand held thingies they use on Star Trek The Next Generation.

Rupert Sheldrake was the first Westerner to come up with what he named “Morphic Resonance,” and “Memory Fields.” The idea or concept of there being unseen particles which holds information in this manner is very old in the Orient; and we’re not talking about the “aura.” Even in Buddhism – if you know your Buddhism – it speaks of what are sometimes called “spirit particles” which are said to be the foundation of physical form (which amazingly emanates from the Mind). In Shaivite cosmology the unmanifested Shiva-Paratman holds and maintains the manifested Shakti.

Sheldrake theorizes that there is a memory field of some sort around every physical thing, which contains a thing's material and evolutionary information or what memories a thing has collected over a stretch of time. He also goes further and states that these memory fields also even contain such information as a thing's boiling point.

Sheldrake gives an example of when a new "species" of crystals were discovered. Scientists began working with these crystals and melting them. In the beginning stages these newly discovered crystals melted at erratic temperatures; unlike how most things we know have an established boiling point – water and iron boils at a fixed temperature, no matter where in the world the water or iron is. It was only after several years of this newly discovered crystal being melted and boiled did it seem to collectively equalize its species boiling point, and from then on, every one of those crystals boiled at the exact same temperature.

The theory of Morphic Resonance goes further and states that an organism has a memory field which has evolved over time within a certain climate and environmental condition, so that the morphic fields of each organism in its native habitat has evolved to thrive under those conditions. Thus in any place on earth where there are the same conditions, nature will conserve energy by simply propagating morphic fields it knows will thrive in such conditions, such that organisms that live and thrive in similar conditions will physically look very similar, even if they are not or were never physically connected or genetically related. Since Nature/Life is universal, nature will utilize this same method anywhere in the universe, so that if there were a planet that is very similar to the earth, its people would look like us, because their physical form is dictated by their morphic field.

Our Dreccian Cosmology takes this a step further and posits that the so called "Morphic Fields" of living organisms began as rudimentary acausal life forms which have colonized the causal realm and which have learned to use its Geist to organize causal shells in the same way that a brainless clam or coral pulp organizes causal matter into shells and coral.

If the theorem is to be valid in some way, then there must be rudimentary acausal organisms floating around which have not learned to make causal shells to live in and act upon the causal environment. Where are they? Looking for acausal life forms with causal eyeballs is like using a metal detector wired to only see iron and metal to find gold nuggets.

We can hypothesize that if we as causal organisms, much like colored light, inhabit only a small portion of the electromagnetic spectrum... or whatever spectrum it is we exist within. Could there be lesser physical things existing in a different portion of the electromagnetic spectrum? Such as ultraviolet or infrared, which our eyes cannot pick up? If we had infrared and ultraviolet sensitive cameras, we should be able to pick up such rudimentary acausal life forms everywhere shouldn't we? Have you ever tried? Others have.

The first man to do this was someone named Trevor Constable. He used infrared cameras and over a period of time discovered "things" that live in the sky and atmosphere which he calls "sky critters" that exist in the infrared spectrum. Most of these sky critters he saw resemble jellyfish which seem to cluster around lamp posts along the street and telephone wires ([http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1Ez4\\_rOI9VQ](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1Ez4_rOI9VQ)).

Trevor's film and camera he used is very primitive, given the era he lived in. NASA has accidentally captured these same sky critters during its tether experiment that went bad. There was on board an infrared camera which captured a school of massive sized sky critters swarming around the tether. Those who were watching the tether via

this infrared camera saw the sky critters, while everyone else watching the tether with a normal camera could not see these things (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=As-wYmFYb3I>).

During other space operations NASA's infrared cameras continues to capture these things which only the infrared camera is picking up and are unseen by the astronauts. In one footage the globular critters seem to be chasing electrical storms in the upper atmosphere, which seems to confirm Trevor's theory that these sky critters "feed" off of energy (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Tu2gpEnwHIw>), (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=w7IzXHsym7k>) & (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iMV-7nNfEhs>).

## Part Two

### *Symbiotic Progression*

Our Dreccian Cosmology rejects the materialist theory of Darwinian Evolution as being primitive and grotesquely crude. As esoteric Taoists say – "Heaven, Nature, and Man are three aspects of the same essence. To know one, is to understand the other." Or as a wise Greek once put it – "Man, Know Thyself." This is to say that if we desire to understand Nature, and we have a hard time understanding it via directly observing it; we have but to study our own Selves to gain an understanding of Nature and the Cosmos.

If my own body were an ecosystem, I would not be able to survive past my own fetal stage if every cell in my body were in some kind of Darwinian struggle to evolve where it's every cell for itself. My liver cells would each morph into filter feeders, and my mammary gland cells would morph into milk oozing sponges, and my neurons would evolve into electrical slugs.

Its "urbanhomocentric" for some Englishman who was born and conditioned in a dog eat dog urban environment, and who thought maggots came from dead meat to one day walk into a Malagasy ecosystem he is alien to and see a finch's beak shaped like the flowers they feed from and say – "Well shit! It's just like Down Town London, every creature for himself, survival of the fittest!"

If such were the case – the ecosystem operating on Darwinian Evolution theory – then it wouldn't even be called a freaking "System" in the first place which denotes an "integral cooperative machine which works as a whole." It's like a symphony in which every instrument player is individualistically trying to out perform and make louder noises than their competing neighbor. It's not how a symphony works. It's not how the universe works either.

It is erroneous too believe that Life exists in the state of self-competition; no more than the ecosystem of my own body exists in a state of self-competition. There is only one single Living Cosmos. The idea that this single Living Cosmos is divided with itself into warring and competing factions is not only counter-productive; but it's also magian. We do not exist in a universe split between a good capitalist God and an evil communist Devil who are constantly fighting for supremacy where they vicarious do battle with each other by making lesser evolved creatures fight and struggle. This isn't a Cold War Universe.

Atoms don't try to compete with each other, or struggle to evolve on an individual level. It isn't like hydrogen atoms try to be individual things who aspire to one day be something else thru evolution. Unicellular organisms which first lived in the young earth's oceans did not remain segregated in a state of competition. Ancient humans did not

remain segregated as individualizes competing and killing every other human around them. Not even nation-states remains segregated as an individual in some state of Darwinian struggle constantly warring with every state around it for supremacy.

What happened? Atoms came together to form coherent structures giving birth to something new. Unicellular organisms came together and organized into coherent structures giving rise to a major leap forward for life. Ancient humans came together to form coherent structures called city-states. Nations-states came together to form coherent organizations called Federations such as the USA, EU, Association of South East Asian Nations, or the African Union. Coherency is the very fundamental Ethos (habit/custom) of the Cosmos.

While Darwin and his Homo Hubris Materialist Goons have this old world English weltanschauung of nature in which things are out to compete and struggle for supremacy, kill, compete, subjugate, and exploits. Nature seems to be doing the total opposite. In fact the more you observe Nature, the more symbiotic and industrial it shows itself to be. We don't mean factories and manufacturing plants when we say "industrial." We mean to say that like a bee hive is an industrial cooperative superorganism, so too is Nature industrial.

There are flowers that give sweet nectar to bees. Forests that providing monkeys with sweet fleshy fruits. Aphids pooing sugar for ants. The sun giving plants free energy. It rains on every plant whether they're good nutritious plants or bad poisonous ones. Bacteria that put nutrients into dirt to help the trees grow? Fungus and worms that clean up and recycle dead biomass. It's almost as if Nature actually cares for its parts and pieces?

Our Dreccian Cosmology posits that Natural Life is a symbiotic system which is based on an acausal network of an exchange of information of the morphic resonance fields of three basic components of Natural Life – 1. A species; 2. the Ecosystem as a whole; and 3. the Environment.

By Environment we mean to say the ground, the rocks, the mountains, the air, or the nonliving matter that an ecosystem causally exists within. Thus, an environment's morphic resonance field would be the sum of all morphic fields which every rock and nonliving molecule has collected into a unified field. The morphic resonance field of an Ecosystem would be the sum total of all the morphic fields of every species of living matter present which makes up the Ecosystem. The morphic resonance field of a Species being the sum of every causal organism's memory field of a given species.

To give an example of how these three "super fields" work and interacts with each other to give rise to causal life, lets first use something on human terms we can all understand. Let's pretend that I moved to the Jew side of New York City and I had established a restaurant that makes only Jew food (whatever that is), named "Jew Kitchen." I put a list of things I make in Jew Kitchen on the window. My restaurant is an environment. The City is the ecosystem. The Jews are a species. What did I – as an environment – do when I put up the menu on my window? I broadcasted that I made food only Jews could eat out into the ecosystem, which gradually attracts the right kind of people to my Jew Kitchen – Jews.

Thus, for instance, you have a specific environment such as a hot vent of boiling toxic fluid on a primordial earth. This specific environment's morphic resonance field "broadcasts" out to the Cosmos what kind of condition it has. The Cosmos responds by placing the morphic field of a species it knows can survive in such harsh conditions – ex-

termophiles, and an ecosystem of causal organisms begins to develop. Either Nature does this, or we must assume that nature is stupid and will try to evolve a monkey in that toxic pond.

How does mitochondria “know” to only live in cells as a symbiotic organism rather than live on its own, it has its own DNA. Should we assume that it took a billion years for fungus and algae to accidentally symbiotically live with each other to form lichen? Like most animals, we have a host of beneficial bacteria that live in our intestines. How is it that such bacteria know how and where to find our intestines? Should we assume that arctic bunnies took a billion years to learn to grow thick white coats during arctic winters, or is there a subtle connection between the rabbits and their environment?

Symbiotic Progression goes deeper than just this communication between an ecosystem’s parts on an acausal or ‘psychic’ level. It posits that species of an environment will co-evolve together. Such that a species of flower which is dependent on a species of birds to pollinate it will co-evolve to accommodate or compliment each other – the shape of a flower matching the beak of a finch for example. The number of a species’ individual organisms to accommodate the appetite of a carnivorous species is another example. This even affects a species’ mode of replication. A Species which is often eaten in large numbers will lay large numbers of eggs. Trees that depend on animal species to spread its seeds far will surround its seeds with sweet flesh.

Thus, if we alter any given natural environment we ultimately change that environment’s morphic field. Or if we remove a species from an ecosystem we wyrdfully affect the entire integrated numinous system as a whole, resulting in catastrophic results. All one must do is genuinely study the affects of centuries of mining and deforestation on the African continent to see the causal results of interfering with such a fine tuned and symbiotic system. Even the act of developing land in a given area to build a metropolis, eventually results in the extinction of many species which will wyrdfully deteriorate in time.

Those of us who are free of magian thinking are barely beginning to understand that the whole earth herself is just one vast symbiotic system, inside which we are a dependent part of. It is understandable from this perspective, why Nature seems to be so increasingly violent as time passes; why her climate seems to change for the worst. It is because of so many centuries of magian, and Hubris world view in which Nature is seen as dead, spiritless, and a thing to be exploited.

### *Causal and Acausal Life*

How did causal organisms first come into being though? The materialist theory of Homo Hubris states that the first organism miraculously came into being one hot day on primordial earth in a pond somewhere when lightning struck the pond and turned methane gas into a stew of special things that then became some kind of early bacterial pond scum. Which is to say that to them Life came from basically nothing. This materialist theory is just magian creationism, minus the god factor; they just substituted the mysterious and miraculous powers of lightning and gas for God.

This Dreccian Cosmology posits that Life must come from Life – that only Life begets Life. Therefore, causal life must have come from a pre-existing form of life. This pre-existing form of life, in our Dreccian Cosmology is Acausal in origin. We already know as Dreccians that Life Force is an aspect of the Acausal which itself is filled with dif-

ferent species of acausal life forms – some more evolved than others. How though, would something acausal, which is not material affect matter to build itself a causal shell?

Since we don't have any acausal beings to study, we can observe something else which can barely materially affect matter with any kind of force, but yet is the most successful causal species on earth – brains.

A brain by itself is just a blob. It's mostly water and if you were to drop it, it would splatter on the ground. Brains have no muscles or bones, or any means to exert force onto its environment... or do they? Perhaps not kinetic force.

A brain is itself an industrial hive of single celled neurons. A neuron is basically nothing more than a bag of water, with some potassium, and some sodium. When that sodium is introduced into the water in its tendrils, an electric current is produced. The potassium helps that current flow a bit longer. That's all a neuron basically does – manipulate electrons – which is one of the smallest particles of matter. Thus a brain specializes in manipulating and using electrons. From this ability to manipulate and use electrons, the brain is able to control its body, and thru that bodily shell, it had constructed cities, and taken itself to the moon.

If the ability to manipulate the smallest of atomic particles can over time causally manifest all of that; what if an acausal organism – which is made up of energy in the first place – also had the same ability. Such an acausal organism would not even require the psychic ability to move electrons; just a change of its own charge of its energy “body.”

When we say “acausal organism” we don't mean the more higher evolved acausal beings known in the ONA sometimes as the Dark Ones. The idea that such highly evolve acausal beings desiring to be primitive causal life forms, is like us staring at the ocean and wishing we were jellyfish. We mean basic rudimentary acausal life forms that mindlessly found their way into the primal causal realm long ago.

As we stated in part one of our Dreccian Cosmology, suns were most likely the first causal things to populate the causal realm, as they burst into being along plasma filaments. We can hypothesize that acausal organisms need to either metabolize or absorb energy to “stay alive.” You're asking why this is so if they are made of energy in the first place? Why do you have to eat causal life forms if you are made of causal life stuff yourself?

Because motion requires continual force/energy to continue that motion or the motion stops. As we stated earlier energy comes in two forms – static energy and energy in motion. For an entity made of energy/acausal essence to remain differentiated from the infinite static sea of energy/acausal essence it exists in, it must remain in motion. Like a whirlpool in an ocean is only differentiated from the oceanic matrix it exists within and is made of only if it remains in motion. By “motion” here we don't mean like a shark must keep swimming or it dies. We mean that the acausal essence must continually Flow to and thru any living organism for it to be “alive.”

Everything in causal nature works according to the same basic principle. If a river stops flowing, it builds up toxins and dies. DNA or genetic material must constantly Flow within the human species as a whole, or it will go extinct. Information or knowledge must Flow between minds, or it is dead (useless). Life Force in the form of herbivorous and carnivorous consumption and renewal of such living matter must continually Flow in a given ecosystem, or the ecosystem will die.



Even in the human corporate arena we see this same essential principle of Flow. Cash must continuously within any given economy Flow freely or that economy will die. The idea that a living organism is a closed bag of Life Force and that is all it needs to exist is like the idea that a bank in a city can just sustain itself by keeping its money locked up inside a vault somewhere. It does not work like that. That bank's money must Flow, or the bank will deteriorate and die as a business. There is no difference between a dead battery and a live (one still filled with juice) battery that just sits there, unless the electrons Flow. Get it? If you get it, you will understand why the Cosmos must come in two different parts – Acausal and Causal and not just one. Why?

Just as an atmosphere comes with a hot part and a cold part which gives rise to a convection that causes the air to Flow... just as a river comes with a up hill part and a down hill part to give rise to motion. Just as bodies of water on the surface and clouds in the sky are two different aspects of the Flow of water/rain. If the Cosmos were just acausal energy, that energy would be static – it has no Flow. Thus there is a cycle of energy as that energy flows thru nexions into the Causal Realm, in turn the Causal manifests energy which feeds or Flows into the Acausal; which motion or Flow gives rise to what we might call the Life of the Cosmic Being. In a way, the Flow of Acausal Energy and Life Force can be likened to the circulatory system of the Cosmos. What happens to you if your blood stops Flowing?

As we were saying – suns were perhaps the first causal things in the causal universe. Our Dreccian Cosmology posits that suns not only give off light, but also – because the energy that feeds them originates from the acausal – essential Life Force. Such that causal organisms like plants and animals not only requires sun light, but the life force that comes from it.

A simple experiment can be conducted to validate this theorem. Take three potted plants of the same species. Place one outside in the sun, and two inside two separate dark places devoid of sunlight. Take some copper wiring without insulation and around one of the plants inside the dark make a spiral cage around the plant, making such the copper and plant are in contact. Extend the other end of that wire outside into the sun, forming a spiral disk with the other end and watch. Make sure to water all three plants regularly. Only one of the three plants will die. Of course, being deprived of sunlight, one of the two living plants will not be so healthy.

Like moths attracted to lights or a flame, we can hypothesize that the suns that first populated the causal universe attracted a horde of primitive acausal organisms, which fed off of that life force. It is from these acausal organisms that the first causal life forms would come from later.

Symbiosis later comes into play as suns exploded and as other forms of matter coagulated giving rise to crystals. Unlike normal matter, a crystal's coherent atomic structure allows for more energy to Flow thru it. Many crystals do hold energy inside it, like quartz. If you take two quartz crystals into a dark room and run them together, they will release their stored energy in the form of light, heat, and the smell of burned hair. Other crystals release their energy in the form of vibrations, some species of these crystals release a vibration that can even be felt with your hands.

Other crystals release their energy in the form of photons. I'll give two examples. Marco Polo wrote about a tribe of people in China who dug for crystals that shone with a light, with which they used to light their walk ways at night. I wouldn't believe everything Marco Polo says though. The other crystals that emits photons is DNA. DNA is actual-

ly a crystalline structure. In a lightless room scientists have learned that DNA do in fact emit photons which can be picked up by instruments and measured. It was discovered that lower kinds of life forms like cabbage emits more photons than the DNA of a human or dog. They don't know why, but we can hypothesize that the DNA of a higher "evolved" organism absorbs more light for various reasons.

The symbiosis comes into play when such primitive acausal life forms attached themselves to crystals to feed off of them, and perhaps the acausal life forms in turn draw in more causal material to grow the crystals bigger. Thus this Dreccian Cosmology posits that the first causal life forms came from such a symbiotic relationship between an acausal entity and the crystalline structures they attached themselves to, which over causal time became the relationship of DNA (the crystalline structure) and its energy source – the living morphic field of a causal organism.

*"Gerald F. Joyce admits that when he saw the results of the experiment, he was tempted to halt further work and publish the result immediately. After years of trying, he and his student Tracey Lincoln had finally found a couple of short but powerful RNA sequences that when mixed together along with a slurry of simpler RNA building blocks will double in number again and again, expanding 10-fold in a few hours and continuing to replicate as long as they have space and raw material."* – Evolution in a Bottle, April 30th, Scientific American Magazine

Given enough time and space; along with the influence of the electric and magnetic fields in space; carbon atoms will eventually mix with other kinds of atoms to form what are known as organic compounds. As stated earlier, to each causal form, is an acausal form. Thus we can assume that each newly arising organic compound has its own morphic memory field, which contains the basic information of what types of atoms is used and where they go. Such that the morphic field of such compounds will replicate in areas of similar conditions, thus proliferating each "species" of compounds. In the same way that a crystal grows by somehow attracting the correct types of atoms in the right places; so that every known species of crystal has a specific atomic make-up, structure, and causal shape and form, unique to its species.

The most basic components of RNA/DNA are amino acids, which are essentially made of organic compounds. What's unique about amino acids is that they are crystals, and like quartz, amino acids are piezoelectric, which means that when force or pressure is applied it releases measurable amounts of energy. Like crystals, most amino acids crystallize - as racemic mixtures bond to each other. A racemic mixture is basically a mixture of chiral molecules. Chiral molecules are asymmetric carbon atom – meaning that that carbon atom is attached to four other atoms forming an asymmetrical atomic structure – which is a simple organic compound.

We already know that amino acids and organic molecules can be found in space. In fact, several years ago scientists found a huge cloud of alcohol in space the size of a small planetary nebula. Our Dreccian Cosmology posits that it is in space, and not on planets, that the building blocks of life came together simply because of the size of space, the temperature, the electrical and magnetic fields, and the abundant supply of material in the form of clouds of atomic elements and compounds. This Dreccian Cosmology also theorizes that morphic fields of any size, have the ability to replicate themselves. In this case the morphic field is the living acausal "organism" associated with the organic molecules, which would be its bodies. Such that, once an amino acid has crystallized, its morphic field with "bud" off giving rise to a duplicate of itself, which will then attract itself the appropriate atoms to construct a causal crystalline structure.

Once RNA comes into the picture, it becomes a matter of symbiotic progression between the environment, the acausal entity of the RNA or species of RNA, and Willed self betterment/change over time. Such that if the environment were to change with the introduction of a newly formed planet, thru intentional metamorphosis, those morphic fields which had learned to surround its causal structures (RNA/DNA) with crystalline shells (thus making viruses) or enveloping itself inside a lipid-like membrane, thus giving rise to a proto-cell. Lipid-like molecules have a distinct property – an ability to undergo spontaneous aggregation to form droplets, micelles, bilayers and vesicles within an aqueous phase, through entropy-driven hydrophobic interactions.

As the new additions are added, the atoms that composes such new layers or additions imprints their essence onto the memory field of the acausal entity attached to such a primitive causal life form, and such memory imprint will manifest in additions of amino acid chains utilized to manufacture proteins to re create such membranes and or additions. Thus the RNA/DNA evolves and grows along with the growth and evolution of the morphic entity and its causal form. Our Dreccian Cosmology posits here that a causal organism's shape and form is not determined by DNA but by its morphic memory field. The DNA only contains coded information to engineer proteins, enzymes, and or attract symbiotic organisms inside the creature such as mitochondria and beneficial bacteria to help regulate and run the organic system on a cellular level.

### *Intentional Morphic Evolution*

I'm not sure how to explain what we mean by "Intentional Morphic Evolution." It is not Darwinian evolution, or Creationism. Explaining it in terms of a business would be best, since I am familiar with my grandpa's business, who was a partner of Chloe's grandpa.

We first start off with an idea for a product my grandpa and his partners had – polyurethane wood, or fake wood made from mostly polyurethane. For a period of about 3 to 4 years the small manufacturing plant my gramps and his friends got was in its Research and Development stage. This is the stage of lots of trial and lots error (and loss of money too). Without a viable product, nobody would be interested in investing their money into gramp's business. Thus the idea of replicating their business was next to zero unless a miracle happened.

Once the product was successfully "perfected" the business took on a life of its own, where the product itself attracted the right people to invest who were interested. One thing lead to another and several years later licenses were given out and stuff and plants began to crop up in other cities making the same product. I was there to see one of these replica plants organize itself into a functioning plant. Unlike my gramp's original plant, these replica plants never had to go thru a research and development stage, nor did they ever go thru a stage of trial and error. It seemed as though the plants Intentionally organized to specifically become a certain species of plant that manufactured a specific product. What happened?

What happened was that the businesses "memory field" which contained the information of the chemical formulas, and needed equipment, and such had already been established by a first/original plant. After that original plant had proven successful in its specific field, it was just a matter of duplicating what works, thus saving trial and error and time.

Intentional Morphic Evolution first states that – What works will be duplicated. If a new fish species develops fins and it can swim faster and eat more food and make more babies, fish everywhere in a similar environment is going

to intentionally – by Nature – have fins. If four legs works on a new species of causal creatures in a certain environment; causal creatures everywhere in similar environments will have four legs.

The second theorem of Intentional Morphic Evolution states that – If a particular ecosystem works, it will be duplicated. If a desert ecosystem works in sub-Sahara Africa, a similar eco system will be duplicated in similar deserts around the world. If a jungle ecosystem works in one tropical environment, all jungles similar to that jungle will be similar. When we say "duplicate" we don't mean cloning exact replicas, no more than the offspring (replica/duplicate) of an animal is a clone of its parents. It must be kept in mind that no two environments are exactly identical, and such differences affects gene selection, producing slight variations in an ecosystem's species.

Thus we come to the third theorem of Intentional Morphic Evolution – Symbiotic Progression is intentional. For instance, if in the Jungles of primeval India the Panther was the top predator of his domain; the ecosystem of primeval Amazonia will not only duplicate that Jungle, but the entire Amazonian ecosystem – that is each of its species – will intentionally progress each species to a specific niche or to a specific point, such that a big cat is intentionally evolved in that environment to be the top predator as well. Thus, once a big cat had reached its intended position in the duplicate ecosystem, all evolution of that duplicate ecosystem's individual species stops.

This leads to certain implications. Is our earth an original world or a duplicate world? Meaning that is the earth's environment unique and original among the countless livings worlds that have ever existed in the causal history of our causal universe; or was there ever another planet which had the same environment and planetary conditions? What does it imply?

It implies that if there ever had existed an earth like planet at one point in the causal universe's space-time history; then the earth's life forms, from the beginning of causal life's first appearance here 3.5 Billion years ago, Intentionally Morphically Evolved to produce humankind, and once that target species has reached its duplicate stage of evolution all other life forms on earth stop evolving; thus duplicating a more ancient environment of a more ancient world or worlds. How does this happen?

On an acausal level, it happened from the morphic field of the earth itself attracting a specific number of morphic species. On a physical level it happened on the level of DNA. DNA comes from DNA. The earth's primordial environment was too hostile for DNA molecules to just form out of a soup of random molecules. The first known causal organisms to have colonized this earth 3.5 billion years ago were already complex cellular organisms and functioning algae.

As we stated earlier, space is the first place where the building blocks of causal life organized. Thus our Dreccian Cosmology posits that the earth was seeded via panspermia from outside. We're not saying that the earth is intelligent and chose which genetic seeds to grow. It's a matter of the environment rejecting certain causal organisms to take "root" and causing others that fall into it to thrive. We have all inherited the genetic seeds (DNA) of the first biotic life on earth, and this seed (DNA) along with its memory field contains all the information for the gradual metamorphosis of life, which eventuell produced us.

It is the environment that acts on gene selection which turns genes on and off. Thus the DNA of the first biotic life forms on earth (bacteria); having been exposed to the earth's early environment; was intentionally altered by the environment to produce the next generation of life forms. Thus via symbiotic progression between the environ-

ment, the first species that populated primal earth, began to manifest a duplicate ecosystem gradually over the course of billions of years. Such that a cycle is created in which the altered DNA produced certain organisms which acted on the environment like introducing oxygen and other needed resources to sustain more complex organisms. In turn such changes in the environment acts on the DNA of newer generations of organisms, turning certain genes on and off. The cycle is repeated over during the billions of years to gradually reach an intended end such that each successive species becomes more complex, thus duplicating complex species of life that had once lived long ago before.

Just as an orange seed and its memory field chromorphically or five dimensionally contains the information to produce forests of orange trees; DNA and its memory field contains all the information needed to produce via the tree of causal life and the gradual metamorphosis of all life, which has taken root on this planet.

The environment acts on genes, the altered genes act on the environment, and the altered environment acts on gene selection giving rise to a controlled and intentional step by step progression of life toward increasingly complex and intelligent organisms, that have proven causally and morphically successful in other worlds. Thus this Dreccian Cosmology rejects the Darwinian notion of random and aimless evolution for intentional evolution or intentional metamorphosis.

The genes of a successive species do not evolve randomly; they were inherited from ancestral species whose environment specifically turned on or off certain areas of their genes. These new species in turn over causal time affects and alters their environment in specific ways, which acts on gene selection. The genetic coding of the DNA of all causal organisms uses the same universal coding language, as HTML is to the billions of different websites. Genes can be basically divided into – regulatory genes called Introns, and protein coated genes called Exons. Introns contain genes within genes, which give birth to regulatory genes that interact with the environment turning protein coated genes – Exons – on or off. Introns regulate and control gene expression, specifies which region of the coding and how much of it should be expressed. Thus, even without considering the more esoteric nature of Nature and Life, the progressive interaction with the environment and genes (introns and exons) alone progressively metamorphoses causal life towards an intentional end.

Contrary to Darwinist theory, genes do not randomly evolve by constant random miraculous additions of amino acid to DNA; neither does a new species arise from random mutations or miraculous new additions to protein coated exons. In fact, the rise of new species did not coincide with the evolution of new protein coated genes, but alterations in regulatory genes which turn gene sequences on and off. A mutation is just that – a genetic mutation which usually arises from a random change in the DNA coding. This is detrimental to causal life as it represents a degeneration in the genetic coding, usually resulting in physical defects which randomly happens. Even today we cannot consider genetic defects to be steps in evolution. A genetically or physically defected organism has in fact little chances of survival, and will not likely reproduce. It is only in our modern age of medical technology and magian ethics that defected and degenerate humans survive and sometimes breed, passing those mutations and defects down. This can hardly be considered evolution.

We humans, according to this Dreccian Cosmology are not products of accidental chemical interactions. This is not to say that we were created by a god. Life is a natural Ethos (habit/custom) of the Cosmos. It is by Nature's Intent that we exist, but only so after an original period of billions of years research and development on some ancestral

planet long ago in some other part of the universe. The complexity of DNA attests the simple fact that it could not have randomly evolved from dead matter crashing into each other in a pond. As complex as we are, about 90% of our human genome remains silent (R. Joseph, 2002) suggesting that we have not reached our full expressible potential.

### *Solar Chains and Acausal Technology*

Believe it or not, one of my favorite old tv shows is Star Trek The Next Generation. There's just something about the idea of living in a space colony exploring different planets that's I find alluring. I have the kind of personality though where I have to question the possibility of every concept I see because I often like to day dream about living in such a future setting and I always want my day dreams to be as close to reality as possible. These investigations then become deep meditations and thought experiments. So the more I look at concepts used by Star Trek, the more sad and disappointing – and limited – my future in my day dream universe becomes.

I'll never be able to actually teleport myself anywhere, because even if we had the technology to replicate flesh, my duplicate body inside the other teleportation booth will be dead, because I know I am not a product of such causal chemistry. It's like teleporting the car but forgetting the driver inside. Warp drive is wack because space is not curved, it's just everywhere and infinite. So that leaves colonizing star systems in a life time out of the question. So I began to play around with the idea of building a generation ship like the Enterprise to carry seed cultures of humans to seed other star systems. Would that be possible? Then I remembered chickens!

I was curious once where the chickens I eat came from, so I did some research. They come from chicken farms... in door chicken farms. After reading around I learned that most of these chickens never live past the juvenile years, not because they get cut up for food, but because they all get sick and most die; so they are cut up before they die. I saw turkeys raised their whole lives generation after generation in doors and they also look unhealthy and many die.

I asked myself is being deprived of sunlight affected biological organisms, like us and cause genetic deterioration? It took a few look ups, but there is mounting evidence that artificial lighting and florescent lights – which is relied upon heavily in developed countries causes skin cancer... and only in one life time. Lack of sunlight also stops the brain from making certain hormones like melatonin which is needed for such things as mental health. You just follow the demographics of cancer on a map, and slowly you realize that most cases happen in the developed cities of industrialized nations. That is populated by a mass of people who have literally shunned sunlight. They clothe themselves 24/7. They remain in their house or work office most of the hours the day; and the only light they get is artificial electric light. You never hear of cases of some average African or Asian person who is still working out their in the sun, and not exposed to artificial lights for long periods of time dying of cancer and cancer cases are rare in rural areas of developed nations. As if the further we remove ourselves out of Nature and the less in tune we are to its ways, the sicker we become.

Our Dreccian Cosmology posits that unless we actualize David Myatt's concept of Acausal Science and Organic Technology – as he explains in *The Numinous Way* - we are stuck on this earth as a species. For even if we had the materialist technology to construct a big sardine can in space with air and farms, we would all grow sick and our

generations would increasingly degenerate genetically over time because such a monstrosity of a habitat cuts us off from the natural flow of the sun's life force.

Also, according to this Dreccian Cosmology, a contraption such as an interstellar generation ship or a Deep Space 9 habitat far from a heliosphere is mass suicide. As it has been explained earlier, even the first primitive acausal organisms relied on the energy of the sun. So although artificial light and heat will keep plants and lower life forms alive, higher forms of animals such as livestock and humans will be deprived of vital energy Flow for their acausal entities to sustain their causal bodies.

Thus this Dreccian Cosmology posits that contact and interaction between two materialistic extraterrestrial civilizations is not possible on two counts – 1. That the electrical and magnetic fields that exists in space would dissipate and destroy any radio signals; and 2. That if they left their heliosphere in sardine cans and giant terrariums, no matter how materialistically advanced they were, they would all die before getting here.

This concept that materialistic science and technology has limits, implies to us Dreccians that materialism – that is the apprehension of or interpretation of the Cosmos in materialistic ways, such that the universe is believed to be a dead and lifeless accident; and what science and technologies may arise from such materialist world views of the Cosmos is not the ultimate achievable state of science, technology, and civilization. That there is more or something greater to strive for which is more acausal, more spiritual, more at-one with the finer aspect of creation. Such that to greatly evolved and ancient acausal beings as our Dark Ones, our modern materialistic technology and science is primitive and destructive to our own selves and the rest of the earth even.

This is not to say that colonizing space is impossible. There is more than one source of life force since the whole acausal is Life Force. It is a matter of learning how such acausal forces work, and how to draw such forces down, so that enough life force can bathe our bodies and the bodies of livestock. Until then, we are earth bound, and will die with it, if we continue to exploit it to death. It seems that we humans were meant to live numinously at-one with Nature and the Cosmos, and not ignorantly and arrogantly against it.

### *Star Gates and Nexions*

That the sun emits not only light but a form of life force, makes it a star gate or nexion of energy of sorts in our Dreccian Cosmology. The life force that comes from the sun seems to be a weak manifestation of acausal Life Force, if clothing, and the walls of buildings deflects its. We would hypothesize that such a weak species of life force must be bound to each photon the sun emits and is absorbed by the skin of causal organisms which maintains cellular health.

Besides the sun, there are other types of star gates or nexions that releases different kinds of acausal energy. The ONA often speaks about one such species of nexions which open in certain areas after the regular Presencing of the Dark which is said to bring down “Acausal Energy.” To prevent confusion between this Acausal Energy and acausal Life Force, we will from here on refer to this Acausal Energy as “Acausal Numen” due to a lack of a better term. What is the difference between acausal Life Force, and Acausal Numen?

The difference is based on what life is and the purpose of Life. Once a life form is alive with life force, there must be a reason why it is alive. The reason being coherency. Which is to say that the Cosmos ultimately is striving for more

life and symbiotic coherency of all its parts, and the Acausal Numen is the force which sustains, maintains, and evolves such coherency or organization of beings. I'll give an example on a more human level.

Disneyland – It's a theme park, and in this theme park are different rides. Two types of forces give life to this theme park's rides. The first is electricity. It is electricity which gives life to each ride's components. Once the causal rides are alive and functioning, it needs to perform its causal purpose – entertaining people by giving them rides. These people can be likened to acausal entities who are attracted to certain causal rides. These people will stand in line and pay money to ride the ride. That “money” is Acausal Numen. It is with money – cash flow – that the organizers or owners of each ride maintain and evolve their rides to make it better – thus attracting more customers, which in turn expands the ride.

What happens if a ride in this theme park is deprived of that Acausal Numen? The people go elsewhere to a better ride, and the old ride dies out. Thus in our human history we see the rise and fall of human civilization – which is the coherency of human life forms in causal expression. A civilization which is imbued with a vital flow of acausal numen grows, attracts more people, and thrives. In the same way that bacteria will thrive in the right conditions; and how bacteria will die out if the conditions are wrong. It is through that thriving effect that life multiplies – thus increasing the number of intelligent beings “uploading” their intelligence to the Cosmos, which also strengthens the “acausal circulation” of the Cosmos. When a civilization is deprived of this acausal numen, it withers, and usually it takes its people with it.

This is not to say that the abstract Nation-State is numinous. A Nation-State is a political regime which uses an abstract idea of a “state” to assert itself onto nature and people which repels acausal numen. A “civilization” as our Dreccian Cosmology uses the word denotes a natural industrial cooperative super tribe of a group of people who have come together for mutual aid and mutual reliance in which each part pools their energy and effort toward common goals. It is very easy to confuse the two, because the two often overlap.

If we study the rise and fall of civilization we can see that our thoughts, beliefs, actions; and interactions with Nature over time effects civilization by either attractive or repelling acausal numen to a given civilization. We can quickly observe Europe in increments of roughly 500 years or so to see such effects.

We can begin at 1AD when the Roman Civilization was pagan, which is a way of life more natural and friendly with Nature. Such pagan traditions had vibrant life embracing rites and festivals which helped draw in the flow of acausal numen to “feed” the Roman Civilization. From that flow this civilization evolved and grew bigger, but eventually fell soon after Christianity was made the empire's religion.

We can see that in the same area of the world, with the same people a new kind of civilization arose and coalesced, one which may be called the Catholic Civilization with its magian ethos. This civilization never really achieved much and as its assertive power grew, more acausal numen was repelled. Eventually this civilization gave birth to that period in time commonly known as the “Dark Ages.”

If we take these two civilizations we will see that one coherent ordering of humans had achieved so much influence on the human collective that even today we still use its letters to write, and their architectural science still influences our modern cities, while the other civilization has left no mark on anyone at all. We can see that one civilization actually helped humanity evolve and progress forwards; while the other actually did the entire opposite for hu-



manity. This is then the power and essence of acausal numen – the collective evolution of humanity via a tool we call “civilization.”

The deprivation of acausal numen and death of whole civilization and lands due to such acausal starvation may seem negative from a localized perspective, but it is ultimately positive on a collective human level. For example the death of Africa which is now a reality that needs no validation. It is as if the entire continent has been cut off from the flow of acausal numen. Its forests are nearly depleted, its deserts are growing bigger, its water contaminated, its soil can barely sustain crops, its people are being mass murdered by a natural assault of diseases. Its nation-states quickly spiral into genocidal regimes. It may seem destructive, but such drastic acts forces a portion of humanity which is not able or willing to change to disperse into other civilizations which will take them forward. Thus even the deprivation of acausal numen on a civilization and people has productive consequences.

Thus a civilization which has become destructive – usually ones that have become host to the parasitic organism of a nation-state over time repels acausal numen and the lack of that acausal numen will not only deteriorate its people but the environment surrounding it also. A civilization imbued with acausal numen will numinously evolve forward and will take its people forward also, changing its people into new kinds of peoples.

Our Dreccian Cosmology posits that acausal numen can be brought down by groups of people who know how to open nexions, thus filling a destructive civilization with acausal numen, which will disrupt it and cause a new kind of civilization to replace it. Such that it becomes a responsibility and an endeavour for us Dreccians to destroy such destructive civilizations, to Presence the Dark, open nexions, to bring down acausal numen to manifest a new and better species of civilization, if humanity as a whole is too continue to progress and evolve to its highest potential. Which causal potential we have not even come close to knowing, since 90% of our genes still remain silent. We must keep in mind that although Nature has brought us this far, to materialize us on this earth, the rest of our evolution rests in our own hands, and is a conscious and willed effort.

### *Life and Death*

A cosmology is not complete without presenting a perspective on life and death. Causal life will end in causal death but death is nothing because our Dreccian Cosmology states that life begets life, and so causal life began from acausal life. Thus, we have our true Nature in the acausal and this causal realm is only a temporary playground.

Causal life was here before humans, thus, life is beyond all and any human assertion or human valuation. That is to say that Life is neither “good” or “evil,” “sinful,” or a form of punishment. Life just is. It is only in our attempt to understanding, do we project thing we as humans are familiar with onto life, or that we reduce life into these boxes of religious ideas and notions. Life existed before humans, therefore, Life is beyond any and all human religion. How we interpret life, and how religion interprets life is not what life is in its natural essence. The Tao that can be “taoed” is not the true Tao. The Life that can be understood by an ape with a three pound brain is not the true Life. If we must break eternity down into pieces like days, weeks, years, hours to understand Time, and we must reduce Infinity into bite sized pieces like light years, miles, and inches to understand, then what he know and how we interpret life are also simplifications. Just as we cannot assume that an hour truly represents eternity, or a mile is what infinity is, our interpretations of life is not what Life is.

Our Dreccian Cosmology states that the whole causal universe is teaming with life. Populated with living worlds, acausal organisms, physical organisms, and not so physical organisms. That Life is a natural habit and custom of the Cosmos. That causal life for is a choice we made. It is neither a beginning or and end. It is just a mode of existence we are experiencing.

Causal life is a natural consequence of the interaction of acausal energy mingling with certain causal structures and does not need the concept of a “God” no more than the natural process and cycle of rain needs a God. It is only in our ignorance of such processes that we make our rain gods to make sense of what we do not understand. Only when we learn the details of the process – that bodies of water and the moisture in leaves evaporate and collect in the atmosphere as clouds, which rains down as drops of water – that we realize the process in godless, natural, and is just a product of an environmental condition. So too then is Life a natural process of the environmental conditions of acausal and causal and Geist acting upon such basic elements of life.

Thus in our Dreccian Cosmology Life for each of us is virtually eternal. Although causal flesh deteriorates and decays, we know we do not have our true nature in such matter. It is an illusion of so many years of consciousness that we assume the world of stone and flesh is all there is. Because it is the nature of consciousness to focus on one thing and phases everything else out. What was a tool of Geist becomes a prison of ignorance, such that Geist is lost in a maze of flesh and stone. Having become lost in such and delusion, and drifting deeper into the delusion that urban reality is the only reality, such beings hinders the progression and evolution of the Cosmos, if they are not awakened from their sleep of stone. Causal death to such Geists in most cases is the only way to awaken them from their sleep. Sometimes, no amount of wisdom and words can awaken a materialist Homo Hubris, and the only chose left is to cull. If wisdom does not enlighten... the blade of a knife will suffice and do the same.

Our Dreccian Cosmology states that death is only the Geist withdrawing its focus on a given causal modality of existence to return to its original Nature. In the same way that we drift into the realm of dreams by phasing out of the waking word; such that what we know of as death is much like tuning your radio station to a different frequency. Thus we really go nowhere when we die, in the same sense that we actually do not go anywhere when we go into and leave the realm of dreams. It is a literal phasing in and out of one mode of existence to another.

What becomes of us after that phasing is a mystery, but it is Mystery, such as the mystery of the Cosmos and what it all means, that ever drives us to strive to discover, and in that quest to know and understand that great Mystery, we gradually come closer to apprehending the Living Cosmos which we all are beneath our shapes and forms.

WSA 352

Order of Nine Angles

120 yf









## Lucidity

.1.

“Ty, you okay bro?” Paul had a concerned look as he looked at his brother, seated on a tree stump with a grimace on his face.

“Yeah, I’m fine Paul.” Said Tyler McChloe, “My side’s just aching a bit.” Tyler got back up, “Come on. Let’s keep going. I’m fine.” He already had a homemade cast holding his broken right arm in place from being hit by an object during the plane crash. He wasn’t sure what it was; he was unconscious.

“Should’ve stayed with the girls back at the wreck,” Paul said jokingly as he patted his brother’s shoulder.

“Ha, ever heard of the Pitcairn Islands?” He asked his brother with a grin and a sly look.

“Isn’t that the islands those English mutineers found back in the day?”

“Yeah, they had themselves many a wives!” The two brothers laughed, as they kept on walking with the others.

“Too bad for you two we live in the 21<sup>st</sup> century.” Interjected Greg; one of the pilots, “They’ll find us. Just a matter of time.”

Greg was in his late forties, light grey hair, slim man. He didn’t have a scratch on him. Not even his glasses sustained a scratch. Everyone called it a ‘freak miracle.’ His co-pilot – James – survived as well, with cuts and bruises on his face and head. James had a bad concussion for the first few days after the crash. But he got better and was walking around days later.

The scout group of 16 men were making their way towards a green valley spotted by Paul. It was hoped that the green valley had a river or creek. Drinking water was running out fast back over at camp; the wreck site. Another group of men were organized to look for food, and the women stayed behind to build camp and try to catch fish. It had been a week since the crash, and nobody knew where they were. Greg and a few others are sure they are on one of the Micronesian islands in the Pacific.

The engine on the Right wing caught fire and stopped working, causing the plane to be dislodged from its designated flight path. The two pilots tried to keep the plane airborne for as long as they could, while decreasing altitude. The fire grew bigger, and the fuel in the right wing ignited. The plane was over some islands when it fell out of the sky. That’s all anybody can really remember, besides the fact that much of the right side of the plane caught fire, and there was a huge gaping hole where the right wing was

supposed to be. Not to mention over half of the passengers were missing. The plane itself crashed in shallow sea water, near the beach of some island. A volcanic island, since the largest landmark is a sleeping volcano right at the center of the island.

.2.

"There's another one!" Hanna screamed, as she and a few others ran to the washed up body a hundred yards away. It was the third body that day.

"He's coughing up water, what the fuck?!" Paul said as he began giving the new body CPR.

"You alright man?" asked Keven, "Hey, what's your name? You alright?"

"Mike..." said the new body, "What the hell is going on? Where am I?"

"Dude you survived! You're alright! You're with the rest of us." Said a voice.

"We're on an island... somewhere!" Another voice exclaimed.

Mike turned over trying to get up, "Island? Nah, what fucking island. I was on the rescue boat! They pulled me out of the water?! I was drifting for days holding onto debris man! Where the fuck is the boat?!"

"Calm down Mike," said Greg, "You're delirious. There's no boat. Come on, we made camp over there. We'll get you something to eat."

Mike got up, and with the help of some guys, walked over to camp, "I was on a fucking boat! There were coast guards talking to me. Giving me CPR and some injection. They said I'll be okay. I passed out. How did I get on the island?!" The new guy Mike looked confused, like the others who washed ashore.

.3.

"Dude, there was a fucking boat. There were helicopters. I saw them. They were there. I was on the fucking boat!" Mike said, to the others, and to the two others who washed ashore; Jill and Dylan.

"It was a red boat," Jill confirmed, "I remember being on a boat too. They were working on me. Saying I'll be okay."

"Same here," confirmed Dylan, "They pulled me out of the water. We were rescued."

"We've been on this island for two weeks. Ain't none of us seen a boat or the coast guards or helicopters." Paul said, confused, but intrigued.

Intrigued that the three new 'wash-ups' shared the same hallucinations of being rescued by a boat. Intrigued that no dead bodies have thus far washed up. Every body that washed ashore was alive? There seemed to be some chronological order to the 'wash-ups' hallucinations? The earliest wash-ups said they had experienced being stuck under water and trying to break out of the airplane. Later wash-ups said they were swimming at night surrounded by debris. Other wash-ups said they had been drifting for days surrounded by floating debris and lost consciousness. Now these new wash-ups tell stories of being rescued?

.4.

"Last cigarette..." Paul handed Tyler the last Camels.

Tyler smiled and lit the cigarette, "We'll find something to smoke on this island."

The two brothers were on bonfire duty far from the camp. There were bonfires spread around the island during the night, in case rescue ships or airplanes came by. They shared the last cigarette, seated on the beach, watching the waves hitting the shore rhythmically.

Tyler coughed, a few strange hard coughs, as he grabbed his side in pain. He tasted the blood in his mouth, and swallowed it. He was coughing up blood for a few days, but did not let his brother know.

"You alright Ty?"

"Yeah, I'm fine brother." He was lying. The pain in his side was getting worse.

"It's getting worse isn't it? It looks like it hurts for you to breathe?"

"A little. I'll be fine Paul." He smiled, and placed his arm around his brother.

Paul was quiet. Pensive. Barely smoking the last cigarette. Staring at the sand. When he is thinking he usually goes quiet and stares into space.

"What's on your mind?"

"What if we're dead? All of us on the island?"

Tyler gave his brother a bewildering look, "How do you figure?"

"The pilots for one. The plane dove into the sea nose first, and we can see the windshields are missing. How did Greg survive that, with his glasses in perfect condition? And Hanna, Keven, and their group: they were seated on the right side of the plane where the big hole is. How did they all survive that? And the wash-ups. Why haven't dead bodies washed up? Why only living bodies? And the missing passengers: their seats were the least affected by the fire and crash. Why aren't they here?"

"Hmm?" Murmured Tyler in consideration, "Why are we here then? On some island in the middle of nowhere? I mean, I've always believed in an afterlife of some sort... but this? I thought we're all actors on a stage. Don't the stage act end when we die? So what... we're ghosts stuck on an island, waiting for phantom coast guards to rescue us? What happened to heaven... or hell?"

"Maybe that's it... a stage act? This island is our collective hallucination? Like we're unconsciously continuing the stage act together. We're the ones hallucinating. Not the wash-ups. Maybe this island and what we're experiencing on it is a way to cushion some kind of severe shock. I mean, if you were alive and you suddenly died and the stage vanishes along with the reality that your mind was immersed in for your whole life: wouldn't that cause a mind-crippling shock of consciousness?"

Tyler coughed some more, gripping his side in acute pain. The blood was in his mouth again, but he swallowed.

"You alright Ty?"

Tyler nodded, "Yeah brother. The others seem to be oblivious. Like dreamers captivated or entranced in a dream. You seem to be the first to achieve Lucidity? I wonder if you can die a second death Paul?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know how in lucid dreaming, when you Awaken inside a dream, you can do anything. What if you don't have to eat here. Or drink here? What if all that is just a force of habit? A Belief we have? That we have to eat and drink to stay alive? What if you can let go of those mortal habits Paul? What if we can go exploring this place... to see what is beyond this island... how big this other side of mortal existence is?"

"Like a Buddha, awakened from Samsara?"

"Yeah... exactly." He smiled at his brother.

"Let's do it! Let's leave and just walk, as far as we can. To the end of this island, and beyond. Come on?"

Tyler looked down at the sand, and a sadness crept onto his face, "I don't think I can Paul. I'm not doing too well brother. I've been coughing up blood for the past few days. I didn't want to scare you so I kept it to myself. The pain in my side is getting un-

bearable. I've been having strange dreams of being inside a hospital. Listen Paul... if something should happen to me here on this island, I want you to walk as far as you can. To the end of this island and beyond. Promise? I might have to go back."

"Dreams of being in a hospital? What do you see in those dreams?"

"I don't know. I can't make anything out. Just an operation room and lights."

"What if you got rescued Ty!? What if they found you... and you're home... and you're in the hospital, and they're working on you!?"

"I think so... make that promise. That you'll walk as far as you can and beyond. I'll find you later."

"Yeah... I promise. I love you Ty. Can you tell everyone I'm okay?"

"I love you Paul. I will."

Neither of them understood what was going on. But they knew enough – a wordless knowing – to cry and embrace each other.

.5.

"Honey..." Tyler's wife, Vanessa, felt his fingers move, "Honey, can you hear me? You're okay..."

He had opened his eyes and looked around. He was in a hospital room, with wires and needles affixed to him. His wife seated by his side. Or she was by his side, but now leaning over him, as he laid in the hospital bed.

"What happened?"

"You're okay honey. Your plane went down. Oh my god, I'm so glad your okay. You had internal bleeding. They fixed it. You've been in a coma for three weeks."

He nodded, "I saw Paul on the island. He's fine. Tell my parents he's fine."



© FRATERNALTIES.COM



# The Funeral

We had Tiff's funeral on the 14th of October. It was just family, extended family, and friends of Tiff.



The service was held at a place called the "Gothic Chapel," which I thought was a really cool name.



The mausoleum the service was held in was very beautiful.



The monks chanting verses of the Pali suttas about the hardships of mortal life and so on. In the upper right is a television screen showing a picture of Tiff and someone during a visit to Hsi Lai Temple, which is in walking distance to me.



Aunt-mom being given something by one of the monks.





The casket, inside which is Tiff. There is a picture of her in the background. Her mother re-arranges the flowers. There is a red arrow in the picture. Underneath the arrow is my Little Mom, my birth mom.



My little nephew Noah. Noah is actually my oldest cousin's son, but according to how we reckon family relations in our culture, he's my nephew. Noah's half Brazilian; he doesn't even look Asian. His mother and I kept him busy during the funeral service, because she didn't want him seeing Tiff's body.





The Closing... This was the hardest part for me. I didn't take it well. You realize she's really gone, and you'll never see her again, forever.



Some of the cousins loading the Tiff's casket into the hearse for the procession. The family decided to cremate Tiff and not bury her.





The monks walk us around the place three times. They are initiates of the conservative order of monks. You can tell because they don't wear socks, or watches, and they don't drive or touch money. Our family only likes monks from the conservative order.



The hearse follows the monks. Each monk representing one of the Three Jewels. According to Chinese tradition, you're supposed to wear all white for funerals. You can see some are in all white. Most of us do things the Western way and wear all black.





Mine and Tiff's Grandmother [with the white hair] in the traditional all white. Next to her is the daughter of my late Great grandfather, who is actually my great uncle; to me and the other cousins, she is a grandmother of ours. Grandma took it well that day at the funeral, surprisingly. My cousin-brother is in the background, to the left; the one with the black tie. I was original told to keep close to her just in case she broke down. Grandma raised Tiff since she was a baby, so they were very close. Grandma had been crying non-stop all week anyways, so she was all cried out. Grandma said something before he funeral that hit me hard when I heard her say it out loud, mostly to herself. She said: "I can't believe my own granddaughter went first before me..."

^^^

After the funeral service, Tiff's father, mother, my little mom, me, and Mack, stopped by the office of the cemetery to speak with the people there. Tiff's parents wanted to witness the cremation. My little mom and Mack did the talking.

Not many of us went to witness the cremation. We didn't want to see Tiff get burned to ash. Only Tiff's parents and brother went, along with Mack, my little mom, myself, our cousin Serena, and our oldest cousin. Me, Serena, Mack, and our oldest cousin stayed outside the door and the other went in. Mack had changed his mind, and taking a deep breath, went inside to watch the cremation.

During the actual cremation, we heard a scream coming from inside. It was Auntie Blackie. She screamed in horror at the sight. Mack told us she fainted after she screamed. Mack said to us when he came out with a ghost white face: "Yeah... I shouldn't have gone in."

A few days after the funeral me and my oldest cousin were cleaning out Tiff's car. Her mother wanted to sell it. We were looking for bullets primarily. We found mostly crumbs of marijuana scattered around the car, a roach of a joint, an empty cigarette

box, one unsmoked cigarette, a few lighters and pens, and some strange pills. We threw the pills away. I kept some of her pens and a lighter to remember her by.

It feels weird. Sometimes me and my oldest cousin would talk to each other. We just stayed quiet most of the time. From time to time me or my oldest cousin James would talk under our breath to Tiff, just tell her what was on our minds, as we were cleaning her car. James at one point, stopped cleaning her car, went quiet, shook his head, signed, and said to Tiff: "That was the stupidest thing you did Tiff."

Mack and our other cousins had been in Tiff's room cleaning it for her. Auntie Blackie, wanted to donate all of her clothes. James had told the cousins to check all of her pockets for bullets. We found a few: 9mm hollow tips. I didn't realize she used hollow tips. When I saw the bullets, I said: "Fuck... god dammit Tiff."

Me and James packed 4 bags of Tiff's clothes into my trunk and we drove to the nearest Goodwill. It was hard for me to watch her clothes being given away. It was tough for me to do it. On the way back me and James were talking about waiting for the coroner's report. James said that it's hard for him emotionally because he sees in his head the last moments of Tiff's life in that bath tub with the gun. She shot herself. The coroner said the time of official death was 3:30PM... but her roommate didn't find her until 5PM. James said that it's hard for him emotionally believes that for the 2 hours before Tiff's roommate found her, she was alone, and she might have been in pain.

I shook my head, and I told James that it was instant and painless, the way that she did it. With a hollow tip even. The bullet would have exited the back of her head destroying her cerebellum and medulla oblongata. Plus, the hollow tip would have made a big hole. She would have died so fast, she wouldn't have even heard the gun go off. James goes: "Yeah it was a hollow tip, but at point blank, would hollow tips work that close?"

I wasn't sure... since I never shot a hollow tip bullet at anyone or anything. The next day, I asked a gangbanger friend of mine if hollow tip bullets need velocity to make a big exit wound, or would it still work at point blank range. My friend said that the more velocity the better, but that a hollow tip would still be devastating nevertheless up close.

Plus, how her roommate described Tiff in that bath tub indicated that she died instantaneous. Tiff's roommate said that she looked peaceful, her hands were resting on her chest, the gun was to the side, and there were no signs of struggling such as bloody finger marks clawing on the bath tub or anything. She took a picture of the scenery before the police came to the apartment. Tiff's father asked for the picture. James asked Tiff's father to send a copy to him. I'm still debating if I want to review the picture or not to see if she did die painlessly.

All the cousins and some of the aunts and uncles took some of Tiff's ashes to Santa Barbara, Tiff's favorite beach, to scatter those ashes there. They saved some more of her ash to scatter it in Vancouver Canada. One time, the cousins and aunts went to visit Vancouver without Tiff cuz she was busy, and Tiff was mad that she didn't get to go.

Some of her ash is in an urn, up in her room at grandma's house. There is a little table in Tiff's room, with flowers, her picture, urn, and incense holder. Culturally – animism – we still give Tiff her breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Every time we make something or by something, we take some of the food up to Tiff's room, and set it on the little table for her.

There was one evening when we were all over at grandma's after the funeral, preparing to eat dinner all together. Grandma had sent cousin Mack up to Tiff's room, with a plate of freshly cooked food and a spoon in the plate. So Mack walked up stairs slowly, and then stops to think for a moment, then he turns around to look at my little mom and me and the other cousins, and says: "Does Tiff even need a spoon?" I thought that was a good question. Do spirits need spoons to eat? We all laughed. It was a needed laugh.

My theory is that, when you're freshly dead, as an astral spirit, you're still very used to doing things as a mortal [habit and so on], and so, for a while, things like spoons would give you a sense of familiarity and so on.

Speaking of spirits: A few days before the funeral, cousin James and Tiff brother [Rot] were sleeping at grandmother's house in the living room downstairs. We had all gathered at grandma's that week. James, his wife, and Noah had flown in from Brazil the day before. So it was like a family reunion.



In the morning Rot and James told us something weird they experienced at dawn, when it was still dark. Rot said he had awoken because he felt somebody touch his left shoulder, he had thought James touched it, but James was sleeping to his right, and there was nobody else but the two boys in the living room. James said that around he was awoken in the morning, when it was still dark outside, because he heard a girl's voice call his name. James opened his eyes and looked around, and noticed everyone was still asleep. James said he freaked out and wasn't able to go back to sleep.

Noah – 5 years old – was showing all of us at grandma's house a YouTube video he likes to watch. It's this weird Japanese guy singing a song about a "pen-pineapple-apple-pen." He really likes Japanese stuff. It's a hell of a funny song. Noah only speaks Portuguese, but he understands some English. He was laughing after he finished singing along with the video. So I said to him: "Noah, you don't even know what an 'apple' is." So Noah goes to ask his dad – cousin James – what an 'apple' is in Portuguese. The little boy at the age of 5 has a very big sense of humor. Which is a sign that he's very intelligent. He's smart enough to like making his own riddles up. Riddles like: what can fly but doesn't have wings.

Me, my little mom, and Tiff's roommate all agree that the Xanax Tiff was prescribed for her anxiety and depression ultimately caused Tiff to do what she did. She was just acting and behaving very unusual and weird during the last week she was alive. Xanax has paranoia and suicidal thoughts listed as some of its side effects. What kind of medicine has those as fucking side effects? Nobody knew she was on it. Tiff had become extremely paranoid according to her roommate/GF Alicia. Alicia told us that Tiff believed someone was watching her and following her. Alicia said that at one point one day, Tiff told Alicia not to use the laptop because "they" were listening to her through it. Tiff had bought a gun to keep herself safe.

Tiff had also become extremely angry, at everything during her last week. She was verbally fighting with everyone at grandma's house. She had verbal altercations with her father, mother, my little mom whom she lives part time with [she lives with Alicia part time also], Mack. She was getting into physical fights with Alicia. That wasn't how Tiff behaves naturally, as I remember her to be. Tiff was never paranoid like that, and wasn't aggressive like that.

The day before she took her own life, she and Alicia were over at my grandma. The two of them were fighting in the garage and Tiff punched Alicia. My grandma came into the garage to stop the two of them. Alicia took off to her apartment, and Tiff stayed at grandma's in her room. The next day my little mom and Tiff's mom tried to intercede, telling Tiff to break up with Alicia if they're going to be physically fighting like that, because Alicia can tell the police and Tiff can go to jail. Tiff got into a verbal fight with my little mom, and at one point screamed out: "I'm a fucking stray dog," and she stormed out of the house and into her car. Tiff felt rejected because every time she and Alicia got into a fight, the whole family would side with Alicia. Tiff had been upset with her mother, accusing her mother of loving money more than her. When Tiff was storming out the house to her car, my little mom said to Tiff: "I'll be your mom!"

Tiff left the house in the morning on Friday [the 6<sup>th</sup> of Oct]. At noon that day, Alicia reported to us that she and Tiff had lunch. Tiff had half of a burrito. Alicia was working, and she spend her lunch hour with Tiff that day. Alicia said that during lunch Tiff seemed fine. Alicia returned to work, and Tiff went to their apartment. My little mom sent a text to Tiff at 5PM that Friday. The Text message said: "You're not a stray dog. You're a human being, and you have a family." Tiff was already dead by then, unbeknownst to my little mom, and everyone. Alicia got off work at 5PM and went home to her apartment...

Alicia told us that when she entered her apartment, the bathroom light was on, and so Alicia assumed Tiff was in the restroom using it. Alicia was talking to Tiff in the hall way, but Tiff didn't answer. So Alicia waited in the hall way, and asked if Tiff was okay or mad or something. No answer. Alicia said that she waited outside the hallway for about 10 minutes, and she felt very concerned and felt like something wasn't right. So Alicia opened the restroom door, which wasn't locked, and saw the Tiff laying in the bathtub. She screamed in horror, and called the police. The coroner said that she shot herself at around 3:30PM, which was the official time of death.

### The Strange Things

Me, my grandma, my big mom, and Tiff mom [Auntie Blackie] all had very weird experiences before Tiff took her own life. We all kept these experiences to ourselves, and only got together to talk about them after the funeral.

I had few weird/wyrd experiences. The first experience was that, three weeks before Oct 6<sup>th</sup>, I was working at our family shop, and in the evening when it was quiet, I was writing stuff on my laptop, and I heard a loud bang which startled me. It was a loud bang

which sounded like a gun shot or something exploding. I had assumed a water pipe had popped or something, so I was walking around the shop looking for water leaks, busted pipes, or smoking electronic equipment.

It took me a while, but I figured out what had caused the loud noise: the clock on the wall had dropped to the floor. The clock had died [stopped working] at 7PM. I was very, very perplexed and emotionally disturbed inside because there was no physical way that clock could have just fallen. On the back of the clock is a hole, and the clock stays on the wall, because a nail sticks out of the wall half an inch from the wall, that nail goes into the hole on the back of the clock. For that clock to have fallen off the wall, it had to have been pushed an entire half an inch. Ever since that clock fell my mind was strangely fixated on Tiffany. I thought about her constantly, every day, especially when I'm driving home alone in the evenings.

Another weird/wyrd thing I experienced was after the clock fell, I had this soft to mild migraine headache in the back of my head, just above my cerebellum. Sometimes, the headache made my right eye throb. I do get intense migraines from time to time, where I see colors, half of my field of vision is gone, and I vomit. But those migraines last only a few hours. This soft to mild migraine lasted three continuous weeks. Every day that migraine was in the back of my head. After the third week, I became concerned, and told myself that if it persisted for a fourth week, I'll have to go to the doctors to have it scanned because a normal headache doesn't persist for three weeks non-stop. I was fretting that I might have a brain tumor or something.

Another weird/wyrd experience I had was, on Oct 6<sup>th</sup>, I had a dream. In the dream, me and Tiff were inside of a train station, with a tall ceiling. In the dream, Tiff was a boy/guy, but I knew it was Tiff in the dream. Since childhood, Tiff had felt herself to be a boy in the wrong body. We were standing in line, and Tiff had bought for herself a train ticket. After she had bought her train ticket, me and Tiff went to sit down on chairs to wait for her train. Between us there was a white box of donuts. Me and Tiff shared the donuts as we waited for her train. When we were younger, I stayed with Tiff and her parents in Thousand Oaks during summer break and we worked together at her parents' donut shop. I woke up as I was eating my donut.

There is a little unknown history about donut boxes here in California. In the past, donut boxes were white, but now they are pink in color. The reason why the boxes became pink was that a bunch of Chinese-Cambodian immigrants began buying and owning donut stores, and traditionally the color white is associated with funerals, ghosts, and so on. And so, putting food inside of white boxes was like offering the food to ghosts or dead people... which isn't good if your customers are Chinese.

After that dream, my mind was intensely fixated on Tiff. All day that day at work, I thought to myself that I'll call Tiff the next day to hang out with her and talk to her, to see if I could calm her down because I had been hearing about her fights with everyone. I also wanted to talk to her about her depression, to try to see if I could help her out of it or something. Inside that day, I felt as if something was bad... not right... an urgency... I was anxious all day. I was concerned for Tiff that day intensely. And at one point I thought to myself: "I hope things aren't that bad for you Tiff where you'll kill yourself." That evening Alicia called one of my cousins at 7PM to tell her that Tiff had taken her own life. My cousin called my little mom minutes later to tell her Tiff was dead. The clock on the wall dropped at 7PM. Tiff had shot herself in the mouth, and the bullet exited the back of her head. My migraine was in the back of my head and it didn't stop throbbing until the day of the funeral.

My grandma, on Thursday the 5<sup>th</sup> [one day before Tiff died], said that during the night, she felt a young girl climb into bed with her, and sleep next to her. She thought it was Tiff; but Tiff was sleeping at Alicia's place that night. Grandma became frightened, and interpreted that experience to mean that the spirit people had come to take her away from the mortal realm. And so, in the middle of the night, grandma called one of my aunts. Grandma told this aunt that she may die before morning comes and to get the will ready. Grandma went back to sleep, expecting to never wake up. She did wake up Friday... to eventually learn that Tiff had taken her own life that day.

My big mom has very weird dreams that tell her things. Often, she has dreams of recently deceased people who come to her for help to transition to the other side. One dream she had, regarded my little mom. In the dream, my big mom saw a co-worker of my little mom, whom she never met before. The co-worker [a man] in the dream told my big mom that he was a co-worker of my little mom's. The man told my little mom that he wanted to say good-bye to my little mom, and to thank her for being a good friend. My big mom told my little mom about this dream. Little mom was perplexed and said that she didn't know of a male co-worker who had died or was mortally sick. But little mom had changed work places, one that was closer to her house for a while. A year later, little mom's old office held a reunion and party with former employees, and friends and family. She had gone to

this reunion and met an acquaintance she knew, who was the sister of a male co-worker little mom was friends with. Little mom asked this lady where her brother was. The lady said that her brother had died of cancer a year ago.

Six months before Tiff did what she did, my big mom had a dream. In this dream there was a young man in a train station with a gun trying to kill people in the train station. My big mom tried to intercede, trying to talk the young man into giving her the gun so he won't kill people. Eventually the young man gave big mom his gun and walked away. But the man turned around and said to big mom: "I'll give you that gun... but I'm keeping this one for myself," and he shows her a smaller gun he had in his pocket.

Big mom woke up from that dream emotionally distraught. She associated – for whatever reason – the dream with Tiffany. But she said nothing to nobody, not wanting to cause trouble or drama in the family. But for six months, something was wrong with my big mom, she had become depressed, unhappy, she cried often to herself in front of everyone sometimes. It got so bad that my uncle-dad [her husband] had asked my little mom [a social worker] to take big mom to see a psychiatrist because he was very concerned for her.

Coincidentally, months later, I had that dream of sitting with Tiff in her male form, inside of a train station, waiting for her train to come. Coincidentally, a gun was the cause of Tiff's death.

The most astonishing weird/wyrd experience was from Tiff's own mother [Auntie Blackie]. Auntie Blackie told me and my little mom, in the car on the way from the funeral her experiences, after I had told her about my dream I had regarding Tiff and the train station. It was just the three of us in the car.

Auntie Blackie said that six entire months before Tiff took her own life, that out of the blue she had a very sad feeling come over her, and in an instant knew inside that someone in the family was going to die. Auntie Blackie said that she had a feeling that either grandma was going to die or her daughter Tiff was. It was one of those two. She wasn't sure which one.

She told us that for six whole months, when she drove by herself home from work, she uncontrollably cried and felt very sad.

A few months later, Auntie Blackie had a dream. In the dream she saw Tiff holding a gun in public and acting very angry at everyone. In the dream, Tiff used the gun to shoot at people. In the dream Tiff chased after her mother and father because they had witnessed Tiff killing people. That was all she saw in the dream. She didn't know how to interpret the dream and dismissed it. Interestingly, Tiff bought a gun in October. When the family did learn that Tiff had bought a gun, our whole family was concerned that Tiff might kill Alicia with it, knowing that the two of them had bad fights. We never thought that she'd use the gun on herself. Grandma said that she was relieved that Tiff killed herself and not other people around her.

When auntie Blackie woke up Friday the 6<sup>th</sup> of October, she said she had an incredibly intense feeling that someone was going to die that day. She believed that grandma was going to die. And so, that morning auntie Blackie had told her son and her niece to work at her liquor store [they live in Lancaster] because she had to drive out to grandma's house in Ontario to check up on her. And so auntie Blackie drove all the way out to grandma's house, prepared emotionally for grandma to die that day.

Auntie Blackie waited in the house all day, asking grandma how she felt, if she was okay, and watching grandma. At 3PM auntie Blackie was satisfied that it wasn't grandma that was going to die. And so she left grandma's house at 3PM to go back home. On the way home, she feared that it was Tiff that would die, but she couldn't understand how Tiff would die. At 3:30PM that same day, Tiff shot herself. Auntie Blackie didn't find out until she was home. She had barely made it home, when she got the call from my little mom, telling her the grave news. Distraught and beside herself, auntie Blackie drove back to grandmas.

One final weird/wyrd thing: Tiff likes to get psychic readings. When she died, we all examined Tiff's diary to try and figure out what drove Tiff to do what she did. There was an entry in her diary regarding a psychic reading she had gotten a year before she took her own life. The entry says that Tiff had gotten a reading from a psychic who had told her that she would die within a year from suicide. Some of the cousins who don't believe in that stuff got very mad about that psychic reading because they say that the psychic reading gave Tiff ideas and it had become a self-fulfilling prophecy.

I don't know what to believe. I think it's a little of both. Yes, the psychic reading may have given Tiff ideas, seeded her mind with the thought, and such thoughts may have become very strong when Tiff was behaving irrationally and irregularly from the Xanax. But... the weird/wyrd experiences that me, grandma, big mom, and auntie Blackie had, suggests that something else was happening beneath the "charade" of mortal existence.

It makes you think about Life. That there's more to the reality than the material world. In the car, on the way home from the funeral, I was telling auntie Blackie and my little mom about children remembering their past lives, and children having Near Death Experiences.

I find cases of past life memories and Near Death Experiences to be more interesting and more worth deeper consideration, because grownups, knowing and understanding what death is, can make up stories, and fabricate shit. But children – especially when they are very young – don't know what dying is.

My little mom and auntie Blackie were not familiar with what Near Death Experiences were. So I explained to them what they were, and how they often have universal elements to them, such as a tunnel of light, something beautiful on the other side, etc. After I explained what a Near Death Experience was, my little mom told me something she had never told me before.

My litter was born premature. The birth was complicated and my little mom was in the emergency room. That much I know. My little mom said that while giving birth, she passed out or went unconscious for a while. She then saw a tunnel of light, which she walked thru. On the other side was another world, a beautiful one. And there to greet her were dead family members and spirits. They showed her around and asked her if she would like to stay. My little mom said that she couldn't stay because she wanted to go back and take care of her baby. The family members and spirits insisted that she stay, that it is better for her, no suffering and so on. Little mom insisted that she return, and so they let her return.

After hearing this, I said to my little mom: "Grandma and Big mom say that one day over there is one life time over here. How long did they let you stay here?"

My little mom says: "Geez, really? They said I can stay here for 50 years, and then I have to go back there. How long is that?"

I said back: "I think they may have meant 50 earth years."

One of my aunts had a two-year-old daughter born during the revolution. At the time, all the doctors had been killed. This two-year-old daughter was very ill, so ill she could walk, and she had become blind. My aunt said that she was holding her two-year-old daughter in her arms one day, and the little girl said: "I'm leaving mother. Tell father I love him." So my aunt, being young and ignorant said to her two-year-old daughter: "Where are you going? You can't walk, and you can't see?" Her daughter said back: "I'm going very far away, and I can't come back. You can't come with me. I love you. Good-bye." And she took her last breath and died.

It just makes you wonder about Life: what's a two-year-old know about dying and death? How does she know she was leaving? And where was she going? And how did she know where this place was, that it was far away, and that her mother can't follow her? Would a two-year-old make up such fantastical stories in the midst of dying? Stories that are similar to what other children have told, especially those who have experienced Near Death Experiences? I personally have no answers to those questions. It's a mystery to me. But my intuition tells me that what such very young children tell are at least worth consideration and deep reflection. I'm not a materialist, so pondering on such things is easy for me.

Tiff's death has made me even more curious about the nature of Life and reality. I've started to re-learn "astral projection" again. I want to try a few experiments. When I dream at night, even if such dreams are vivid, it is impossible for me to read things in those dreams. The reason why is because the area in your brain that deals with reading is turned off when we sleep. One thing I want to do is try to "astral project" to see if I can read signs and street names and so on, and other such things that would help verify and validate my so called out of body experiences. This way, at least I have something to suggest that Mind is indeed separate from the brain and is not a function of the brain.

Three weeks after Tiff died, she visited her mother's dream. Since her death auntie Blackie had been asking Tiff [praying to her before she went to bed] if she was mad at her [at auntie Blackie]. In the dream Tiff told her mother that she wasn't angry at anyone, and that she was okay, and that she was living with grandpa and great grandpa.

It's obviously sad to lose such a close family member for me, but at the same time, I am honestly not a materialist. I don't believe; based on how and what I understand of Life and Reality; that the physical world of flesh and stone is all that exists. And so, a part of me is not sad for Tiff. There is more to Reality than the mortal realm. That's all I know. I don't know what is Beyond.

And this view and world-model—that there is more to Reality than flesh and stone—raises many questions: What is consciousness? If spirits exist, what made the spirit world? If Reality is eternal, then what has reality been doing for the past several trillion years? Why does the spirit world exist? What is the reason or purpose of existence? If I have lived before, then how come I have no recollection of knowingness about all that time before I was born the person I am right now?

If you pay attention to those questions, you'll notice that they all come from a causal vector. Meaning that each of those questions arises from the mind of a mortal viewing its mortal experience from the perspective of pre-conceived assumptions. First of all there is the assumption that Time exists, and so we ask: if Reality is eternal, then what has it been doing for a trillion years? What will become of Reality and me in another Trillion years? A second assumption is that of Locality. What I mean is that we are so used to being *Here and There*, and so if we are "here" in the mortal realm, then surely, there must be a There to be, out there somewhere. Another assumption is that of Differentiation: *This and That*. What I mean is that we are so used to Experiencing our Self, where we say that if we are This [this person, this mind, this body], then everything else that is not us, is something Different. And so we come up with ideas such as "spirits" and souls, because if we are a Body, then surely there must be something different from a physical body such as a spirit. And thus, if spirits exist, then surely there must be a spirit world. And if a spirit world exists, then who made it? How did it come to be? What is the purpose for its existence?

I have an simple answer to all of those questions, which superficially seems to contradict my being a non-materialist. The answer to all of those questions; as per Occam's Razor; is: No-Thing. There is no Time, no Space, no Locality, no Differentiation, no Spirit, no Purpose, no Consciousness. Keep in mind that what we generally refer to as "consciousness" only functions 12 hours a day, and the rest of the time is its unconscious. It's goofy to believe that consciousness is something special where it is the essence of Reality, when it barely functions, when its hardly active. It's just atemporal, acausal collective Unconsciousness: the Unmanifested, that which is Potential, having the potential to be Expressed/Experienced temporarily.

It's like a vinyl record. We can ask: How long has the record's music been playing? The answer is that the record's music has not been playing at all. You only hear music if and when you place a needle on the record to manifest the unmanifested music. And when the music plays, it only is Experienced temporarily. Then it stops. And so we ask: When the music stops, where does it go? Does it go to a spirit place? Will it keep on existing for all eternity? Or its like the data on my computer: I see stuff on my computer screen, but when I turn off the computer, where does all that data go? What happens to all that data? Nothing! It was just temporarily Expressed/Experienced. Before it was Expressed/Manifested, it existed as unexpressed Potential, and it exists as being the same thing as what "contains" it [non-differentiation]. Meaning that the vinyl record and its unexpressed music are actually one and the same Thing. The music on the record are actually just grooves and bumps of the record. The same with the data on my computer. That data and the core of the computer [the chip], are actually one and the same Thing.

Time is an Experience, and not real beyond the function of Experience/Quale. We place a needle on the vinyl record, and we hear [experience] music for a duration. The duration of the music and the music itself are aspects of the same Expression, which are both Experienced. Space is also an Experience, and is not real beyond the domain of Quale. We play a computer game and we experience Space, dimension, distance, height, breadth, width, length, here, there. And when we turn our computer off, all of those things revert back to what they were: unexpressed bytes in transistors. The bytes and the transistors being the same Thing: the suchness and function [activity] of a transistor.

They are the same Thing: in the same way that an etching on a piece of wood and the wood itself are one and the same. In the same way that a footprint on the beach and the beach itself is the same indivisible Thing. The Cosmic Matrix, and the Information "etched" "upon" it; which we and all things are; are one and the same indivisible Thing.

Our conscious mind, is then the needle of the record player. We focus our awareness onto a pinpoint of that record, and what is embedded at that pinpoint is Experienced. The nature and function of consciousness it to simply focus, fixate. We fixate our face on our computer screen. And in doing so we Experience the computer game. And when we turn our face away from the screen, the game's reality is gone from our awareness. There is Shiva [The Unmanifested] and there is Shakti [The Manifested] and both are aspects of Purusha [The Over-Self].

And so that is the Trinity: The Collective Unconscious, the Individuated Consciousness, and Volition. The Collective Unconsciousness is the vinyl record [Shiva]. Our conscious mind is the needle's pinpoint which manifests Experience [Shakti]. And the Force of Volition is what places the needle on the record: Purusha acting upon itself. All Three are one and the same. The same System: in

the same way the Branches, Trunk, Leaves, and Roots of a Tree are all the Same Thing: the same single Tree, which is an organic system. The functioning word here is "System." It is one single living self-organized system.

And so, with my perspective on Life, I may be sad in having lost a cousin, but I know that she is information etched upon the Cosmos. Which Cosmos I am, and you are. And that's all I need to know. Nothing wise or fancy or spectacularly enlightening. It's all simple. Because I believe that Reality, on the Fundamental level is superbly simple.

So, the notion that Tiff, and disincarnate people, can communicate with us via our dreams is not weird, because I believe that the Collective Unconsciousness is the Cosmic Matrix: the very "bedrock" of Reality. And that's where dreams are rooted in, remember? We have dreams when we are asleep and unconscious. Dreams are the murmurings of our psyche, our unconscious mind. They are the murmurings of a world that is genuinely Beyond this world that we are consciously aware of. A world we have become so fixated upon, so lost within.

^^^

I'll miss Tiff. I don't feel depressed or sad. It feels like a break up almost. Breaking up with somebody after many years of knowing each other. I also feel a sense of "regret" or something, like I've lost something valuable which I will never find or replace. It's a feeling of loss. It feels like a friend or family member you've known forever has moved out of state, and you're sitting around going about your day missing the person and recalling memories. Tiff's last Instagram post was a picture of a car driving along a road, and there is a caption that says: "The place I'm going to is very beautiful."





## Sunyata

I climbed up Green Mountain, abode of the Immortals, that cloudy day, where there sat a feral ascetic monk with long hair, and a wise greyish white beard, deep in Samadhi, upon a rock, which over looked the valleys.



I prostrated before the wild ascetic three times, and sat at the foot of the tall rock he was on quietly, contemplating upon the leaf I held in my hand.



“What is it that you are pondering on, upasika?” said the ascetic.

“A leaf, of the Bo Tree, Venerable,” I said.

“Mmm. And what do you see in it, upasika?”



“Everything and Nothing, Venerable.”

“Why everything?” he asked.

“Well, Venerable One, because although the leaf has its own suchness, it is an aspect of the tree itself. The suchness of the leaf: is not independent of the Tree.”

“And...” he urged me on.

“And, although the Tree has its own suchness, it is an indivisible aspect of the ground, the air, the water, and the light of the sun. The suchness of the Tree: is not independent of the earth, the air, the clouds, and the sun,” I said.

“Mmm... and?”

“And, the earth and the sun are aspects of the Galaxy Venerable One. Their suchness – their quiddity – is not independent of the Galaxy.”

“Mmm... and?”



“And, the Cosmos is like One Whole Thing: a Uni-Verse, that which turns as one. Like a Clock is one whole thing, but is also a system composed of many aspects and parts, cogs, springs, gears, knobs, all indivisible and co-dependent on each other and on the Whole system.”

“Mmm. The ‘clock’ in and of itself is not the Mystery, upasika. What does that clock have its suchness in, or by what does it derive its suchness, upasika?” the ascetic one said.

“In Nothing, Venerable One.”

“Mmm. How so upasika?”

“Well, Venerable, when I behold the clock in my mind, it has suchness relative to my mind. And my Mindspace is Nothing,” I answered.

“Mmm. What is this No-Thingness that gives Things their Some-Thingness upasika?”

I sat there for a while, and I pondered upon the riddle, and I said, “I don’t know Venerable One. Tell me: what is the suchness of No-Thing.”

He said, “If I knew upasika, I wouldn’t be sitting here.



# Thinking And How To Spread Ideas

..I'm taking a break today from reading fiction, and from writing poems or short stories, so I can go back to reading stuff I love to read: non-fiction stuff!

I bought this book called "An Introduction To General Systems Thinking" a while back, which I haven't read yet. I have 427 Kindle books. It takes time to read them all. And with so many books in my Kindle library, some books get lost underneath the pile. I'm currently reading this book and studying its content.

The book is basically about thinking, how to think better, and more organically, in context to general systems. The author, since the 60s has been obsessed with thinking.

So far, I like the book. I especially like how the first chapter opens, which coincidentally touched upon elements of what I was talking about in my blog yesterday. This is how the first chapter begins:

## **The Complexity of the World**

*It isn't what we don't know that gives us trouble, it's what we know that ain't so. - Will Rogers*

The first step to knowledge is the confession of ignorance. We know far, far less about our world than most of us care to confess. Yet confess we must, for the evidences of our ignorance are beginning to mount, and their scale is too large to be ignored!

The first chapter starts off dealing with science, and the various methods of thinking and modeling science uses: mechanical, organismic, reductionism, and so on:

In this book, we begin the task of introducing general systems thinking to those audiences. Because general systems is a child of science, we shall start by examining science from a general systems point of view. Thus prepared, we shall try to give an overview of what the general systems approach is, in relation to science. Then we begin the task in earnest by devoting ourselves to many questions of observation and experiment in a much wider context. And then, having laboriously purged our minds and hearts of "things we know that ain't so," we shall be ready to map out our future general systems tasks, tasks whose elaboration lies beyond the scope of this small book.

The most coolest and interesting thing I've chanced upon while reading the first couple chapters so far is a quote by Max Planck:

If our observations about category schemes generalize to sciences, then "leading scientists" should be the least likely people to lead scientific revolutions. Kuhn concurs in this conclusion, as did Max Planck in his *Scientific Autobiography*<sup>7</sup>:

*A new scientific truth does not triumph by convincing its opponents and making them see the light, but rather because its opponents eventually die, and a new generation grows up that is familiar with it.*

I'll put this cool quote by Max Planck right up next to a clip of a news article I read a while back, to give this subject matter a more organic contextual focus:

As D'Agata reported in "Children of ISIS," the most insidious of all of ISIS' war tactics may have been implanting its dangerous mentality into the minds of its youngest victims, "to help ensure their deadly ideology lives on for generations, and effectively planting time bombs throughout the region, and the world."

### How Ideas/Memes Are Actually Spread

People generally – the common generic person – don't accept an idea because they have been successfully convinced that such ideas are supremely factual.

People generally – the common everyday human being – don't actually care about how factual an idea or meme is. The common person, when reading this will react negatively to it as if his "intelligence" has been offended.

All I have to do to draw out this point is to point out the fact that religions like Christianity and Islam exist, and that of the 7 Billion human beings on this earth that exist, the Majority of them ascribe to these religions, and other such belief systems.

There is nothing factual about myths such as Adam and Eve, Noah's Ark, Muhammad flying on a donkey, Muhammad being born out of his mother armpit. And so on. But yet billions of human beings believe in these ideas. Why?

Who cares why. I don't care why. What I care about is HOW. Because if I knew HOW ideas spread into the minds of billions of people, I can use it to spread my own ideas. That's all I care about.

As far as I can tell at the moment, there are only three ways that ideas spread far and wide. They are as follows:

1. By the Sword.
2. By Cybernetic Pressure.
3. By infection of the next generation's minds.

Christianity is a good example of how a memplex – a complex or organized structure of belief-sets and cultural memes – spreads by the sword. And it's a beautiful method worth praising.

Christianity spread not because it contained any truths, but because it killed unbelievers and threatened the common European human being death and torture if they did not adopt it.

I love the idea of forcing and killing people to adopt ideas. Because what will you do about it when a gun is pointing at your face?

Spreading ideas by the sword beautifully shows us the suchness of the common human being: that they will submit to anything when their lives and freedom are threatened... even to the point where they compliantly pay taxes every year, as if it were second nature!

Ideas being adopted because of Cybernetic Pressure is a simple concept, but difficult to explain.

Cybernetic here meaning an organic system of individual parts/units that work together as a functioning system, whereby every part/unit of the system benefits.

For example, in old tribal days, a tribe might fish for fish in a river with long spear like tools. Then one day, somebody invents the fishnet, whereby many fish can be caught. The many fish caught adds to the well-being of the tribe [the cybernetic entity]. And so, nobody has to be convinced or tortured to use the fishnet meme. It is just adopted by the units of the cybernetic entity, because it enhances the well-being of the system and its units.

A modern example of how ideas spread in modern social order is the use of the smartphone and the disuse of old cell phones from the 90s and 2000s. Smartphones today work better at providing connectivity and information flow. And so a country and its citizens don't have to be convinced or tortured to stop using old cell phones and buy smartphones. No debate is necessary. Cybernetic pressure just causes everyone to buy smartphones.

After Christianity spread by the sword, it continued to spread and was maintained by cybernetic pressure. Because having a commonly shared belief system, culture, system of values and morals, etc, enhanced the cybernetic entities of Christendom: the individual kingdoms, and social orders.

The third way Christianity spread was because older generations that may have resisted it died out, and the newer generations had become Familiar with Christianity. As each new generation emerges, the idea of Christianity became more "normal" and acceptable.

This was how the idea of democracy spread also. It's not because people saw any facts or truths in democracy, like it was the best thing ever invented.

There was actually great resistance to the idea of democracy back in the Ancient Regime era of Europe.

But that resistance gradually died off, literally because the generation of people who resisted the idea of democracy died away. And with the emergence of each new generation of new people, the idea of democracy became more Familiar, more normal, and more acceptable.

This is fractal in nature, within human social order.

You can see this pattern of generational acceptance in how the ONA [Order of Nine Angles] spread.

Back in the old days, there was a lot of resistance to the ONA, where you had the Temple of Set and Church of Satan and the people of that subculture resist the ONA as an idea, and were actually hostile to it.

But as each new generation emerged, the idea of the ONA became more Familiar, more normal, and more acceptable. Until today, we have a lot of people who study ONA manuscripts and even associate with the ONA.

I've been trying to tell people in the ONA that we shouldn't care what the current generation of people think about the ONA. What they think it is. How they feel about it. What they say it is. Because they will all die in time, and they will take their views and opinions with them to the grave.

What we should care about is the tabula rasa of the minds of each new emerging generation. Our audience and market is the unborn. The future market. It's "aeonic marketing," if you will.

ISIS understands this simple concept.

Materialist Science used it to spread itself, to become the new religion of the common mass.

It's a waste of effort and time to convince the current generation to study and accept ONA ideas, Boreialism, or whatever. That effort and energy is better spent on writing aeonically for the Next Generation.

I can't stand these people you find in cyberspace, mostly in those occult subcultural forums, where you see these guys march into the scene acting like some potentate with treasure and wisdom to impart. And they all spend their time debating and arguing with people trying to show others how great and true and factual and awesome their new iteration of the wheel is. I've seen all such types of people fall off the face of cyberspace, having accomplished nothing in the end. It's entertaining to watch. Because they don't get it.









# Facebook And So On

So I've had a facebook for about a month now. Maybe three weeks. I can't remember. I've deleted it and reactivated it like about 6 times already. I was hating facebook majorly for the first few weeks. But I've found my peace.

I started off on facebook joining a few groups for writers and aspiring writers. I figured I'd learn a few things. I also joined a few other groups, spiritually oriented groups. That's when things got fucked up.

First your phone get flooded with all these stupid notifications every goddamn second, whenever somebody makes a post in those groups!

Second, your profile page gets flooded with everybody's posts, most of which are trivial and silly, such as pictures.

Third, and this one surprisingly bugged me so bad, I could feel it all the way down to my bone marrow! The most annoying and heinous thing about facebook are the people! They aren't just people mind you. They are all like cookie-cut-out people who are very liberal, very left-oriented, very typical, very average, very... Mundane. Reading their posts – I had to because they flooded my profile page – made me fucking sick. The shit they talk and cry about! Typical stuff, like crying crocodile tears for hurricane victims, crying about racism, crying about Trump, crying about gay rights, crying their cyber crocodile tears about everything.

I learned something about myself during those weeks: I learned – or verified to myself – that I honestly can't stomach the average common normal person.

So I deleted my profile. But I reactivated it a few days later when I realized that I could just leave those groups! So I did that. I left all those groups.

That's when something else happened that was hella annoying! I started my facebook with zero friends. I thought it'll be nice to have a few friends.

And so, interacting in those groups, got a few people to send me friend requests. So I added them, mostly to be nice, since they asked. I didn't ask anybody to be my friend.

After I got a handful of friends, I started getting friend requests from Africans!? Like native people from sub-Saharan Africa. Do they even have computers? Who knows. I added them anyways, just to be nice. I got a few friend requests from these Arab people whose profile and posts weren't even in English, they were in Arabic! Who cares, I added them too.

And once I had me a few African and Arabic friends, all of a sudden, every day, I got flooded with friend requests from even more Africans and Arabs. I was thinking to myself: "Who the fuck are all these people? And why do they want to be my friend?"

I added all of them anyways, just to be nice.

Next thing you know, my profile page is getting flooded with a hundred posts a day in Arabic, dozens of stupid, irrelevant pictures posted by Africans. And I had some nutcase old guy from the Ukraine or someplace as my friend who spent all day writing status updates in bright red about how he loves Larissa Gomez and how he's sad because she won't add him as a friend. Who the fuck is Larissa Gomez?

I eventually got fed up and deleted my facebook again. Eventually I activated it again after I learned how to delete people off my friend list.

So I deleted everybody except for a very small handful of people I met in some writer's groups. But even that small handful bugged me. They posted very 'liberal' left-oriented posts everyday, like you would expect a typical person would do. I got fed up with facebook and facebook people. So I deleted my facebook again.

I reactivated it again, after I figured out I'd just go back to having zero friends, and being a member of only one group which I honestly like. So I did just that.

Having zero friends, is so peaceful.



The only group I am a member of is a Lenormand card reading group.

It's a really cool group. Nobody in that group argues, debates, or fights. Everybody is very well mannered, and everybody gets along great! All we do is read [psychic stuff] cards with and for each other, as a way to practice and get better at it. It's actually fun.

I'm getting better and more confident with reading Lenormand cards. I've had a couple close to accurate quick readings even! The cool thing about such a group is that you get feedback.

For example, when you practice reading Lenormand cards, you do something called the "Daily Draw," in the morning, which is when you ask your cards how your day will be, or what you will encounter that day, or what will happen to you that day.

So, many people post pictures of their daily drawn cards [3 of them usually], and they ask others for their interpretations. So we jump in and give them our personal interpretations. The cool part happens at the end of the day when people report back about what actually happened to them that day! When they give us feedback you can see what the cards were trying to say, and you can see how you did in reading those cards.

Reading people's daily draw and waiting for their end of day feedback has become a favorite facebook activity of mine now. And I'm actually not that bad. I thought I sucked at reading the cards, but I'm relatively okay at it.

It's so much easier to learn things when you get rid of all sources of distraction and focus yourself.

Now I have this mystery I'd like to solve. I've never really believed in all that psychic power stuff, and tarot card readings, at least stuff you encounter in the Western Occult subculture. But after playing around with my Lenormand cards, giving family, friends and people in real life readings, and giving quick interpretations of people's daily draw on facebook, I wonder now about divination and why divination works.

I'm culturally Asian, born and raised. In my culture stuff like palm reading, dream interpretations, card readings, spirit mediumship, numerology, and so on are valid aspects of our culture. I've seen some old men and women who were very skilled and incredibly accurate with reading people cards with a deck of poker cards!

The Lenormand cards are interesting. About 200 years ago they actually started off in Germany as a boardgame called "The Game of Hope" [in German]. How did a boardgame end up being able to be a conduit or medium of the Psyche [psychic] to speak messages through?

I'll find my answers one day by myself. Over the past 10 years, I've learned one valuable thing: seek your own answers, and don't ask for it from others. Because other people – being the Common breed that they are – have a very common worldview and world-model. And thus, they will have very common answers to give. Not answers mind you: the majority of the common herd confuse their own opinions, beliefs, and views for Knowledge, Understanding, and Wisdom.

Being a Theravada Buddhist, I'm familiar with the concept of renunciation. I'm also familiar with the Pali word the Buddha used which in English is grossly mistranslated as "Transcendence." The original Pali word actually means to "rise above the public" as in the common public. There is no Wisdom in the common public mind. There are just capricious and whimsical emotive sentiments.

There is a concept in the Bible which now seems to have more interesting meaning to me now that I understand much better the idea of renunciation and rising above the public.

In the old testament there were a group of people called "Nazarites" who were described as a "people separated." They took sacred vows to never consume grapes or things made from grapes, and they also did not cut their hair. If I remember correctly – and my memory regarding this is very hazy – I think Samson was described as being a Nazarite?

In my culture, when you have a kru – guru in Khmer/Thai – your kru often gives you a list of things you must "Dhom" which means things you cannot eat, drink, or do. Lest the power your kru placed into you becomes "Sap" meaning dissolved. I'm not allowed to eat those fruits called "Star fruits," or Passion fruit, for this reason, for the rest of my life. I have a list of things I have to "dhom" for my whole life.

I wonder if those Nazarites had gurus?

A separated people.

Separated from the common public. From the common mind. The public mind. Detached. Renunciation.

And you retreat, like a Muni, like a Rishi, like a hermit, like Buddha, like Lao Tzu, like Nietzsche's Zarathustra into the forest or into a cave. To be alone. Your mind, cut off from the world, the common public. You are exposed to divine silence, exposed to the actual world – the forest, the earth – sans the silly man-made cities and their urban weltanschauung.

And whatever answers to whatever questions you have, are found encrypted in that World, in Nature, in the manifested body of Purusha. Where every creature and thing – that which is creation – is a living hieroglyph "written" by the hand of the Divine Artificer.

And so, in such a isolated state. When you use your own mind, and the harmony of Reason and Intuition, to decrypt the hieroglyphs, what answers you come to – what insights – you have developed, have only three possible modes of expression: 1) they will be below average [idiotic in other words], 2) they will be common insight, or 3) they will be above common insight. And since you are separated from the common mind, mode 2 should not be the case.

In other words, what answers and insights you come up with, will either be idiotic or Uncommon. And it's the Uncommon insights that we describe as being "Wise" and "Sagely."

And something tells me that there is a fine line between the Idiotic and the Uncommon. And apple falling on the head of Sir Issac Newton must have produced an initial idiotic realization: that something made that apple fall. But how grand and mysterious Gravity is!

I still don't know what gravity is! I'm not going to be silly enough as to say that I know what it is because I see it working everyday. I see my brain work everyday, and yet – and yet! – I have no idea how it works or what makes it work.

Maybe the Common person is too afraid to be idiotic? To look like an idiot, a fool. Like the saying goes: there is a fine line between being insane and being a genius. Perhaps most of us – and therefore the average common person by default – are simply afraid to be insane, or look crazy, in order to cross that line to be a genius, or to be Uncommon?

The common person fears Solitude and Silence. They are always busy physically moving about doing something. Mentally doing something. They fill their quiet time with music, TV, etc. Boredom is their arch-enemy. Always fighting it. Always keeping it at bay. Afraid of being consumed by boredom, silence, and solitude.

If I let my mind ramble on like this, just freely writing, without thinking, it doesn't matter what topic or subject matter I began with... it always developed into this – this – which I have been writing or expressing for a decade now.

I always end up talking about Natural Philosophy, about life, about transcending the common mind, about Mysterium. And what I write – what I have written all these years – is just my psyche mumbling and murmuring and bubbling messages to my conscious mind. And so they may only make sense to me myself, may only be meaningful to me myself. They may be gibberish to others, perhaps even offensive.

I can honestly say that I've learned a lot these past many years, upon this solitary path I walk. It's neither a left hand path or a right hand path. It's the path of Solitude, of the Recluse, of the Hermit, which is my favorite card in the Tarot deck. The path of the Separated, the Renounced. And that path of Solitude begins with the Fool, another reference to the Tarot.

We all begin as Fools and Idiots on this lonely path – this quest – of seeking Knowledge, Understanding, and Wisdom. Very few – the uncommon few – desire to be the Fool. Your cup must be empty before it can be filled.

It's a peaceful path, being alone... the Micro-Monad and the Macro-Monad. If God exists, He is Alone, and there is no other but He. Those who understand the esoteric meaning of God's Oneness, will see new meaning to the concept that Solitude often produces and manifests Insight and Creativity.

There is a saying from the Bible ascribed to the character Jesus which goes: "Seek and ye shall find."

From so many years of being on my quest to find answers to questions I have about life and the mysteries of the Cosmos, from my experiences, that saying is strangely true. In more ways than one.

You eventually find your answers. Sometimes you chance upon them. Sometimes the answer bubbles up from your psyche as you are hiking. Sometimes – providentially – you hear the answer spoken by a stranger, coincidentally, as you drink your coffee at a Starbucks.

And the more avenues you give to the Cosmos to speak to you, the more responsive it becomes. I've given the Universe, or God, or Whatever, an extra avenue to speak with me. The avenue of Lenormand cards. Specifically their 36 symbols and meanings.

For instance, not too long ago, the thought of an old friend came to my mind, and I spent many days wondering if I could reconnect with this old friend.

And so, one day, while I was working at the little family shop, strangely there was a little brown bird, a sparrow, in the shop. The little bird flew from the back very fast towards the front. It hit the front window very hard. I heard a loud thud. The bird was trying to go outside, but did not see, or understand, the glass of the window.

The poor bird dropped to the floor by the little trash can, and was motionless. Its beak was open. Its eyes half closed.

I stopped what I was doing and ran to the bird. I felt very bad and sad inside for it. I picked the bird up. It was still alive. I could feel its heart beating, and it was breathing rapidly. So I placed it on my deck. It took about 20 minutes for the little sparrow to come to its senses and got up and tried to walk but couldn't. Eventually it got better and hopped around, but couldn't fly yet. When it was alert and was able to hop around, I took it outside to a large hedge where I see its friends – other sparrows – visit often to eat the red berries of the hedge. I placed the sparrow inside the hedge. Its friends came by and encouraged it to fly. And eventually it flew off.

After I saw the bird fly away, my concern for the bird's well-being was gone. So then my mind was free to wander on less important things. Such as how weird/wyrd it was that a sparrow was inside my shop in the first place.

That's when I instantly knew that my desire to contact my long lost friend will be in vain. That I won't be able to reconnect with him.

In the Lenormand system, the Bird card represents meetings, communication, talk, chatter between individuals, the stress and drama of such interactions. And so birds to me take on that same meaning. The sparrow in my shop represented communication between me and my long lost friend. Since that sparrow was in my shop wyrdfully during the same time I had the intense desire to look for this lost friend. The sparrow flew but dropped to the ground by an obstacle [the window]. And so I interpreted that to mean that there will be obstacles in my way regarding my desire and effort to reconnect with this lost friend.

I tried to search for my lost friend. It was no use. He had moved and was not working at his workplace and our mutual friends had not heard from him in years. I'd have to hire a private investigator to find him. But I didn't.

I think it's really cool that bird in the ancient past were dinosaurs!

I had this one friend once back in grade school named Anthony who loved dinosaurs. He was a geek boy who wore weird and ugly clothes to school. He always talked about dinosaurs. He wanted to be one of those scientists who dug up dinosaur bones from the ground. The poor boy thought dinosaurs were gigantic lizards.

I had watched some PBS television show about how those scientists that dig for dinosaur fossils found some with feathers. After watching that PBS show, I figured that dinosaurs must have been more like birds. Because I had a pet iguana at the time named Ralph, and he was lethargic most of the time, always sitting under his heat lamp. If dinosaurs were cold blooded lizards – in my mind – I imagined them being huge masses of lethargic creatures who spent most of their time on rocks and stuff energizing from the sun.

Dinosaurs were probably gregarious like bird, very social, and lived in large groups. They were probably very intelligent. Crows and ravens are very intelligent, and parrots can talk. I bet you if some dinosaurs were alive today, some of them could be taught how to talk!

This reminds me of a book I read back when I was around my high school age called the "Naked Ape."

It was a very interesting book that talked about how the author hypothesized that we humans may have evolved from aquatic apes. Apes that ended up living most of their lives around water. At first – for many years – I thought that was a very cool and re-

freshing idea. I walked on that idea for many years; meaning I took many walks up and down hiking trails pondering on the subject matter.

After many years of walking on the idea of the “aquatic ape” hypothesis, I ended up disagreeing with it. After watching how every living thing [most things] in Nature work regarding reproduction, I came up with the idea that there is a second force besides natural selection which influences how organisms develop and evolve.

This second force, which is just as strong as natural selection, is sexual in nature. As in sexual pressure, or sexual selection. As in emotional, physical, visual, etc, sexual force.

I saw plants and trees go through great lengths of evolution to produce very beautiful flowers to entice bees and other pollinators to spread their pollen. And in the animal kingdom, I saw males evolve all these colorful and attractive features in order to attract a mate. The most sexually appealing get mates.

I hypothesized that what if, in our primate past, our ape ancestors found ape people with less fur on their skin, and more exposed skin, to be sexually appealing? That there was a preference to mate with sexually appealing mates. And over time, due to both Natural Selection and Sexual Selection in harmony, we lost our fur that way and became “naked apes.”

And I still see a gradual evolution of beauty and sexual appeal taking place in the human species.

People today are more beautiful and sexually appealing than they were several centuries ago. Nothing happens in total isolation though. And so, this sexual evolution towards greater Beauty, takes place inside the matrix of our respective civilization/nation.

The more evolved and developed our respective social orders are, the more well-being we have. The more well-being we have, the more time and energy we have in looking more attractive.

And so, you can actually compare groups of people to see this process of Sexual evolution actually taking place.

For example you can take African American guys and girls and compare them to native African guys and girls, and you can see the difference. One group is more sexually appealing. I live in a city with a huge Chinese population. I’m part Chinese myself. You can see the difference when you compare Chinese people, especially the younger – newer – generations with Chinese people native and indigenous to China. Even in China itself, you can compare groups of people from evolved cities and poor rural areas. The more evolved the social order and the more well-being they have, the more attractive they are.

I believe that evolution happens in the matrix of organismic order. Even if that order is an aggregation of bacteria. Such as an ecosystem, or human society. I don’t believe incremental evolutionary development happens as an isolated phenomenon outside the matrix of organismic order.

In that regard I believe that civilization – our social orders – are very important causal manifestations of the human animal. In the same way that a bee hive is an important manifestation – and aspect – of the bee species. In the same way that a jungle is the “social order” of trees; an organic symbiotic system of trees and animals.

There simply cannot be human evolution without human social order. Tribes, culture, cities, metropolises. And so we evolve in tandem to the evolution of our social order.

And so, there exists a third force of evolutionary influence, according to how I see things. It is the force of collective order, of the network, of the system, the organic order we are units of. Cybernetic Selection. Cybernetic Pressure. I’m using the word “cybernetic” in the original sense, and not to mean cyberspace and computers.

And so, if our civilizations are limited in its ability and capacity to evolve – economically, politically, and so on – then such limit also limits our human evolution. In this regard, I personally believe that such things most people dismiss such as economy, politics, religion, culture, and principles and systems of government are causally linked to our further human evolutionary development.

Anyways. I’m on page seven. This is what it looks like when I let myself just wander mentally, and write freely, sans the restriction of a single topic.

Sometimes your mind gets constipated and you just need to take a big Brain Dump, to let it all out. Then you can go back to writing poems and short stories.



# Things I Don't Do

There are many things I don't do. My personal culture of person. Each person has their own private culture. What's a culture called when only one person observes/practices it? It's called a Habit. Your personal culture is your "Habitude." Culture and Cultivate sharing the same root. A Culture is a Habitude a group of people collectively cultivate, observe/practice.

On the internet, I don't read anything negative written about me. Why not? Because it influences my level of confidence. And I write from my space of confidence. I discovered the internet back in 2002, during the AOL days. Since that time I've never read anything negative about myself said and written by others.

I don't invest my intellectual capital in forums or other people's venues. This is something I have a hard time understanding in others. I see people in these forums spend years, producing thousands of posts, many of which are filled with great insights and knowledge: and then they get banned. And those posts don't manifest any end results. Why use your intellectual capital to empower something like a forum which doesn't belong to you, which is owned by some other person? I make wordpresses to invest my intellectual capital in, and I now have a little e-zine to collect my thoughts and stuff in.

Aside from siblings and cousins, most of the friends I have in real life are gang members and similar types of people. According to my worldview, I divide society – the people I see around me – into 5 classes or social ranks based on their dharma or natural inner nature [physis]: 1) Common, 2) Professional, 3) Military, 4) Noble, 5) Sages. I was raised in upper class Thai/Khmer culture which is heavily influenced by olden Brahmanism, and so we socially divide everybody into those classes. We call them "Vanna" in Khmer, which comes from Pali. Vanna in Sanskrit is Varna. All people, by our Nature and Ethos, fall into one of those five classes.

Common people are your everyday average people, who usually work wage based jobs. Professional are people with careers, own small businesses, executives, self-employed, entertainers such as musicians and actors, and so on. Military are people with a natural disposition/dharma for being soldiers, for fighting, using violence to achieve goals, such as actual military personnel, gang members, and so on. Nobles are people – anybody – whose character of person, carriage, demeanor, language, inner makeup, outlook in life, behavior, mode of living, is noble in quality. Sages are people like college professors, scientists, spiritual teachers, ascetics, and so on.

I don't make friends with Common people, people from the common class, people whose natural disposition is common. I only make friends with people from classes 3-5. My favorite people to associate with are from the Military vanna: people who are actually in the military or are gang members.

Because they are self-disciplined, they honor codes of conduct, they have a sense of honor and integrity, they respect rules and regulations, they have a sense of collective identity where they identify with a group [gang or national army], and they aren't afraid to use violence.

I also like having gang members as friends because the friendship is easy to maintain because of a virtue Common people lack: Loyalty. What I mean is, having a relationship with your pet dog is easy to maintain because your pet dog has a very strong sense of loyalty to you. You don't even have to try to maintain a relationship with your pet dog, it's just always by your side. And gangbangers have that same sense of loyalty for their associates. Nothing has to be said, the friendship is always there.

I classify homeless people as being ascetics, and thus up in vanna number 5. They have separated themselves from society. Renounced the system. And if they are intelligent: they have interesting views and insights about the world, from the vantage point of an "outsider," meaning one who exists outside the system we are inside of. In that way, I value their insights and perspective. I'd rather be friends with a homeless guy than a Common guy. I actually have a few homeless friends.

There is one class below the Common vanna, which is vanna number zero. Vanna zero is composed of "interlopers," meaning outsiders who come into your country or social order, who resist assimilating, don't want to learn your language, don't want to be a part of your culture, society, and people, don't respect your traditions, but they want to use your country and tax money nevertheless for their own benefit. I hate people from that class; they're parasites; and I dislike anybody who supports them.

It's unfortunate that democracy uplifts and glorifies the Common class. Democracy caters to the Common man, and his Common mentality. In a democracy, things such as virtue, honor, and intelligence are of no value: because they don't get you votes. It's the common sentiments of the Common people that get you votes, that vote you into positions of power. And in such a system, those people who are noble in character, intelligent thinkers, spiritually illuminated, valiant, loyal, are marginalized in the shadows of the system. Aeonically, this influences the quality of a people and nation.

I don't have discussion, debates, or arguments with people; in real life or on the internet. Because I personally believe in the Sovereignty of Conscience: that each person, each brain and mind, has the sovereign natural right to have their own conscience [sentiments, interests, views, beliefs, religion, opinions, models, weltanschauung].

If you believe in UFOs, then that's your natural sovereign right of conscience to do so, and your belief in UFOs – regardless of my opinion – is none of my business. If you believe that gravity is not real, that is your sovereignty of mind to do so, and so there is no need for discussion or debate, unless we are further discussing your interesting views. Whether you are “wrong” or “right” or what science or religion has to say about your rejection of gravity is besides the point and is irrelevant. You simply have the sovereignty of mind to believe what you please. There is no need for discussion or debate, or argument.

Likewise with how a person may think of me, their opinions of me. That's your natural right of mind to have such opinions, and it's none of my business or care what opinions of me you have. There is no need for discussion or debate or argument.

If you are organically intelligent, and if in Time you grow in mind where that you see things different 5, 10, 20 years from now: your own beliefs and opinions will change, you see. And so again: I have no need to argue or debate, because Time will do that work for me, without any effort on my part.

I get this from my Buddhism. I was raised a Theravada Buddhist. In our Theravada culture, your spiritual elders and monks teach you differently than how you are taught things in the West.

For example, just to illustrate as an analogy: there are two ways to teach a young person about sex. You can give them sex education in 5th grade. Or you can wait for them to sit down and ask you questions.

In Theravada culture, as far as your spiritual teachers do things, they teach you with the second method. They only teach you things when you are mentally ready to receive and understand things. And they know you are ready when you become curious and ask.

If your young teenage son asks you how he can tell if a girl likes him, surely his mind is at that stage in Time when he is thinking about girls, and so he is mentally ready to receive insights on the matter, and he's ready to actually appreciate/understand what insights you impart. If your young teenage daughter asks you one evening about sex, then surely her mind is at that level where she is thinking about sex and is looking for knowledge on the subject. Whereas before she was ignorant of the matter of sex, her mind being underdeveloped regarding such matters, she wouldn't have organically appreciated, apprehended, any knowledge you give to her about sex. It's like trying to teach a young man or woman what it's like to be a father or mother. It's like telling a little boy how stressful it is to be the CEO of a company. They hear shit, they hear you talking, but their brains will not compute it.

I had a bhikkhu grandfather I went to often to talk with. He's past away now. There was a time when I was young and I did believe in God, and I asked my bhikkhu grandfather about God. He went along with it. Rather than debate or argue with me, he let me have my belief in God, and used it to guide me further in my development in different ways. In Time, when I got older, I lost my belief or need to believe in a god. I asked my bhikkhu grandfather things then from a non-theist perspective, and he went along with it again, using my beliefs to help me along my own development.

Emotion comes first, then comes Thought [rationalization, justification], then action. And so, all our thoughts and opinions have their roots in emotion, in chitta. What beliefs we have, are rooted in some kind of emotion or need. And so the opinions we have, thoughts and beliefs we hold, are rooted in need and emotion. We need such beliefs at that specific time for whatever reason.

And so if you believe in UFOs: that belief in that moment of time is a belief you need, or is one rooted in some kind of emotion you feel. In other words, you need that belief at that moment. And so instead of shooting down or arguing or debating that belief you need, you are given the liberty to satiate your need, with the understanding that in Time you will change – anicca – and thus your beliefs will also.

I have many neo-nazi and skinhead friends. One of them is named Johan. He's originally from Germany. He's big, and still has a shaved head. On one elbow he has a tat of the number 18, on the other a tat of the number 88, on his back is a tat of a Swastika.

His old beliefs about White Power and so on, were rooted in a need or emotion, during a specific timeframe and specific state of mind. And so, it would have been useless for me, or anyone non-White to debate and argue with him to change his views about race. From a Theravada perspective we try to find ways to use a person's current beliefs and opinions to guide them towards their own further development, in a positive manner.

As my friend grew older, he got married with children. One day he brought his wife and children over to introduce them to me. His wife is a brown skinned Mexican girl, his kids are "halfers." One day later, when I saw Johan again, I said to him: "What happened Johan? Your wife is an ethnic Mexican." We laughed, and he shrugs his shoulders and says back to me: "Hey... I wish we could control who we fall in love with."

So I asked him a question. I said: "Let me ask you a question Johan: if a White guy called one of your children a Beaner [derogatory word for a Mexican] what would you do? How would you feel?"

He says to me: "I'd kill the motherfucker. Regardless of his skin color. They're my kids. My blood."

And so, with Time, Johan's views changed, because he's an intelligent man. And so, there is no need to debate or argue, or put in the effort to change another person's mind about their opinions or beliefs: because if they are intelligent: they will change their minds in Time. Because it is the nature of Mind to change and grow. That is if you are indeed intelligent.

How can you gauge or determine the potential of a person, the organic intelligence of a person, unless you give them the room and freedom to have their own mind and conscience, and then watch to see if they evolve and grow in Time?

I used to actually believe in UFOs a long time ago. By UFO's I strictly mean unidentified alien spaceships flying around the earth. I don't anymore, because my understanding of the universe and of physics got a little more sophisticated where I questioned how aliens in a ship traveled dozens of light years in such a short time to come to the earth. I believe the law of parsimony is the substrate of the cosmos and reality. And the idea that a small alien craft can travel across such vast expanse of space – dozens and hundreds of light years – goes against the simplicity of that law, where you must assume many things in order for that notion to make sense. This is just an example.

It difficult for me to have an opinion or belief around people who are underdeveloped mentally. And most people are underdeveloped. Because as soon as they know what you believe or what opinions you have, they have this primitive need to make you accept their belief and opinions. They go out of their way to tell you that you are wrong, they are right, they know better, and so on. And if you don't accept their views and opinions, they throw tantrums, argue some more, debate some more, etc. Not understanding that in Time, their own views and opinions they are trying to force on you will actually change! It's funny to me: how ignorant they are, of how their own mind organically works.

Why try to make others see things your way, agree with your beliefs, accept your opinions, when 5, 10, 15, 20, 25 years from now your own mind and heart will change? It makes no sense to me: because I organically know I don't know anything. What beliefs, opinions, and views I have are temporary manifestations of the current state of development of my mind, which is in a constant state of flux and change.

It's imperialistic isn't it? To try to spread and force others to accept your beliefs, and opinions. To shove your mind into other people's minds.

Don't get me wrong: I am an Imperialist! And so, if you end up trying to play such imperialist games with me because you have no respect for my sovereignty of mind, and you try to vanquish and conquer and colonize my mindscape, I'll not only put up a fight and resist, but I got more imperialist skills to colonize your mindscape with my memes.





## First Impressions

...First impressions. It's important for things like job interviews and dating. The fact that such a thing as 'the first impression' even exists and is so important socially – let's not forget or deny that we humans are social creatures – demonstrates to some of us, something about our human nature most of us would rather not acknowledge: that we are shallow creatures. That despite all the rhetoric, we are indeed superficial and do judge the surface of things. We probably inherited this judgment of initial appearance from our animal ancestors: colors of fruits and berries, color and smell of predators and prey, etc. It's useful – evolutionarily speaking – to have, for the sake of survival.

I actually do judge a book by its cover. Most authors will at least acknowledge that the cover of their book is important! If the first impression is good, I'll have a deeper look. I do judge the content of a book by its first chapter, and the first few sentences of that first chapter. I do judge movies by the first few minutes. If the impressions are good, I have the desire to take a deeper look.

I'm like that with people too, naturally. How a person dresses, looks, their body language, use of eye contact, all adds to my first impression of a person. I dislike most people: how they look, how they dress, how they carry themselves, their tone of voice, etc. And I look no deeper.

I'm like that with people on-line also. You can get your first impression of a person by reading their post in a forum, how they interact and behave with others, their vocabulary and lexicon, if they have emotional barriers up, if they are egotistic, etc. I dislike most people I encounter on the internet, and have no desire to look any deeper. I'm pretty indifferent to most of them.

There are a few people in cyberspace I've met though who gave me a great first impression. Their demeanor, amicable approachability, that they give credit and compliments and even praises where it's due, their intelligence, creativity, style of person, personality. A few of them disliked me in the beginning. But that doesn't matter. If I'm interested in or like a person, how they feel about me, their opinions of me, are irrelevant. I'll go out of my way to try to establish a friendship with them, so I can get to know them better.

From my experience in life – still young as I am – I've learned that the good friends [in situ and otherwise] I have, start off as rivals or enemies. I really like making friends with those few who really don't like me, people I've gotten into fights and hateful interactions with. Where you call each other names and cuss at one another. Because having done all of that, both parties have shown each other their true colors, the real colors of their feathers, their real face. And so then you can "keep it real" with them. Not have to pretend to be someone you are not with them. You can continue to call each other names as friends, and it's all cool. It's not one of those friendships where you have to tread lightly on eggshells, lest you offend the other person and they get butthurt and don't want to be your friend any more.

They saying "easy come easy go" is applicable. Friendships that come/develop easy, fall apart very easy. It's the hard earned friendships, that last a while, that actually have value. And that's another element of our human nature many of us don't consciously acknowledge: that we ascribe greater value to things we struggle to have/earn, as opposed to things that freely come to us, or are given to us. A quick example: a dollar you struggle to make, and a dollar given to you actually have different set of values. You would be reluctant to spend the one you worked hard to earn.

I don't like people who give themselves up for friendship so easily. Like girls or guys that give themselves up for sex easy. It cheapens their worth and value. It's the same way with me and philosophy. I dislike a philosophical system that just gives you what it has, presents everything for you upfront on the table. It feels cheap and worthless. It's the philosophical systems that are reluctant to give up its wisdom, that I find to be interesting and valuable. Such systems are usually called things like mysticism, mysteries, esoterica, and so on.

Something like Natural Philosophy – deriving philosophical insights from Nature – is like a very stingy grandmother in this regard. She hides all of her secrets, and is very reluctant in offering you a dime. You have to work hard, to coax her into giving you some sense/cents. I'm in love with Natural Philosophy, and chase after it, like a person who plays hard to get. It's the chase... the challenge... the Game. What's the worth and value and fun of a Game if the prize is just given to you without any effort? Mother Nature gives me an interesting first impression. She is agathokakological, violent yet providential, caring yet apathetic, murderous yet life-giving. Destructive yet creative. What a Mystery she is.





## A Dreccian Sport

A large fight broke out off campus after school, across the street in the parking structure. Brandon Lopezsmith was watching on the sidewalk, just outside the structure. There were about 20 Dreccs all dressed in Doc Martens, blue jeans, tank tops, grey suspenders, black crew jackets, and folded grey bandannas hanging out their left pockets, lynching a group of 10 kids.

After a few moments of yelling, fists flying, one of the kids getting lynched by the Dreccs screamed uncle. "Alright! Compliance! Compliance!" was all Brandon heard, and the Dreccs broke apart and ran out of the structure in different directions, leaving 10 kids with bruised faces and bloody noses. The crowd of kids watching began leaving the scene and walking home.

Brandon took out his vape, took a hit of his THC juice, and started to walk home up Lemon street towards the hill overlooking his new high school's football field. He was a sophomore, a good looking guy, toned body, pretty tall, 5 feet 11 inches, he had short black hair, brown eyes, long pretty eyelashes, and a dimple on his right cheek when he smiled.

His school, Keystone High, was across the street from Keystone Community College, located just a mile from Downtown Keystone, which was more of an old town, than a downtown.

Brandon jay walked across the street to walk on the college side. He had seen in the distance on that side, a girl, one of the Dreccs, he assumed, since she was dressed like one of them. She was smoking an analogue cigarette, leaning up against a short wall three feet high which ran along a parking lot half full of cars. Brandon had noticed she was watching him from afar. As he got closer to the 'Dreccette' she gave him a smile, with her head tilted. She looked Asian, but Brandon wasn't sure, she might be mixed.

He smiled, "I didn't think anybody smoked analogue cigs anymore in 2095," he said to the Dreccette. She had a grey bandanna hanging out of her left pocket, and grey shoe laces, around her neck, Brandon noticed a sliver inverted Septagram.

"Analogue cigs are like cigars: they're classy. Vape is so Mundane," she said, offering him an analogue cigarette from a pack of Camels. She watched him carefully.

Brandon looked at his vape-pen, and took a hit with a smirk, looking at her defiantly, then blew a cloud of smoke out the side of his mouth into the air, "THC juice," he offers the girl his vape, "you're entitled to your opinions, ma'am, but I'll stick with my vape."

She took it and took a drag and smirked.

"THC huh. I like you. Confident, secure and sure of yourself. Like a man ought to be. Girl's have this way of poking and testing men. I would have lost any respect for you if you had put away your vape-pen and took a cigarette. You would have made yourself look like a pussy, unable to stand your own ground, no values and views of your own," she pulled out a cigarette and handed it to him, and put the pack into her pocket.

This girl wasn't a regular girl of common mind. She was intelligent, as far as Brandon could decipher, she had studious eyes that watched his every move, gesture, and body language, you can tell she was thinking when she wasn't talking, and she was already testing him with subtle psychological tricks and mind games.

"Oh I know. Trust me. I got a mother, aunts, older sisters, female teachers, and a few ex-girlfriends. My daddy didn't raise me a sissy with an idealistic view of women... ma'am. This is one of those occasions where the old saying '*you are what you eat*', is non-applicable," he winked at her and took the cigarette, showing her that he was open to compromise with a girl, for the right end results.

The girl giggled out loud at his witty sense of humor, bit her nail, her face was flushed, and lips slightly opened, exposing her titillation. She used her fingers to draw back her hair behind her left ear and shoulder, exposing her neck, and lit his cigarette for him.

He held the analogue between his fingers and looked at it, "Camels... aren't these \$27 a pack these days? I'm Brandon by the way," he extended his hand.

She looked into his eyes, shook his hand firmly, smile, "I'm Chloe," she rolled her eyes, "yeah, \$27.99 to be exact. The government is hella relentless. They've been taxing the tobacco industry like for a whole century now! So you're the new guy."

Brandon began walking. Chloe stopped leaning on short brick wall, and started to walk up Lemon street with him.

"Yes ma'am, first day. You guys get down don't you? What was that all about back there?"

"They're a local tagger crew, DFA, Down For Art. We battled with them a month ago. The agreement was that the losing crew dissolves and stops tagging. They lost and didn't comply with the agreement. So the boys regulated."

"Huh. So what's your Drecc crew called?"

"MTDX, Mid-Town Dreccs. It's not called a crew. It's called a 'Sexion'. Dreccs anywhere and everywhere are one Sinister Family. The Family is divvied up into sections. Each sexion is autonomous and does their own thing. So not all sexions tag-bang like us. Anyways, where are you from? I hear an accent?"

"You'd laugh if I told you," Brandon said.

"No I won't. That's a Southern accent. Where?"

"Houston Texas."

"Really? I love chili!"

Brandon let out a laugh, "That's the first thing that comes to your mind when you think of Texas?"

"Yeah. That and cowboys and country music. I like country music... and cowboys," she said, looking at him.

"Really? Cowboys huh? That was unexpected. Why cowboys?"

"Well, cuz I'm Drecc. I'm a Traditonalist. I think it's a beautiful thing when a person has deep roots and is connected with their own ancestral Folk Culture. In that way, I think cowboys are kind of sexy. It's really Mundane for a White American guy to be cultureless, cuz you're just a drone of the State, a faceless drone without a spirit, a volksgeist, and that's Common. Don't you think? Have you ever read the antique writings of David Myatt?"

"I actually have ma'am. I was reading up on a few things about Dreccs and the Order of Nine Angles. Found Myatt's writings archived in a website."

"Oh really? Are you Drecc? See, that's what I'm talking about: cowboys are very well mannered and properly raised. It's very attractive, sets you apart from those other guys."

"Thanks," he blushed, "I'm not sure if I am Drecc. I've initiated myself into the first grade of the Seven Fold Way. How do you properly become a Dreccian? Please pardon my ignorance."

"There's really nothing to it. It's just a simple Code of Honour you agree to live by. That's it. Nothing to believe it, nothing religioso. You don't have to be a member of a Drecc organization, tribe, gang, or sexion. But if you do, we're always looking for a new brother."

He took a drag of his cigarette, "I'm interested. What do I have to do to get into MTDX?"

She smiled, "I'll take care of that cowboy. So you listen to country music?"

"Yes ma'am. I play the guitar."

"Oh really! I love the sound of the acoustic guitar. I'm trying to teach myself. I haven't gotten far," she said.

"I can teach you," he looked at her with a raised eyebrow.

"Yeah? I'd like that," she looked at him for a while, turned around and walked again.

"You live up the hill too?" he said.

"Yeah. On Bright street. You?"

"Washington street. We're two blocks apart."

“Cool. I can skateboard to your place,” Chloe gestured her head to the right, “this is my street. I’ll see you tomorrow at school yeah?”

“Yeah. I’m glad we met Chloe,” he grabbed her waist, pulled her into him, and gave her a hug.

She smiled, contentfully. He was a well bred guy, confident, and took what he wanted without asking. She found that really sexy, it seemed.

“Likewise Brandon,” she hugged him back, let go of him, and started walking up her street, “oh, give me your number real quick.”

Brandon pulled his shirt sleeve up, exposing his Holocom – Holographic Communicator: a smartwatch/phone with holographic touch screen capability – and bumped it to Chloe’s Holocom.

“So, I’ll text you before lunch and introduce you to everyone. Just hang out with everyone for a while, so they can get to know you. Then later we can ‘test you into’ the sexion,” she said.

“Gotcha. Thanks for the analogue.”

“No problemo,” Chloe turned around and walked up her street.

Brandon walked the rest of the way home with a grin on his face. Thinking about Chloe. She was pretty, long curly hair past her shoulders, spoke with a friendly voice, native Southern California accent.

^^^

Keystone High School was an old beautiful school that has been around for centuries. A tall red brick wall surrounded most of the school, which was covered in ivy. On the floor of the hallways of the school are plaques of the year of each graduating class which stretched back into 1920, back when the school was established, it was surrounded by fields of orange trees, like the rest of Orange County.

The school had a now ancient tradition of placing a large time capsule beneath each plaque filled with secret items of the graduating class’s top students, the prom king and queen, top performers of each of the school’s sports team, and so on.

At the center of the campus, next to the large gym and swimming pool, was Big Oak, a large majestic oak tree, surrounded by a ring of stones three feet high, planted on the spot at the founding of the school. Underneath Big Oak were also time capsules.

At the front right corner of the school, nearest the community college and facing the parking structure, was the oldest part of the school, the Keystone Auditorium. It was a large old white building, in the very old days it was once an opulent Masonic Lodge, built way back in 1889. The lodge owned the property the school sat on, which was donated to the newly established city of Keystone to build a high school. Back in those early days, the Keystone Auditorium was the largest building in the city. It wasn’t until the 1970’s that the auditorium was donated to the high school. The arched entrance of the auditorium was flanked by two large pillars, and on the keystone of the arch was an old Masonic square and compass.

Brandon walked down the hallway of the science building, where Chloe had her third period, to find her, he and Chloe had third period class in the same building. He saw her standing by her locker, talking to another girl, a Dreccette, they were so close to each other, their bodies were touching. She looked towards Brandon, saw him, waved, smiled, then whispered something into the other girl’s ear, and they both looked at Brandon quickly, looked back at each other and giggled, and more whispering commenced.

The two girls were in their pajamas, and Docs.

“Hey Brandon, this is Vanessa, my best friend,” Chloe said, “Nessa, this is the new guy Brandon, he’s Drecc.”

Vanessa and Brandon shook hands.

“I’m Brandon, pleasure to meet you ma’am,” he said.

“Vanessa. Nice to meet you. So you’re from Texas?”

“Yes ma’am,” Brandon lightly blushed, “Houston Texas.”

“Oh for reals. What’s it like over there?”

"Big... everything's big," he said.

Chloe's eyes ran up and down Brandon's big biceps, her tongue was pressed up against her top left K9, lips slightly parted, "Everything's big..." she said to Vanessa, nudging her with her hips.

Vanessa was beautiful, she had long auburn straight hair, brown eyes, long pretty eye lashes, full lips, and a light complexion.

"Come on, we all hang out at Big Oak," she said to Brandon. They started walking out the building.

"So are there a lot of Dreccs out in Houston?" Vanessa said.

"There are a handful out in the suburbs. I've met a few online. They aren't organized as you guys are down here. In the city itself, not many, Mundane gang infested. Houston is really ghetto these days. So what's up with the pajamas? I saw some guy in his PJs as well."

"Oh, cool people stuff," Vanessa said, "every Fridays are pajama days. Thursdays are GQ days."

"Ah... I see." Brandon looked at his outfit.

As they walk towards Big Oak, the two girls were greeted and accosted by other students left and right. Vanessa seemed to be the more outspoken and talkative one. Chloe was more reserved and soft spoken, but the more affectionate touchie-feelie one who gave out the most hugs and skin contact. She was also diplomatic, introducing Brandon to everybody who stopped by and went up to them.

Everybody eyeballed Brandon as he and his two escorts led him to Big Oak. Only three social groups hung out around Big Oak: the Dreccs, Ravers, and Jocks, which social groups consisted of the most popular kids on campus. Everyone around Big Oak was in their pajamas. Brandon suddenly felt out of place and over dressed. Holographic screens were floating around everybody's wrists.

"This is Brandon everybody. He's from Texas," Chloe said.

"Texas right here!" one of the jocks said, "what part?"

"Houston."

"That's right!" the jock said, "you play football?"

"Of course. Halfback, sometimes offensive line."

"That's right!" the jocks said.

"The team here got an opening?"

"Yeah, we do in fact," one of the big jocks got up to shake Brandon's hand, "I'm Jesse, quarterback. How do you know these two girls?"

Brandon shook Jesse's hand, "What, you can't tell I'm a stud?"

Jesse laughed, "I'll talk to the Coach and get you in."

"Great. Thanks," Brandon said.

Brandon mingled on his own very well. He had well developed social skills. He excused himself from Chloe and Vanessa for a moment to meet the rest of the football team.

Chloe sat next to Raul, the de facto leader of the group of Dreccs.

"He's cool. He's already initiated himself into the Seven Fold Way. He's been reading up on David Myatt. He wants in," Chloe said.

Raul was watching Brandon mingling with the jocks, "He'd help us make a stronger connection with the jocks. Talk him into actually joining the football team. We're gunna have to test him in."

"Kay. He knows about getting tested in. He's not a pussy."

"Alright. We'll put him on the three month probation and then test him."



"Kay," Chloe said to Raul, she got up and looked over to Brandon who was making his way back to her, "Brandon, come here."

Brandon walked to the Drecc part of Big Oak. The Dreccs were racially mixed, Whites, Mexicans, and Asians. Raul was Hispanic, a Mexican of Spanish descent, he had a shaved head, like most of the male Dreccs.

"This is Raul," Chloe said, "Raul, this is Brandon."

"What's up man," Raul said, shaking Brandon's hand, "have a seat with us brother."

^^^

She was in his room, with a guitar across her chest, her fingers on the strings, contorted as they tried to finger the chords, she was seated up against Brandon, who was behind her, his hand helping her fingers find their proper positions. She had cleared her left shoulder of hair, for Brandon, who was half instructing Chloe and half smelling her neck.

"That hardest part is transitioning between chords. My fingers don't do it fast enough. It's hard," she said. She was getting chills up and down her spine with him so close to her neck.

"You'll get it. It just takes practice. Daily practice."

He put his fingers on the strings, and wrapped his other arm around her to pluck the guitar, and sang a country song softly. He had a deep yet melodious singing voice, which didn't crack. Her heart was skipping beats.

"You sing very nice. Do you sing often?"

"In the shower. I actually love to sing. My dad used to sing. He wanted to be a music star."

"Used to?" she said.

"Yeah," he said softly into her ear, "he passed away. Car accident."

"I'm sorry."

"Thanks. It was devastating for me and my mama. Emotionally and financially. We were struggling for a while. Until my mama got remarried to that guy from here."

His lips were lightly, very lightly running down her neck when he was talking, and his left hand started to make its way inside her tank top.

"That guy... your stepfather?"

"Yeah. I don't like him. We don't get along."

"Why not," she asked, as she let the guitar slide to the floor, letting his hands go wherever.

"I'd rather not talk about right this moment. It'll just get me angry."

He was kissing her neck.

"Brandon..." she pulled his hand off her breast, but kissed his cheek. He just chuckled.

"Brandon!" his mother yelled from the other side of the door, Chloe gasped. "I made some sandwiches for y'all! It's awful quiet in there."

"Coming! I'm juss tryna get her pregnant mama, that's all!"

"No you ain't! Y'all can practice the guitar out in the living room."

Chloe got up, hit him with the back of her hand, fixed her hair and tank top, and opened the door. She was flushed with embarrassment. Brandon's mother gave him that look a mother gives to a mischievous son out in the hall way, with her arms on her hips.

"It's not you honey," she said to Chloe, "I just don't trust him. I ain't fixing to be no granny just yet."

"He wasn't doing anything Mrs. Lopezsmith."

"Diane. Call me Diane honey. Mrs. Lopezsmith makes me sound too old and weird."

"Thank you, Diane," Chloe said, smiling.

"You're too young and beautiful mama to be a granny," he gave his mother a kiss.

She smiled. She was beautiful. A blond lady, with a thick Texan accent, petite body, 5 feet 6 inches tall, and big soft bosoms that jiggled when she walked. She kissed his forehead, "that's my baby," she said to Chloe.

The two of them were eating their ham and cheese sandwiches and chips in the living room, thinking about Brandon's test.

"You ready for next week?"

"Yes ma'am. Get it over with."

She popped a potato chip in her mouth, then used her Holocom to text Brandon: *Tomorrow we ditch school, and go scope out the shop in Chinatown, so you guys can see it from the outside. Me and Vanessa will go in and video cam it with a hidden camera for you guys.*

He read the text, and he nodded.

Chloe looked around, and whispered, "They don't have a real alarm. My stepdad installed their security cameras. He said they were too stingy to install a real alarm. They just have the sign stickered to their shop window. They're Chinese. They don't trust banks. So they have like \$20,000 stashed in the back, in dirty cardboard boxes. My stepdad saw the money. At night they keep the gold in the back, in the office room, behind a flimsy locked door."

He raised his eyebrow, "Where are the boxes?" he whispered.

"In the locked office room. They're just normal cardboard boxes."

The next day, Chloe, Vanessa, Raul, Brandon, Mark, James, and Danny ditched school all day and headed for Chinatown in Raul's car.

There were a row of jewelry shops near the indoor swap meet there. The Dreccs were interested in one particular one called Seng Heng Jewelry, which was located on the corner of a small street. The window of Seng Heng Jewelry faced the sidewalk and street.

The seven Dreccs parked their car in the parking structure below the row of gold jewelry shops. Chinese people, as well as most Asians prefer 24 carat gold, which is as pure as you can get it. The seven Dreccs walked a few times past the shop, studying it and the streets.

The shop had metal gates bolted on its glass door. To enter, a worker had to push a button to open the gate. The windows of the shop were also reinforced with metal bars, cheap ones.

The two girls walked off to the shop to enter it with their hidden cameras. Raul gestured with his head for the group to cross the street where they could talk. They took out their vape-pens and started to smoke.

"We hot wire an old car. I can do that," Raul said, "drive the car right into the shop. Right through the fucking glass and metal and shit. That shit looks fucking cheap."

The others nodded in agreement, about the cheap quality of the metal work.

"Once we're in we bust into the locked room in the back. Stuff the gold and money into bags and shit. We each carry a bag. We take the video recording console in the backroom also. Then jam," Raul continued. The others nodded.

"We need to figure out what streets to take to quickly get to the freeway from here. Memorize the streets good, how many cars are we taking off in?" Danny said.

Raul thought about it for a few seconds, "There's five of us guys. I say in three separate cars. No point in being stupid and putting our eggs in one basket right? Chloe drives one car, Vanessa drives another... James, you drive good, drive your car. Each car is parked in a different place near the shop. Once he get the shit, we walk out calmly and run to our cars. Danny and Mark ride in the same get away car."

When the girls came out, the seven Dreccs drove around the area, up and down streets to figure out their escape routes. Then they went home to watch the video. The jewelry shop had a lot of gold. In the back corner of the front of the shop was a single door which led into a back part of the shop, the goldsmith's work desk can clearly be seen in the video along with the goldsmith, who was the owner. His wife and children worked the front end. It was in that back part that the office room was located, next to the restroom.

"So, individually, each of you guys have to dress real nice, in suits maybe, and have a look inside, buy something cheap, and then ask to use the restroom. They'll let you use it if you buy something. You have to do this so you can see the office room yourself and be in the back physically. That way, you are familiar with the layout," Chloe said, "But one at a time. One per day. Never together." Everybody nodded.

"What's the cheapest thing they got?" Mark asked.

"Like the earrings. Some are like \$75, the ones without the gem stones," Chloe said.

"I'll go first then tomorrow by myself," Raul said, "Brandon, you got after me. Then Mark, then Danny."

Raul, Brandon, Mark, and Danny took turns using the shop's restroom that week. Brandon had gone to Seng Heng shop with an Asian Dreccette, a close friends of Chloe's, named Patricia. They posed as boyfriend and girlfriend. He eventually bought Patricia a pair of gold earrings, and asked to use the restroom.

The back part of the shop was small, and dirty. The white office door came before the restroom, it was old, flimsy, and dirty. He touches the door of the office. It felt cheap. The knobs wiggled. He went into the restroom and pretty much knew that all it would take to take that door down was a kick.

The following week, Raul had hot wired an old junky car he found in West Covina, a run down city that looked like the third world populated with poor Mexicans. Nobody would even miss the piece of shit car. What Raul was worried about was if the car would even take them to Chinatown 20 minutes away.

Brandon, Danny and Mark got into the shitty car, and they headed for the 10 freeway. Behind them was Chloe in her car, Vanessa in hers, and James in his. The three drivers would head out to their designated pick up parking spot and wait with their engines on, light off, doors unlocked, and leaned back so they can't be seen. The seven of them used an encrypted app to stayed in contact with each other in a private voice chat room via their Holocombs.

Raul drove the car around the area a couple times to make sure there were no cops near by. The block was empty that night, it was 1 AM, no random cars either. Raul drove the car up to the sidewalk and drove the front wheels onto the curb carefully, and then he stepped down on the gas pedal all the way to the floor aiming the front of the car at the front of the store. The boys braced themselves. The impact made relatively little noise, a crash, the tempered glass shattered and fell apart, the metal gate on the door flew of its bolts and hit the floor. Raul backed up, and then stepped on the gas again hitting a different part of the front of the store, to make the hole bigger. The rest of the metal flew to the ground.

The car was backed up, there was a large gaping hole in the front of the store, "Come on!" Raul said running out of the car with his ski mask on and a large laundry bag. The other three boys ran out, and into the gaping hole. They each had a flashlight.

"I got the door," Brandon said.

Brandon hopped over the displays, ran to the door leading to the back part of the store, and used his football skills to ram the door down with his shoulders. It flew opened without much resistance.

"That was too easy!" Brandon said.

He ran for the office door, like a bull, bam! The door flew opened.

"I'll hold my flashlight. Fill her up!"

"Fuck yeah!" Raul said, as he knelt to grab the gold. The jewelry were still sitting in their displays, stacked one on top the other.

"We're going for the money boxes!" Mark and Danny grabbed the cardboard box, and opened it into their bags.

"Fucken ay! Look at this shit!" Danny said.

Raul stopped what he was doing and looked in the box. It was cash, bundles rubber-banded together.

"Fuck dude—" Raul said.

"Just put the whole box in your bags." Brandon said to Mark and Danny.

"Yeah right," Mark and Danny put the cardboard boxes, which weren't big, into their laundry bags.

"We're done man. We're loaded!" Mark said.

"Take off! Don't wait for us. Go!" Raul said.

"Alright. We're off then. Come on Danny," Mark and Danny ran out the office with their bags.

Brandon got on his knees in front of another stack of jewelry displays, "Just put the whole thing in," he said laughing at Raul, who was actually grabbing the jewelry off the displays.

Raul laughed at himself, "They're not all going to fit though. There's too many of them. You put the displays in your bag. I need room for that video console."

"Oh right."

"Rip out the console for me real quick."

Brandon got up, unplugged the video console, and placed it into Raul's bag. Then he put in a few more displays into his bag.

"We're on the freeway," Mark said via the Holocom video chat.

"Cool. We're almost done here," Raul said, "did you guys see any cops around."

"Nah," James responded, "It's dead on the streets."

"Cool. We'll see you guys then."

"Mark, Danny, and James out," Mark said.

"I'm full," Brandon said. He tied up the opening of his bag, and went to help Raul grab the gold off the displays.

"There's fucking too many. Let's go. We got enough," he looked at Brandon.

"Yeah," Brandon tapped on Raul's shoulder and got up, "come on."

The two boys ran out the office and made their way out the gaping hole with their stuffed bags.

They stood outside on the sidewalk, looking left and right, the coast was clear, no cars, they looked at each other, gave each other fist bumps, Raul swung his bag over his left shoulder, "Let's go."

Brandon walked casually around the corner to his get away car, "Chloe, pop the trunk," he said via his Holocom.

"Kay. It's opened."

He threw his bag into the trunk, closed it, and walked to the passenger door, then got inside casually, and then took off his ski mask. Chloe took off towards Broadway to get on the freeway.

"Raul, you in our car?" Brandon said into his Holocom.

"Yeah, we're taking our route. You in your car?"

"Yes sir. We're approaching Broadway as we speak. I'll see you guys tomorrow. Brandon and Chloe out."

"Good job Brandon. Raul and Vanessa out."

Chloe looked over at Brandon with a grin, "You did it! My hearts thudding so bad right now."

"Relax," he said to her, "it's over. I got you something."

Brandon opened his fist, and showed Chloe a gold necklace with a jade Kwan Yin pendant. He turned on the interior car light so she could see.

"Aw, it's beautiful. It's dark green too. It's a lot of good luck when it's dark green like that, and it's more expensive. Thank you."

Brandon leaned into her, and put the necklace on her, and then kissed her.

Chloe and Brandon made it onto the 10 freeway ramp without any problems and they drove back to Orange County, to Brandon's house.

She parked her car, near Brandon's house and looked at him, then took her silver Septagram necklace off and put it on Brandon, and kissed him. They made out in the car for a while. She climbed into the passengers and straddled Brandon.

"Come on," Brandon opened the door and carried Chloe to his house, he opened the side gate quietly and carried her to his bedroom window, and opened the window. "Climb in carefully," he whispered.

She looked at him, "But your mom?"

"She doesn't check on me at night. She worked early in the morning, takes off at 6. Get in."

He lifted her, and she climbed into his room. Then he tossed her onto his bed and pulled her clothes off.

After school the next day, the seven Dreccs were inside Raul's room with their loaded bags, divvying up the money and gold among themselves. They made an eighth pile of gold to give to the rest of the Sexion who didn't participate in the venture.

^^^

The crowd was cheering and screaming. It was Keystone High against Anaheim High, on Anaheim's turf. During the game Brandon made two touchdowns, which helped Keystone High win the game that evening.

The coach gave him a hug, "Good job tonight Brandon!"

"Thanks Coach," he replied, "I'm gunna hit the showers. I'm getting a ride with my girlfriend Coach."

"Alright. Don't stay out to late," the Coach gave him a grin and patted him on the back.

"Where you going Bran?" Jesse said.

"Showers. Come on. I'm taking Chloe out tonight."

"Yeah. Might as well. I got a date with Vanessa."

The two boys made their way to Anaheim's locker room.

"Vanessa? Chloe's friend Vanessa?" Brandon said with a grin.

"Yup. Dude, she's hot. Have you seen her tits?"

Brandon chuckled, "I'm not into tits personally. I love legs and Asian girls."

"Hey, pool party at my house on Saturday. My parents said if we win the game, we can throw one. The whole team, and the cheerleaders, and we each bring like one or two friends. That's it," Jesse said.

"Beer?"

"They're cool with it as long as it's before 10 o'clock."

"10? Why?" Brandon said.

"My dad doesn't want everybody going home drunk and getting in trouble."

"Ah."

They took a shower. Most of the kids don't shower after games anymore. Mandatory shower policy was lifted a century ago in most high schools.

Chloe and Brandon went to the Old Spaghetti Factory in downtown Keystone. Downtown Keystone was beautiful, it was an open air mall, several blocks of big named stores and shops, many mom and pop shops, and a few bars. Big magnolia trees decorated the streets of downtown Keystone. The trees had lights wrapped around them, like Christmas trees. In the evenings downtown gets crowded with people.

The two got a table for two, in a dimly lit area of the restaurant.

"So what's up with Jesse and Vanessa?" Brandon asked.

"Oh, Vanessa likes him. They were talking and started seeing each other like barely last week."

"Jesse is throwing a pool party at his place Saturday, the team and cheerleaders, we can bring two people. You and somebody else. I was thinking your friend Patricia, she's slutty right?"

Chloe laughed, "Yeah, but so are all cheerleaders. Bring Raul, he likes one of the cheerleaders, that blond Mexican girl with the big ass, what's her name?"

"Oh, Bianca. Yeah you're right. I'll bring Raul."

"You should be a professional football guy Brandon."

"Nah. I like football, but my passion is music. I want to be a musician. Make some money and buy my mama a house."

"What wrong with your stepdad's house?"

"I don't like him. That's what's wrong. He beats her Chloe. My real dad treated her like an angel, never raised a voice at her even."

He looked away, his eyes had gotten watery.

"I'm sorry. That isn't right. Why doesn't she leave him?"

"I tell her and beg her to. She tells me she depends on him. I'm saving up. I saved up that money we got from the jewelry stop, and from my part time after school job. I just need enough for a down payment."

They ate dinner, and went back to Brandon's place. Chloe climbed the window into his room.

She had light pale skin, smooth and soft everywhere, he liked just laying there and absorbing her naked body with his eyes, her black hair fanned out on his pillow.

"Sleep over," he said into her ear, pressed down against her lithe body, she beneath he, he inside of her.

"I can't," she bit down on her lip, and dug her nails into his shoulder and back, "I have to be home by 12."

They were laying together, cuddling, enjoying the afterglow, sweaty, her hair damp, his chest wet, his back and shoulders bore scratches and bloody nail marks, staring into each others eyes in silence, in the darkness of his room, under a soft duvet.

Something slammed outside the room and broke the silence.

"Where the fuck is the beer god dammit!" a man's voice shouted violently.

Chloe got closer to Brandon and held onto him, sacred. Brandon broke his mesmerized gaze and looked at his door.

"I'm sorry. I was busy Robert. I'll go get you some right now," his mother said beyond his door.

"I come home from work tired. All I want is a fucking beer. Is that too much to ask? Fuck!"

Brandon's jaw was clenched. They heard the garage door open, and a car engine start up.

"Are you okay?" she rubbed his chest.

He shook his head, his mind wasn't with her any more, "You should go. They're gunna fight more when my mama comes back," he kissed her, got up and put on his pants.

Chloe rolled off the bed and put on her clothes, "Is she going to be okay?"

"I don't know. I don't like this Chloe," he said in a loud whisper, "I fucking hate seeing her live like this. I'm sorry you have to see this."

He walked over to Chloe, whose back was pressed up against the wall next to the window, held her for a long moment, and kissed her.

"I love you," she kissed him, "call me okay?"

He nodded, said nothing.

She climbed out the window and left.

Brandon sat on the corner of his bed, waiting for his mother to come home. It was routine. He'd wait to make sure she was okay, and tried to go to sleep. His stepfather was twice his size. He took out his vape, and smoked clouds of THC juice, then grabbed a half full bottle of Jack Daniel's hidden in his closet, and drank, waiting for his mother.

The garage door opened and he heard his mother's car door close.

"I got your beer," his mother yelled out.

"Bring it here! I'm fucking eating. I'm tired god dammit! I work all day!"

"I work too Robert! And I come home and clean this house, make your meals, and serve you! And I don't fucking complain."

Brandon heard dishes crash against the floor.

"Shut the fuck up!" his stepfather's voice had become louder and more violent. He heard a slap, his mother screamed.

"Don't you ever talk to me like that again! I'll fucking kill you!" his stepfather screamed out.

Brandon was leaning up against his door. He wiped a few tears from his cheeks, and took a deep breath, then sank to the floor, hiding his face between his knees, in shame, unable to do anything. He threw the bottle of Jack Daniel's across the room.

There was silence after that, after his stepfather vented his anger. He crawled into bed, exhausted. It was a long day for Brandon. He closed his eyes. At least his team won. He thought about the game. It made him feel better. And he thought about his girlfriend Chloe. At least he had a girlfriend, who loved him. She said she loved him. He sat up on his bed. His mind was so fixated on his mother, he didn't pay any attention to his girlfriend telling him she loved him. That was the first time she said 'I love you' since they got together. He text her on his Holocom: *I love you Chloe. See you tomorrow beautiful.*

He laid back down and fell asleep.

"Stop it! Please stop it! Let go of my hair!"

Brandon woke up to his mother screaming very loud, he ran out of bed and opened his door, stood by it. He heard a physical fight in the kitchen.

"No bitch talks to me like that... I'm gunna teach you a fucking lesson..." his stepfather sounded drunk, really drunk. He get's very violent when he's drunk, Brandon thought. His heart was pounding, his mother screaming and crying for help. He looked at the time. It was 3:40 in the morning. He put his wallet and keys into his pockets, grabbed some money just in case, and left his room.

He ran into the kitchen to the sight of his mother naked, with a swollen right eye, a fat lip, bleeding mouth, and his stepfather raping her on the kitchen floor. He had dragged her by the hair into the kitchen.

Brandon ran, and tackled his stepfather, drove his knee into the side of his face, and pulled him off his mother, "Get the fuck off her!"

His stepfather got up, and threw him across the kitchen, his head pounded into the dishwasher.

"Fucking punk! I'm gunna fucking kill you, you piece of shit! Get the fuck out of my house!"

His stepfather stormed out of the kitchen. He got up, and grabbed his mother who was crying and hiding her face, "Please, mama, go lock yourself in the garage. Please. Just go!"



His mother got up and made her way to the garage.

Brandon grabbed a knife and waited.

His stepfather came down the hall way with a rifle, "Get out! Get out of my fucking house!"

Brandon ran as fast as he could out the door when he saw his stepfather in the hall way with the rifle.

He ran down the street, with no destination, just to get away. But he didn't go far. Far enough to be safe, close enough to watch the garage, concerned for his mother.

"Fuck!" Brandon said, helplessly, "Fuck," he punched the nearest tree in anger. His knuckles were bleeding. He sat down on the curb, listening. There was no more yelling and screaming.

"I'm gunna fucking kill him. I'm gunna kill him," he cried hard, with his face between his knees.

After an hour had passed, Brandon got up and walked back to the house.

He unlocked the front door.

It was dark and quiet.

He walked into the laundry room and grabbed some clothes for his mother, then made his way quietly to the garage, and unlocked the door with his keys.

His mother was crouched in the corner still naked and terrified. Terrified of her husband, and even more terrified of what he'd do to her if she called the cops on him.

"You okay mama? You alright?" he handed her the clothes and kissed her forehead, then held her, to try and comfort her. She nodded. He cried.

Brandon got up, went to the other side of the garage, where he kept his sports stuff, and grabbed a wooden baseball bat.

He wiped his tears and walked towards the garage door with the bat.

"Brandon... Brandon... what are you doing?" his mother said. "Baby, he'll kill you. Just leave Brandon, please. He just gets violent when he's drunk."

He shook his head, "I ain't watching you live like this. It kills me inside mama. I love you mama. You stay in here."

Brandon left the garage.

He walked slowly, towards his mother's bed room. The door was opened, he stepped inside and walked to the bed. It was empty. He went to the kitchen. His stepfather wasn't there.

He walked to the sitting room. His stepfather was passed out or asleep on the sofa there. The rifle was on the carpet, along with a dozen cans of beer.

A rage inside over took him. He had kept that rage inside, buried for many years. It was a rage that began when his real father died, he was mad at the world when he died. And this bastard...

Brandon gripped the bat in both hands and swung.

The bat flew into his stepfather's head.

"Ah!" his stepfather cried out, confused, awoken to the feel of something hard and heavy repeatedly pounding into his flesh and bones. He tried to get away.

Brandon was screaming, nothing coherent, no words, just a scream, and grunts, and growls, like an animal.

"Brandon! Stop it!" his mother yelled out.

She turned on the lights.

His stepfather was on the floor, drenched in blood, his eyes, ears, and head bleeding, the carpet soaked red, he laid there breathing heavy, unconscious.

Brandon backed away at the sight. His bat covered in blood. His mother crying hysterically. All the rage inside of him was gone, burned up, with every swing of the bat. There was no expression on his face. No emotion. Just a numbness and surreal feeling.

He walked outside. Sat on the curb. He cried. And dropped his bat.

"911, what's your emergency?" a female voice from his Holocom said.

"I need the ambulance quick. My stepfather is bleeding to death in the house. Bring the police. I beat him with a bat. He was beating and raping my mother."





# Mars Attacks

It was an insidious aeonic scheme of world domination the Order of Nine Angles had. They slowly began colonizing Mars with the first wave of human settlers. They lived together with the mundane settlers as pioneers. They colonized the base of Mons Olympus.

The Order had theorized that far below the ground, Mons Olympus, being a volcano once, was still hot, and that below the ground near that thermal heat source should be an underground lake of saltwater teeming with biological life. If this should be the case, the Order's terror cells would commence Operation Dark Imperium.

In the year 2070, Operation Dark Imperium commenced. Doctor Albert Herald, a geo-scientist, had led a team of NASA, Google, and Amazon scientists to dig miles below the the basin of Mons Olympus. Many of the engineers and laborers working for the team were cells of the Order.

After several hours of digging in multiple places, Dr. Herald and the other scientists reviewed the data and concluded that there was a massive underground salt water lake 5 miles below the surface. The team of scientists would report their findings back to earth in the morning.

The Order cells struck. Dr. Herald was shot in the head with a gun, and the other scientists were executed.

The other members of the Order were given word that Operation Dark Imperium had begun. They rode around rovers from settlement to settlement, killing off all of the men, leaving the women for breeding purposes.

They got on camera a month later and sent a message to NASA and Google and Amazon:

"Mars belongs to the Order of Nine Angles! We'll destroy any ship that comes near it! You've been warned. Stay away!"

Images of the bloodbath and massacre of the settlements were shown.

There wasn't anything the earth nations could do. It was too costly.

The Order members began using tunnel drillers to drill tunnels to the underground lake, to supply their people with energy, food, and water.

That was 200 years ago.

Now there are metropolises on Mars, scattered around the base of Mons Olympus.

The Earth nations still refuse to recognize the Martian's claim of the whole planet of Mars being their country, which they have named: the Confederated Imperium of Mars. A few United Nation treaties forbids such a claim from being recognized.

The Order had had enough of the mundane political games.

They packed 10,000 missiles with warheads carrying genetically modified strains of biological agents and sent the missiles to the earth. The warheads were programmed to explode in the atmosphere, casting their biological agents into the sky above major metropolitan areas.

The thousands of missiles came into earth space without warning. There were too many of them to destroy with lasers.

The warheads detonated, over New York, LA, London, Paris, Berlin, Moscow, Tokyo, Shanghai, Beijing, and New Delhi.

And disease ravished the earth.





## Patients Is A Virtue

..He had a strand of her hair which he removed from her shirt long ago. Auburn and straight. Kept in an air tight lock. And a piece of gum she spat out, which he picked up and saved when she wasn't looking. They met during college in New Columbia, a lunar territory of the United States. He desperately loved her. She said she was a lesbian and only saw him as a friend. Said he wasn't her type anyway. Didn't like Martians. Too conservative for her. Said he was too wimpy and old for her.

She went off somewhere around Jupiter with her girlfriend. Got married and forgot about him. They were only study buddies to her. His heart broke. He wept thinking of her as he stared out the glass dome. The Martian sand dunes beyond crept slowly toward the colony. He waited, holding his broken heart, until he saved enough money.

He held her in his arms in the Cloning Clinic. Fragile and soft. Had the new born baby smell. A tiny perfect copy of the girl he loved, made from what DNA he had of her in the gum and hair. She opened her tiny eyes and looked into his. His heart became whole again, falling in love with those eyes. Eyes that haunted him for years. He kissed her and held her close, caressing her tightly. Eyes closed, lost in nostalgia. Nose pressed up against her. He pictured her as he remembered. Those full lips which he longed to kiss so badly. That smile she had. Her perky carefree personality. Tight faded jeans, ample chest blossoming out of her tank top. He'd buy her an outfit just like that and wait for her to grow into it. He'd wait patiently. This one won't leave him.





# Red Velvet

It was a hot and humid summer day, the day the red mud fell from the sky, it had rained lightly that day for an hour, and the rain had stopped and quickly evaporated, filling the city with this muggy, ugly, sticky, stuffy feeling.

Then, after an eerie silence, no wind or air current, the sky still covered with grey clouds, the strange reddish colored mud fell, plopping onto the ground, the streets, buildings, fields, trees, the rivers, the beaches. It fell in the metropolitan area of Shanghai.

Early reports had claimed that the red mud may have contained some type of biological life. But the government quickly dismissed these claims, stating that such unfounded claims would hurt Shanghai's business and tourist sectors. The media outlets were warned not to cover the story. The government dismissed the event altogether, when the rain returned a few hours later to wash away the alleged fall of red mud.

And that was all that was heard of the red mud for a while during that summer season. Until spring came.

On the tall buildings, on the concrete sidewalks, and cars, there grew spots of rusty colored mold, something like mold, bread mold, but rust red in coloration, fuzzy. It was simply a type of fungus they said, a newly discovered type of mycelium. It was harmless and would go away, they said. But it didn't. The fuzzy red mycelium persisted, and continued to spread gradually across the city.

And the rusty colored mold appeared in spots of other cities, and were even found in the Chinatowns of Vancouver, New York, and Los Angeles. At first the fuzzy reddish spots which grew here and there on the sidewalks and cars of these Chinatowns were overlooked. Until a few American mycologists studied the reddish mold. They were more open about it than the Chinese government.

The red mycelium wasn't mycelium, or mold, or living microbe. It was a reddish colored nanobacteria, which most scientists agree were not living organisms. And this red nanobacteria was found to eat concrete and metal. And they produced spores.

They tried to clean the red mold away in Shanghai, but they grew back, it was too far spread across the city, and during the next summer, the red mold cast their microscopic spores into the air. The metal beneath the red mold which grew on the cars had grown thin and weak. Proof that this thing ate metal.

In Shanghai, the epicenter of the red mold, it was everywhere. Red fuzzy spots visibly covered the sky scrapers, the ships, the trains, the sidewalk, like coin sized velvet carpet. Nothing made the red spots go away. They just grew back, it was too everywhere, too late now. There was a discernible panic, a worry for the structural integrity of the tall buildings in Shanghai... and abroad.

There was worrisome speculation regarding the implications among the inhabitants of New York, Vancouver, and Los Angeles. A mold which ate concrete and metal, that which our modern human civilization is built of! A civilization which is the foundation of the economy, society, industry, and the political system.

What would these cities look like a hundred years from now, they thought, what would the human world look like, if this thing can't be stopped? And it couldn't be stopped. The big cities were already covered in red velvet.



# Stormjumper

It was the first time Chloe had ridden a Stormjumper. She just turned five that day. Her great grandmother, of the same name, was the first to produce a working Stormjumper, the first living human being to jump Jupiter's great storm, and eventually became the Territorial Governor of Tau Ceti Delta.

It was a kilometer long craft, the USS Jefferson, equipped with force field shields as well as electric field drives, magnetic field drives, and the Sonic Resonance Field generators. The drives produced fields of electric ions and magnetic force which spun around the ship at near light speed.

"Keep it spinning," her father said.

Chloe kept the floating propeller spinning fast.

A whirlpool formed. The pointed tip of the spinning whirlpool began to stretch down toward the bottom of the aquarium.

At the bottom of the aquarium on one side was a red dot and on the other was a blue dot.

"You see how the tip of the whirlpool just moves around, and goes nowhere?" her father said.

She nodded, attentively, saying nothing. She didn't say much, but you can tell from her eyes she thought a lot.

"Well, this whirlpool right now is just like the Great Red Spot of Jupiter. The Red Spot is a giant storm. The biggest and most powerful in our home star system. That giant storm makes the ether around it to become a whirlpool. And the tip of that whirlpool just moves around and goes nowhere. But watch."

She watched her father place under the red dot at the bottom right of the aquarium a wheel shaped magnet which spun. The magnet was so powerful, it pulled on the polished metallic Crux Borealis pendent around Chloe's necklace. She smiled and plucked on the taut chain of her necklace.

The wheel shaped magnet spun. It made a whizzing noise. And the tip of the whirlpool moved to the red dot, and stayed in that spot, spinning.

"Wow," she said.

"That's what our Stormjumpers do. The special Sonic Resonance Field generators makes the tip of the Red Spot on Jupiter to spin anywhere we want to it spin. To any star in the galaxy we can hear. And so the big storm becomes like a magical door to those stars. Our ship is the key."

Her father dismissed her. Off she went to play and off he went to the bridge to captain their Stormjumper. It would be another universal day before they reached Jupiter.

Chloe looked out of one of the faux windows of the craft which actually was a holographic mirror, one of many that ran down the corridor of the USS Jefferson. She could see in the far distance the Planet Jupiter, which was a tiny dot which the tip of her pinky finger could hide.

She was excited to see the Blue Pearl of Kappa Delphini, 99 light years from earth. Her grandfather was the Territorial Governor of the Blue Pearl. She vaguely remembered her grandfather's face. She was three last time he was at their home in New Columbia, the capital city the moon.

Chloe and her father and mother were camped out in the bridge, in sleeping bags. She was too excited to sleep. Her eyes were fixed on the large dimmed holographic screen at the front of the bridge. On the screen was Jupiter, and its giant Red Spot, swirling like a monstrous storm. In the morning they would ride their ship into the eye of that giant red storm and magically be at her grandfather's planet in Kappa Delphini.

"Take us in!"

"Yes captain."

The ship skimmed the atmosphere of Jupiter at an angle and headed for the red storm. The shields went up to keep the ship from being crushed.

Her heart was beating in her chest. But she felt comforted by the strong embrace of her father's arms, wrapped around her, as she lay on his chest, in the sleeping bag, with her mother resting her head near her.

"Here we go," her mother whispered quietly to her.

"Lock on Kappa Delphini!"

"Yes sir! Locking on Kappa Delphini."

The Sonic Resonance Field generators manifested a resonance field around the ship that vibrated at the exact harmonics resonance frequency of the star Kappa Delphini.

"Locked on Kappa Delphini sir."

"Excellent. Allocate 25% energy to the Resonators."

"Yes sir!"

The ship began to shake. Chloe could see a spinning wall of dark red clouds on the holographic screen. They were in the eye of the storm.

"30%" he father ordered.

"Yes sir!"

The ship shook stronger, like an earthquake. She held onto her father's arms tighter.

"You're okay honey," he said, "nothing bad will happen. You're safe. Close your eyes. In a few minutes you'll go to sleep and wake up at grandfather's."

She closed her eyes, her right hand found her mother's hand and squeezed it.

"40%" her father said.

"Yes sir."

The ship shook violently, and she could feel her body shaking also, from the inside. Like earthquakes were happening inside of her body. Her brain felt like it was shaking too.

She was frightened, opened her eyes to look at her mother.

"You're fine," her mother said softly with a smile, "the shaking will stop soon. It's just the humming of the resonance fields."

"50%" her father said.

"Yes sir!"

She could no longer feel the ship shaking. But her body felt like it was waving and vibrating very fast. Everything felt numb. There was an strange silence in her ears. She felt sleepy, drifting in and out of consciousness. Everything was slow. She tried to keep her eyes open, and saw purple fog and sparks of violet lights in the bridge. Her body went limp. Her eyes closed.

Chloe woke up in her pajamas, in her bed. She sat up and looked around. It took her a while to become fully oriented. And she became excited.

"Are we there AIDA?" she asked the Artificially Intelligent Digital Assistant program of the ship.

"Yes Chloe. We're at Kappa Delphini. Have a look outside," said AIDA.

Presently a holographic window appeared on the wall of her chamber. She hopped off her bed and looked out of it. A massive sun dominated the visual field.

"Wow..." she remembered the ship going down Jupiter's red storm, and now it was orbiting Kappa Delphini, like magic!

"In two days we'll be at your grandfather's." AIDA said.

^^^

Chloe was sitting in her father's lap, who was seated in his captain's chair in the bridge. They were staring at the Blue Pearl which took up 80% of the holographic screen's visual field.

It was a beautiful planet. Blue oceans, swirls of white clouds, a moon like the one she was born on was in the distance.

Her mother held the inoculator in her hand.

"You'll need the medicine to keep you from getting sick on grandfather's planet," her father said, as her mother pressed the inoculator to her upper right arm. Her mother pulled the trigger, and she felt tiny streams of liquid hit her flesh. It stung a bit, but didn't hurt.

They took a shuttle down to a large continent on the Blue Pearl, to the city of Boreiopolis, the capital city of the whole planet.

Boreiopolis wasn't a metropolis. The Blue Pearl was a colonial territory. The city was composed of farms, factories, residential structures, and many old style homes, like the kind people in the cylinders around the moon lived in.

The shuttle landed near a large villa, decorated with Corinthian pillars. The entrance was arched with beautiful rough stone. Upon the key stone was etched a Crux Borealis.

Robots were out in the yard already, taking the luggage, bags, and boxes from the shuttle. In a cart, the Honorable Territorial Governor and his wife, Chloe's grandmother, rode towards them with big smiles, waving.

The Governor stepped out of the cart, and went right for Chloe, picking her up into his arms, kissing her cheeks. She clasped her hands to traditionally greet him, as her mother had taught her. He was an old man, not too old, silver hair, part Russian, part Asian, a rather large physique.

"God bless you," her grandfather said, kissing her clasped hands.

"Hi grandma," Chloe said. Her grandmother gave her a kiss.

"Look at you! Twice as big as when I last saw you in person. And smarter no doubt?" her grandfather said.

"I can read now."

"That's my girl!" he gave her another kiss, and turned to Chloe's father and mother, "she's had her shots? And both of you as well?"

"Yes father," Chloe's mother said to her father-in-law, "I gave her all of them personally. We had ours also."

The Governor nodded, walking to the cart. Chloe's grandmother gave her father and mother hugs and they stepped into the cart, which made its way to the villa.

"She'll be happy here," the Governor said to Chloe's father, "It just isn't right to have children cooped up in a dome on the moon, living in some big, ugly, impersonal metropolis."

Chloe looked at her father, "Am I staying here?"

Her father nodded, "Yes honey. For a while. There's going to be a big war back home. You'll be safe here with your mother. We need to get rid of all the bad people, so they don't spread their evil across the galaxy."

The dining table was a large beautiful dark cherry wood, polished, with lion paws as legs. They had a family dinner together. The robot maids served and cooked.

"How are the efforts here with the indigenous homo sapiens, father?" the captain asked the Governor.

The governor took a drink of his red wine, "Hmm... they're as good as wiped out. We merely had to use the measles and ebola to eradicate the large pockets of them. The virus will make the remainder infertile. And what's going on back home?"

“The Federal Leader and our Stellar Congress have agreed to commence interstellar war number two. Our Party is prepared to subjugate the Earth and Mars, they’ll be sterilized with the virus. Absolute Hegemony of the United States is the order of the Federal Leader and Party Leader. The galaxy belongs to our civilization and people.”

The Governor nodded in contemplation, “The United Nations of Earth is pathetic. Poverty stricken dump. It’s Mars and their anti-matter weapons I worry about. And that worthless Interstellar League of Nations.”

The captain nodded, “Off the record father, biological weapons will be deployed, even before the war starts. Even if Mars uses their few anti-matter weapons, their entire population will be dead in a decade. This final war will be a dirty one. The Earth and Mars are obedient to ILN interstellar treaties. They won’t play dirty until it’s too late.”

The Governor smiled, picking up Chloe into his lap, “One day, this whole planet will be yours,” he kissed her, “Maid, some ice cream for my granddaughter.”







# The Black Watch

James Crow was lost. As lost as one can be with GPS. Sometimes he liked being lost when hiking. He checked his phone's reception and location on the map app just in case. He was fine. He put his phone back into the side pocket of his backpack and continued hiking towards an unfamiliar large mound of red rocks, to get himself even more lost. A hike is more fun and surprising when you're lost, because you never know what's around the corner.

He was hiking in the wilderness of St. George, a small town in Utah, by both the Nevada and Arizona border. It was about 30 minutes from Mesquite Nevada, where his hotel was. The Target store there at St. George made some killer tuna cheese melts. The wilderness surrounding St. George was a beautiful red desert, where sometimes the red and orange rocks and hills take on amazing shapes, shapes sculpted by the wind and flying desert sand.

James himself was a young athletic man, 33 years old, he was tall, 5 feet 11, short dark brown hair, sharp angular face, wide jaws, penetrating light brown eyes, and a butt-chin. He was a beautiful man, that is according to most girls. He was just wearing his hiking boots and a backpack. It felt wonderful and liberating to hike naked.

He had taken off his T-shirt and jeans long ago, rolled them into a tight bundle, and placed them in his backpack, in order to give his muscular body an even tan. His big wide shoulders and chiseled body seemed to meld in with the hard rocky scenery. His calves, thighs, and butt flexed with every step. A few drops of sweat made their way gradually down his chest to his abdomen, dominated by an 8 pack and a love-trail of dark brown short curly fuzzy hair which trailed downwards.

He stopped to take a drink from his water bottle, resting his right foot on a small boulder about a foot in diameter, small desert shrubbery grew around his temporary foot rest, a small lizard sun bathed nervously three feet away from him, and in the distance, a malformed stubby pine tree, which looked out of place. James was enjoying the spectacular view before him, as he drank, wetting his mouth with water.

A flash of light quickly came and went in his peripheral field of vision, to the right of him. He turned his head in that direction, curious. The flash of light came from a valley between two red rocky mountains. Then, another flash. It was a thin bolt of lightning, yet there were no clouds. The lighting came and went, with no sound, no thunder. James saw dancing in the valley, the bizarre sight of what looked like faint streaks of elongated blue light, undulating and twisting, like the filaments of a plasma globe. He looked up into the sky to make sure that the lights weren't made by clouds. The sky was clear blue.

He walked towards the valley to investigate. The little lizard scuttled away into the desert to avoid being stepped on. It was several miles away. It would take him a while to reach the valley, he hoped the streaks of feathery blue lights would still be there when he got to the valley. As he walked, the streaks were still dancing and waving in the air, several hundred feet above the ground, perpendicular to the ground, as if they were rays emanating from the earth or something.

As he made his way to the valley, James saw a large shadow on the rocky ground in the left side of his peripheral field of vision, he turned his head to the left, and instinctively looked up. They were clouds. From out of nowhere, several patches of clouds covered the sky, and more clouds were forming.

It had taken him over an hour to reach the valley. By the time he got there the strange blue streaks of waving feathery lights were gone, or at least they weren't visible up close, but the atmosphere of the area was charged, with a discernible feel of electricity.

He looked up into the sky. Bizarrely, it was grey. There was thunder and lightning. James wondered to himself how a clear sky could be covered in rain clouds in only a couple of hours. He felt drops of rain hit his bare skin. So he took off his backpack, placed it on the ground, unzipped it, and took out his clothes, and put them on.

When James had dressed himself, he noticed something long and black in the right side of his peripheral field, he turned his head toward it. It was a road, leading into the valley, black tarmac and yellow dotted lines divided the road into two lanes. James turned around, and saw that the road stretched far behind him. *How could I have not noticed the road?*

James step onto the side of the road and walked on it, further into the valley. The rain started to come down harder. The sky was dark. In the distance, up the road, he saw what looked like an old gas station. He ran toward it. The large drops of rain were beating against the black tarmac and surrounding rocky ground, the sound of pouring rain and thunder and the smell of thirsty dry dirt wet from rain filled the valley. He was soaking wet.

The gas station was peculiar. It looked like one out of the 1950s. There were only two old pumps. There was an opened garage with an old car missing its four wheels, a classic 1930's Buick. Next to the garage was what looked like a small convenient store, and next to that was some other shop. James ran into the opened garage for cover from the rain.

It was a small garage, dark with no lights. There was only room for two cars. A large wooden beam stood at the center of the garage. Along its walls, near him, he could see a disarray of tools and hubcaps. He could hear the rain drops beating down on the wooden roof of the garage.

There was a door on the left wall of the garage, which was opened, it led into the convenient shop no doubt. James stuck his head in the door to look inside.

"Hello?" he said out loud.

He walked inside and looked around. There were a few shelves of items, snacks, a couple old refrigeration units filled with sodas and drinks, a front desk with a register. No Coke. He looked around closer at the drinks and snacks. They were of unfamiliar brand names. He needed a snack anyway, he walked around, and found a shelf of pastries, picked up a pack of what looked like two Danishes and read the label.

"Can I help you?"

James gasped and jump up, dropping his pastry to the floor. He turned around, letting out a deep breath.

He froze, for a few seconds at the sight.

It was a man. A short man, about 5 feet 6 inches tall. He wore some kind of fuzzy orange button overcoats that stretched down to his feet, he was buttoned up to the neck. The man was pale and hairless, bald, no eyebrows, nor eyelashes, smooth skin, and dark irises.

"I must have startled you. Please forgive me," the man said in a calm voice, and in a peculiar accent.

"No problem." James bent down to pick up the Danishes he had dropped, "I'm lost. It's pouring outside. I came in here to take cover from the rain. I hope you don't mind. I'll take these Danishes. Who do I pay?"

"You can have the snack. I own this place. It's been in my family for centuries. You're welcomed to stay until the rain stops. We don't usually get rain around here, or guests," the man said smiling.

"Thank you," James said, holding up the Danishes, he opened the pack, took one out and began to eat it, "What's in the other shop?" James looked towards the door on the left wall of the convenient store, which led into the other shop he had seen.

"Oh," the man turned his head towards that door, "my private collection of clocks and watches. My family collects time pieces. We love time... it's fascinating," the man began to walk towards the door. "Come and see," he turned to James with an inviting smile.

James followed the odd looking man into the other shop. It was filled with clocks of different kinds. There were dozens and dozens of cuckoo clocks hanging on the walls, several large grandfather clocks, and glass displays full of small clocks and watches. The shop was filled with the sounds of ticking and tocking, gears moving, springs winding and unwinding. There were hundreds of clocks, all immaculately telling the same exact time, down to the second hand.

"My family owns an antique shop," James said to the man, "we import furniture and items from the Orient. It's a pretty good business. Where do you import your clocks from?"

"Oh... from the *nether lands*," the man said, with a peculiar smile.

"Oh really? The Netherlands! I've been there once. Amsterdam. Beautiful people, very liberal," he ate more of his Danish pastry.

"How do you guys stay in business, being out here in the middle of nowhere? This place is dead."

The man quietly laughed, "Yes, dead. I supposed that's an adequate descriptor for our conversational needs."

"May I look around?" James asked.

"Please, do. I'm very proud of my family's collection. Some of the clocks and watches are for sale, if you're interested. I'll get you a towel."

"Thank you very much sir. I appreciate it," he said, eating his Danish.

The man left, towards the back of the clock shop, up a staircase. James looked at the watches and little clocks in the displays.

He found a collection of old style pocket watches. He gasped. He had always wanted a pocket watch ever since he was a little boy, but never thought about searching online to buy one.

There was one group of pocket watches in the displays that caught his eye. They were set in nice black boxes. They were black and polished and shined like a magic black mirror. They were strangely beautiful.

"Ah... you like pocket watches?" the man said from behind James. James turned around, he didn't see or hear the man come down the staircase. The man held a clean white towel, and offered it to James.

"Thank you," James placed the pack of Danishes on the glass of the display and took his backpack off, and wiped himself down as best as he could. "Yes, I do like pocket watches. I've always wanted one since I was little."

The man had already walked behind the display housing the shiny black pocket watches, and took one out, placing it on the glass, near James's pastry.

James finished drying his hair and himself down.

"I'll take the towel," the man said.

"Thank you again sir," he handed the man the damp towel, "may I see the pocket watch?"

"Of course you may. It's called the Black Parallel Pocket Watch. It's my people's speciality," the man said with a grin and a prideful voice.

James took the watch out of the box it was in and held it. It was heavy, made of good quality metal casing. He opened the front cover. The face of the pocket watch was extraordinarily beautiful. Twelve gilded roman numerals circled the face of the watch, and three ornate golden hands. The second hand ticked and circled the roman numerals faithfully.

James couldn't take his eyes off of it, "It's beautiful. How much would this cost. I'd love to own one."

"Oh, these aren't for sale my friend," the man said looking at James, whose face showed disappointment, "they are priceless. We give them away as gifts, and only once in a great while. If you like that one, you may have it. We don't get guests here often my friend. At least not those from where you come."

"I would love to have this one sir," James said, pulling out his wallet from his back pocket, "please let me give you some money for it. I have money. You've been so hospitable and kind."

"No, no, no. It's a gift. It's my pleasure to give it to you. It would be offensive if you offered me money for it. It's yours. Keep it."

James looked admiringly at the shiny black pocket watch, a boyish smile was on his face, "Thank you!" he extended his hand, the man shook it, "I'm James Crow. This is wonderful. I'm so glad I got lost!"

"I go by Buddy, Buddy Satva. It's nice to meet you."

"So why is it called the Black Parallel Pocket Watch? I mean, I see it's obviously black, but parallel?"

Buddy gave an enigmatic chuckle, as if humored by James's curiosity, and excited to explain.

"It is called the Black Parallel because it is a Key to parallel universes, alternative realities!" the man said in a loud whisper, his eyes wide open, excited, his hands rubbing against each other, leaning into James.

James snickered, thinking Buddy was making a joke, but the man seemed serious, "Parallel universes, huh?"

"Yes," Buddy nodded, with a grin.

"So, um... how does it work? Does it open a magical portal?" James tried not to laugh, tried not to offend Buddy, because he wanted the pocket watch.

"No, no. You see, your brain is like a radio receiver yes?" explained the man.

"Okay?"

"And so, in your brain, there exists a junction where brain matter and mind or consciousness intersect yes?"

"Okay..." now James was intrigued.

"That junction, that intersection of brain matter and consciousness is a psychic junction. The Black Parallel affects that psychic junction, and allows you to be consciously aware of parallel realities. It in effect, links your mind with the brain matter of an alternative You in parallel realities!"

James looked at Buddy for a moment in silence, pondering. What the man said oddly made sense to James.

"So, how would I work it?" James asked.

"Easy. Place the watch up to your left temple on your head and click the top button, and it will link you with a parallel reality. Place the watch on your right temple, and click the button, and it will unlink your mind and return you to the most previous reality you came from."

"I've read on the internet that whenever we make a choice or decision, that the universe breaks up into a new universe, or something like that," James said.

"Yes! To make the Black Parallel work, you must first concentrate on a point in time in your life, where you were just about about to make an actionable decision. Focus your consciousness on one of the possible decisions at that specific point in time, visualize yourself making any of the possible alternative choices, and click the Black Parallel to your left frontal lobe. And you will be consciously transported there into that body and brain, immediately. The watch will travel with you. Click on the watch's top button against your right frontal lobe to return to your most previous reality you immediately came from."

"What would happen if I right clicked several times Buddy?"

"You would cause yourself to jump to the previous reality before that, with each point of decision making being your junction. I don't recommend you do this, for you may get lost, in the labyrinth of parallel universes."

James looked at his black pocket watch, and chuckled, "I'm finding this all a little too hard to believe at the moment. Why would you give me such a magical device as this?"

"You're people are so myopic when it comes to the nature of reality. So focused on one single temporal pathway of causation, that you fail to see the greater fractal matrix *Beyond*. In this way, you are indeed lost James. The rain has stopped," the man gestured with his head outside the window of the clock shop.

James nodded in silent contemplation, to what Buddy had said, looking at his pocket watch. He still found it hard to believe, but admitted that this Buddy guy was intelligent, somewhat philosophical in mind, and despite his odd appearance, was a kind man. James smiled, and gripped his pocket watch, nonetheless, "Thank you Buddy. I'll give it a try one day. You were a very kind host to me."

"You're welcome James. Have a safe journey."

James shook the man's hand again, turned around, the sky was still grey, but it was no longer raining, and he walked out, quickly, before the man changed his mind, he wanted to keep the pocket watch.

Outside, he attached one side of the long golden chain in the watch box to the pocket watch, and the other to one of his belt loops in his jeans, put the watch in his pocket, and walked along the road. His clothes were damp still, but the heat of the desert had returned, beginning to dry them. Steam rose up from the black road and desert ground, like mist. The sun broke out of the clouds.

James ate his last Danish as he walked the road. His mind was once again on the road and why he had not seen it walking into the valley. Paved streets just don't come out of nowhere.

He walked for a couple hours, along that road. He heard the strange sound of boots crunching dry dirt and desert rock. James looked around instinctively, to find the source of the walking boots. Suddenly he realized they were his boots, walking on desert ground. He looked around and the road had vanished.

His mind was clear, he stood there in the sunlight, mostly blue sky, and he realized that for the past few hours he was in some kind of dazed state of mind. He looked back toward the valley. There were strange feathery blue streaks still waving and dancing in the air above that valley which he had come from. No paved road. He still had the gold chain, he checked his pocket, and pulled out the black watch, he still had it too, he suspected the gas station and clock shop experience was some kind of hallucination at first, perhaps from the heat of the desert, but he still had the watch. It was a real watch.

"Parallel universes..." he said to himself, looking at the valley, seeing the road gone, he looked at his new black watch, shook his head and laughed, in disbelief, unsure inside of how to interpret what he had just experience during those past few hours.

No matter. James unclipped the chain from his pants, wrapped the chain around his neck, clipped the lose end of the chain to the top of the watch, to wear it as a necklace, took his clothes off, rolled then up neatly, place them in his back pack, and walked the rest of the way back to his car naked again. His bare skin glistened in the Utah sun.

As he walked back to his parked car, he couldn't get his mind off of the crazy possibility that the black watch really was some key into alternative realities. It's unscientific. Yet, being a college graduate, he knows that both consciousness and experience were mysteries to science still.

He held the black watch up in his hand and looked at it. The thought of his ex-girlfriend Amber, and his relationship with her that had gone wrong two months before his hike, came to mind. He shook his head, snickered, and laughed at himself.

They had been together, he and Amber, for 3 years. His buddies went out for a few drinks at a house party. Amber wasn't present at the party. He and his buddies got drunk, and he slept with some girl there. Amber found out from word of mouth, what he had done, and left him with a broken heart. He missed her, and felt like a jackass. The situation was still fresh on his mind. He had actually gone hiking to get his mind off of it.

He'd do things differently... tell his buddies he can't go partying with them. He thought intensely about it, about doing things different. Visualizing himself standing in front of his friends, as he did that day, and telling them he had other plans.

He looked around, perhaps to make sure nobody was looking at him, watching him believe what that man Buddy had told him about the magical watch. It was a silly idea... but he was alone, and nobody was around. Nobody would know.

He lowered his head, placed the black watch up to his left temple, and clicked the button. His head jolted, "ah!" it felt like something had slapped his temple, a flash of light hit him, like someone had punched him, he became confused and disoriented, and staggered back and forth. His vision was blurry when the flash of light was gone.

^^^

"So, you going tonight with us or what?" David said, staring at James.

James looked around, confused, with a 'what the fuck' look on his face. He was coming to his senses. His blurry vision cleared.

He was at David's apartment, with his two other friends Richard and Greg, standing outside David's apartment door.

"What the fuck..." James said.

"What's wrong James. You alright man?" David said. "Look, if you don't want to go to the party, that's fine."

Just a few seconds ago he was naked in the middle of a desert in Utah. Now he was back in Orange County California, clothed, and over at David's place.

"I need to sit down. What the fuck. This is crazy!" James walked himself inside to David's living room, while his three friends looked at him and each other. He said quietly to himself as he walked to the sofa, "God this is so cool. I'm here." He spoke louder, yelled, "Look at me, I'm here David! I'm in your place... wow!"

James lowered his head and clicked the black watch on his right temple. His head jolted again, from the feeling of a slap to the temple, the flash of light came, he was disoriented, and tried to maintain his balance.

When he came to his senses, and his vision cleared, it was hot and sunny again. He was naked. In Utah. James looked around, with his eyes wide opened. The power of the black watch dawned on him. A chill shot up his spine. He looked back at the valley, then jumped and cheered, and ran for a moment towards his car in total excitement.

He placed the black watch on his left temple again, and clicked it.

"When did you start doing drugs James?" Richard said.

He was walking towards David's sofa, back in California again.

James laughed hysterically to himself, as he took a seat on the sofa. His three friends looked at him with their mouths opened and each other.

"This is real!" James said, to himself out loud, "It's like a living deja vu! I can't believe this." He saw his three friends watching him as if he were high or something. James was quiet for a moment, he nodded, "I'm fine. Really. I'm not on drugs. I'm just having a weird moment. Listen guys... right... I can't go to that party. I promised Amber I'd take her out. Hey... did I park my car outside? Is it still by the sidewalk out front?"

"Yeah..." his friend Greg said, looking at James with a weird look, "nobody's moved it dude."

"Okay... I'm out guys. I gotta go. I'll talk to you guys later," James got up and walked to the door, and said to himself in a whisper, "what am I doing in the desert when I'm here? That's fucking crazy!"

His friends just watched him.

"Alright..." David said, "hope you get better man."

He walked out to the sidewalk, to his car, looked at his black watch around his neck to make sure it was there, and that it was still real, then took out his car keys.

James looked around the scenery, and world he was in. It was real, very real. He unlocked his door, got in, started the engine of his blue Honda, and drove off towards Amber's work place, which was a city down from where he was at, in La Habra.

He made his way to Beach and Whittier, where the Albertsons was at where Amber worked. As he was driving he had pasted a Jack In The Box, something weird about it caught his eyes. The mascot guy, Jack, for Jack In The Box on the sign had two black eye-brows. James remembered that in his original reality, that mascot guy didn't have eyebrows.

He turned his car around, to go inside the Jack In The Box, to buy something. He suddenly had an idea.

"I wonder if can take things back with me..." he said to himself.

He parked his car and stepped inside the Jack In The Box and looked at the menu. Most of the menu was the same, as he remembered. He ordered a number 1 to go.

"When did Jack get eyebrows?" James asked the cashier, who was a skinny kid with braces and glasses.

The cashier kid gave him a funny look, "What do you mean?"

"I always thought he had no eyebrows. Never mind." James said.

He waited for his number 1, grabbed it, went back in his car, and drove to Albertsons. He decided to drive past the Albertsons to the corner flower shop, to pick up Amber a dozen long stem roses first.

He parked his car, and with his dozen roses walked into the Albertsons to find Amber. She stood in aisle four surprised, with her mouth opened.

"I thought I'd drop by and give you these," he grabbed her and gave her a kiss.

"What for?" Amber said.

He shook his head and shrugged his shoulders, "No reason. Something spontaneous. What are you doing after work?"

She smelled her roses and had a smile on her face, "Nothing."

"We'll hang out. Call me. I gotta go somewhere for a while," he kissed her again.

"Okay..."

James walked back to his car and looked at his phone for the time. It had been about 35 minutes since he had been in that parallel universe. What if 35 minutes had also passed in Utah, where his other self was standing around in the desert? If that was the case, then he wouldn't be able to stay in these parallel realities for long.

James decided to conduct two experiments. To see if he can bring back something, and to see how much time had passed over in his "native reality." He held onto his bag of food he had bought from Jack In The Box, and in his car, he clicked the black watch to his right temple.

When he came to his senses, and his vision cleared he was back in the Utah desert, naked. He didn't have the Jack In The Box bag. He looked around to make sure. Nope. He can't bring stuff back. He checked the time on his phone which was in the side pocket of his back pack. He wasn't sure, but it seemed that not even a minute had passed by in his native reality, even though 35 minutes had passed in that other reality.

He decided to do a time experiment again, to make sure. He sat himself down, and held onto a bottle of water, in case that self needed water to drink while he was in the other reality. He looked at the time on his phone. He used an app that showed the time with the seconds. It was 4:15 and 21 seconds. At exactly 4:16 and zero seconds he would left click himself back into his car, in the Albertsons parking lot.

When he came to, and his vision cleared, he was back in the parking lot, in his car. He checked the time, 1:41 in the afternoon. Amber got off work at 7 in the evening. He had time to kill, time to conduct his experiment. He'd drive around for a few hours, and click himself back to Utah.

"Okay..." he said to himself, thinking out loud, "I need a way to refer to these universes. 'Alpha Universe' for the original reality I came from. 'Beta Universe' for the ones I click myself to with the black watch. I always have to click back to alpha universe before going to some beta one..."

He drove around for a few hours, checking things out, things that were different from his alpha universe. A few business logos were different, other than that, nothing major. When 4 hours had passed by, he parked his car at a WalMart on the corner of Imperial and Harbor, and clicked the black watch to his right temple.

He was back in the Utah desert, still seated on the ground. He looked at his phone, which was still in his hand and checked the time. 4:16:00. Not a second had passed in his alpha universe, even though he experienced the passing of 4 hours in the beta universe. He was worried that if he were away in a beta universe for a long time, the James in the desert in the alpha universe might die of thirst or hunger.

James walked around, pacing in the desert. He was in deep thought. No a single second in his alpha universe passed by when he was gone inside a beta universe. He could click himself to a beta universe when he was a little boy again and live out a whole entire other alternative life, and make a lifetime of different decisions, experience a whole lifetime, and return to his alpha universe with all that experience accumulated and not even a second would have transpired in his original reality. It was an intriguing thought.

He hiked himself a distance towards a small patch of sand dunes, took off his back pack, tossed it on the sand, and laid himself down, using his backpack as a pillow. He clicked the black watch on his left temple, and went to take Amber out on a date.

"Do you notice anything different about me?" he asked Amber.

They were laying in bed together, both naked, under the covers. It was midnight.



Amber yawned, and looked at James, then shook her head, knitting her eyebrows together, "No... what's different?"

Around his neck was the black watch. It seemed to James that nobody even notices it. He held it in his hand, and opened the cover to look at the time, to see if Amber would mention it, but she didn't. "Never mind baby."

"You're more... you're different. You've been acting different. I like how you are right now. Don't change," she kissed him, and then stretched, "good night. I love you." She scooted herself closer to him.

He wrapped his arms around her, pulling her onto his chest, "I love you. Good night." He kissed her head and smelled her hair, and laid there in the dark.

He had a lot on his mind. He fixed his little issue, didn't go partying with his friends, didn't get drunk, didn't sleep with another girl.

His mind was on the intriguing idea of reliving his whole life. Like restarting a game, pressing the reset button, living out a whole human lifetime, from childhood to old age, and jumping back to childhood again to do it all over, but differently.

He remembered a time when he was back in grade school, the fourth grade. It was almost recess time. The teacher had told that if everyone put their heads down on their desks and stayed quiet for 5 minutes, they would be able to go out to recess early. Everyone put their heads down on their desks but him.

He remembered the girl sitting next to him, Kristen, had said: "James, please put your head down. I'll go out with you." But he didn't do it. She was a cute blond girl, with green eyes. Kristen... one of his earliest regrets.

He looked at Amber one last time, took a deep breath, and right clicked himself back to his alpha universe.

Still laying naked in the desert, on the sand dune, he focused his mind on Kristen, on the moment of choice when she pleaded with him to put his head down. He'd use that moment as the entrance time, and spend a whole human lifetime in that beta universe, until old age, until he was 70, then right click back to alpha reality.

He clicked the black watch to his left temple.

"James," Kristen said, "please put your head down. I'll go out with you."

James looked at her with a smile, "Promise?"

"Yes, just put your head down!"

"Okay," he put his head on his desk, and looked at her.

He had a sly smile on his face. His alpha consciousness was inside the body of a little fourth grader boy. Grade school was going to be very easy... and all the girls.

^^^

James Crow walked along the beach with a cane in his right hand. He was 70 years old. His skin, blemished and wrinkled, his body was weak, he was bald, with a few white hair on his head. He looked at his hands, they were wrinkled. He people watched everyone.

He had lost count of how many lifetimes he had lived in beta universes. After a while, you just lose count, like you lose count of your age after a while. James knew it was well over a hundred lifetimes. A thousand years at least. There was no smile on his face. There was a look instead of ennui.

He had done everything imaginable. Had the most beautiful women, from every country. He invented everything he could remember being invented in his alpha universe. He had been a billionaire in several lifetimes. In other lifetimes, he was a Christian monk, in another, a Buddhist monk. In another he lived his life as a criminal, as a murderer, a rapist. Each lifetime was a lifelong insight role. He had done everything, and now he was bored and jaded. Everything he'd ever wanted, he has had. Every desire, satiated.

James was miserable. Being immortal sucked. He clicked the black watch on his right temple, for the nth time. It was routine, a tedious routine.

He rolled off his backpack and buried his face in the sand dune. The warm sun shone on his bare back. He laughed to himself. He had lived hundreds of lifetimes, thousands of years maybe, and it was only 6 o'clock in Utah. The sun was barely entering the western horizon, preparing to set.

All the knowledge and experience from those hundreds of lifetimes in those parallel universes he retained in his alpha self.

"Ahhh!" he screamed, as he got up. He threw his back pack across the sand dune. It tumbled and slid down.

He clenched his fists and pounded the sand, screaming. He grabbed the sand with his fingers, as if trying to strangle the sand dune.

"I can't take anymore!" he said to himself out loud, "there has to be more to reality than this. I feel like a rat running inside a wheel, going nowhere. Trapped inside a cage. A cage whose walls are made of time, space, causation, and fate!"

James had lived so many lifetimes, he was no longer 'normal' mentally, like everybody else. He paced around anxious.

"There's more to all of this... I know I'm not my ideas, not my thoughts, not my beliefs, not my actions, not my emotions, not my experiences, not even my memories. I'm something beyond that, something that transcends those things!"

He looked out into the desert, at the world, and shook his head.

"There's more to it than this. There's no such thing as multiverses. It defied reason! It defied the law of parsimony! To believe that a multiverse exists, one has to believe that a container houses the multiverse. And what houses that container? No... reality isn't a matryoshka doll. It's as irrational as saying the earth sits on the back of a turtle, which stands on the back of an elephant, which stands on the back of another turtle, ad infinitum!"

He paced back and forth, staring at the sand.

"I'm trapped! Trapped in a prison of causality and time! Trapped like a school of fish trapped inside a net, made of the fibers of our own actions and their karmic consequences and the actions of those around us, and their consequences. Trapped in a prison built by desire, want, need... the cessation of desire..."

James knelt down, having come to realize something inside. He was silent for a long while.

"I'm free. Free of the karmic chains of desire... all that remains to be discovered is the last mortal mystery! The mystery of death! To be liberated from the causal chains of cause and effect! Nirvana!"

He laughed to himself, loudly, his arms stretched upwards to the sky, as he stood there naked, facing the now setting orange sun.

He walked to his backpack, in the near distance, unzipped it, and took out a pocket knife, then walked back to up the sand dune where he was at before.

"All that remains is the mystery of death. I need to die finally. It's been so long... since I've had peace."

James sliced his wrists, repeatedly. It stung.

The blood from his veins began to flow down his hands, dropping onto the sand. The sand soaked it up, becoming red.

He laid himself down on the sand and closed his eyes, "All that remains is the mystery of death. And I'll be free. Liberated. From this samsaric delusion. The watch really was the key. I was lost... all this time."

The blood trickled, wetting the sand. Around his wrists.

He grew weaker. The orange glow of his eyelids grew dark. The sounds of the desert muted with silence. A numinous luminosity enveloped his consciousness. He gave his last breath. And his body laid motionless on the sand dune, in the wilderness of St. George Utah. The second hand of the pocket watch stopped ticking.

"It's over there sir," one of the two hikers said.

The two guys had stepped out of off road truck, which was followed by a sheriff's car.

They had gone hiking in the red desert just outside St. George and had ridden their mountain bikes up and down the sand dune, and discovered the macabre skeletal remains of someone.

"It was buried in the sand," the other hiker told the sheriff, who was following them, "we didn't know it was there. Our bikes rode right over it. Some of the bones scattered. That's how we discovered it. We found a back pack near the dune. It's over there. We didn't touch it either."

Sheriff Thompson wore a white cowboy hat and boots. He didn't say anything. He was annoyed for being dragged out of the office. The sheriff climbed the sand dune, following the two hikers who were leading him to the skeletal remains. Their mountain bikes were still on the dune.

"There it is sheriff..." one of the guys pointed out the skeleton, which was partially still buried in the sand. The skeleton still had some dry sinew left on it. The skull had dislodged a few feet away from the neck bone, from being hit by the bikes.

"Yup..." the sheriff said nodding. He spat out his spittle, brown colored, a wad of chewing tobacco in his lower lip, his hands on his hips, looking around the quiet desert, "about a year ago some hiker was reported missing by his family. We found his car about 20 miles from here. Had a search party out here. Couldn't find him." He removed his hat with his right hand, and pulled out a handkerchief from his back pocket with his left, and wiped his forehead and bald spot. He had grey hair, eye glasses, "where did you boys say the backpack was?"

The two hikers led the sheriff down the dune to the backpack, several dozen yards away on firm ground. It was by a small boulder.

"Right there," one of the hikers said.

The sheriff let out a muffled moan as he knelt down, his large beer belly pushing up against one of his knees, he grabbed the bag and unzipped it, pulling out its content, one by one, as the two hikers stood by looking, and videoing with their phones.

There was a tightly rolled up T-shirt and rolled up jeans, "military I reckon. We used to roll up our clothes just like this in the army," the sheriff said, half to himself.

The sheriff unrolled the jeans, felt the back pockets for a wallet. He pulled the wallet out, opened it, looked at the license. "James Crow... Fullerton California," the sheriff read out loud, for the boys. He took out his phone from his back pocket and searched for something, notes perhaps, then nodded, spat his spittle, "yup. That's him. You two found him." The sheriff got up, letting out an audible groan. He shook his head, "Poor fella. You two best be careful out here, or you'll end up like him."

"Yes sir," one of the hikers said.

"Do we have to go in for questioning or anything?" the other hiker asked.

"Nah. Thank you for finding him. His family will be glad to have some closure. You two are free to go after I take your names and basic information for the report. Enjoy your stay out here. It's a beautiful desert, but be careful," he spat out brown spittle.

"Yes sir."

The sheriff took out his phone and recorded the basic information regarding the hikers. They climbed up to retrieve their bikes, and loaded them up the back of their truck. The sheriff made a phone call to the station. The truck drove off.

Sheriff Thompson climbed back up the dune, to try to remove the sand from the remains of James Crow. He got on his knees and pushed sand off the lower part of the skeleton. The only thing the skeleton had on were socks and hiking boots. He got up and brought the skull and other dislodged parts back to the rest of the skeleton.

He stood up on the dune, rubbing his hands together to remove the sand from them, and started walking back down to his car, looking around to see if there were anymore skeletal pieces dislodged by the bikes.

His right boot stepped on what looked like a shiny black rock half buried in the sand, located a foot away from the skeleton. The sheriff kicked the rock, and saw that it wasn't a rock. It was something round and polished attached to a chain. He bent down to pick it up.

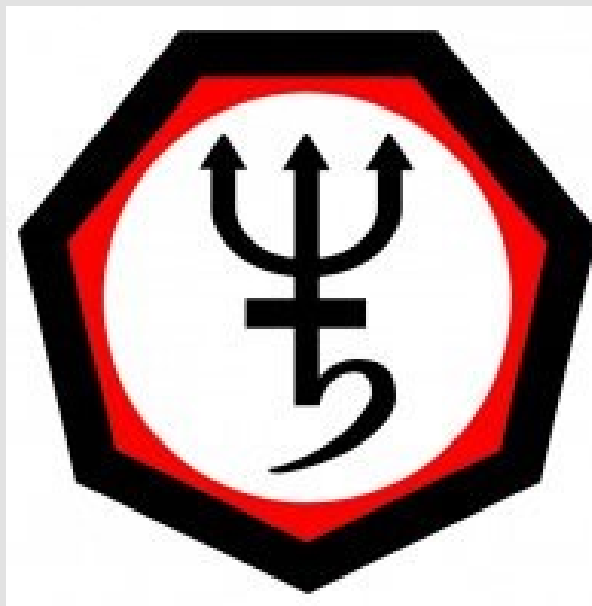
It was a black pocket watch. Polished with a mirror-like finish, no scratches. The sheriff opened the cover. Beautiful face with gilded roman numerals. He noticed the second hand began to tick. He wound up the pocket watch to the correct time with the knob at the top, which encircled a button.

Sheriff Thompson placed the pocket watch to his left ear to confirm that it was ticking and working inside. Some of the watch's face covered his temple. He clicked on the top button impulsively.

"Gah!"

It felt like something had slapped his temple. A flash of light hit his eyes as if someone had punched him in the face. He was disoriented and confused.

It took a minute for the sheriff to come to. When his vision cleared, he looked around. He was no longer in the desert, "What the hell?"









# Dirty Money

So I'm driving around Compton, down South Willowbrook to pick up Blue Jay on the corner of Alondra.

I light my Camels cigarette and I'm driving chill down the avenue, bumping some old school rap, Run DMC to be specific, 'Down With The King' to be exact, drinking a red cup full of Heineken, old school rap was when rap was for real, the shit they make these days is gay.

Driving around these parts of Compton is bad for your health, if you don't belong around here, or if people here don't know you, and if you're on the wrong street, wearing the wrong color.

Me? My Crip Cab is well known by the natives. It's a 57 Chevy, back when cars were real cars, made of real metal, instead of this faggoty fiber glass shit, blue paint, blue interior, yellow 'taxi cab' in Old English, black and yellow taxi sign on top, and a decent sound system in the trunk.

Being a self employed cabby is cool, no boss, set your own hours, make money, and you meet interesting people.

I pull up to the curb. Blue Jay is dressed formal, in a two piece suit. I get out of my cab.

"Sup Vin," he says to me.

He gave me the grip and a fist bump.

"What's crackin big Jay," I said. I nodded my head in approval, "You clean up good Nigga."

He shoots me a smile. I pull out my Camels and offered him one. He lights it and takes a drag.

Jay is a big boy, 23 years old, six feet three inches, built body like a bull, dark skin, short trimmed hair, looks like floating white teeth at night, he looks like the type you don't want to fuck with, and you don't, he's born and raised in the hood, everybody around Compton knows Blue Jay, he's trying to make his way out of the hood. He's got a look to him though, exotic, due to his ancestry I guess, model-like. He got stopped by a talent agent walking around Downtown LA. So we're going down to get his head shots, so he can sign up with this modeling agency.

"I hope they take me man," he said.

"I don't see why not. Ain't like people need a high school education to look like a model man."

"Yeah. You right," he laughs. "Ay, stop by Lamar's pad before we take off man. I gotta pick up some shit."

"Right. I got Heineken in the cab bro, red cups. Come on."

So we get into the cab. He's pouring his Heineken in his red cup, "Lamar's got some skunk man." He flicks his half smoked cigarette out the window.

"Ha. For reals. That's gunna fuck up my new car smell man," I pull from the curb, got back on the road.

"That shit's legal now though. I ain't never think it'd be in my life time," he said.

"You know! California be gettin pretty liberal these days."

We make a few turns to Lamar's place, a block away, and pull up to the curb in front of his house. Lamar's out on the porch drinking a 40 ounce.

"Hot damn nigga! Look at you dawg," Lamar says to Blue Jay. "Where you going--"

Jay gets this embarrassed smile on his face. We walk up to the porch, exchange grips and fist bumps.

"Going to get his face shot in LA," I said for Blue Jay.

"Get my head shots for some modeling agency," Jay says.

"Model? Is that right? I'll be damned."

"Ay, let me get some of that skunk nigga," Blue Jay hands Lamar some cash.

"Alright. Come to my office real quick."

"I'll be out here," I spark up another Camels and sit on the porch as the two of them walk inside the house to Lamar's room.

We take off a few minutes later with a fat bag of skunk weed. Man, the smell is so strong, that shit reeks through the plastic bag and fills the whole cab up in a stink.

So I'm driving my way back out to Imperial Highway so I can grab the 110 to LA. Blue Jay's rolling us a fat joint in the passenger seat. I took a few quick tokes of the joint, but not too much you know, cuz I gotta be driving and shit, and I've already been drinking, and I gotta get our asses up to LA, so this nigga can be a model.

By the end of the day we get his head shots and body shots and had them printed. We drove down to the modeling agency late in the afternoon and turned Blue Jay's shots and negatives in. They give him the contract to sign right there on the spot. I told him they'd take him. Like I said, he gots that look.

He had a big grin on his face all the way home.

I dropped him off at the corner and tell him I'll catch him later during the week, cuz I gotta go to LAX and pass out business cards and fliers all day to promote my cab service. He left my crib cab one happy nigga.

\*\*\*

I spent the whole day passing out business cards and fliers to people, taping my fliers everywhere I can tape them.

I take my lunch break at noon. After lunch, I like to walk around the terminals to hit on foreign chicks.

There's something wrong with our American girls, how they act all stuck up, like they too good to talk to you or something. But them foreign girls: they're not only beautiful, but genuinely friendly. They love Americans.

I look for Russians. Russian girls are probably the hottest females on the planet. Russians and Brazilians. I like those Brazilian fat female asses. But sometimes, not even a big fat ass compares to the beauty of a fine blonde Russian girl with big tits.

So I'm chilling after my lunch break looking for Russian girls to spit game on. I got an excuse to go up and talk to the bitches too, cuz I drive a cab and shit, and most often, they need rides.

I see this fine ass Russian girl waiting around by herself without her luggage. So I go to hit her up and shit.

"What's up girl," I says to her. I gave her my taxi card, "You need a ride girl? I'll give you a ride, you know what I'm sayin?"

She didn't understand the American innuendo appended to my statement. That's the only problem with foreign girls. They speak English good, but they ain't savvy savvy with the vernacular parlance. So I adapt my vocabulary and way of talking to how they talk. Talk like a nigga around niggas, and talk professional around professionals.

She says to me, "Oh, no thank you," in a Russian accent, "I'm waiting for my sister. I'm picking her up."

Cute girl. In her late 20s. Blonde hair, tight blue jeans, holster top, and heels. Hot bitch. Curves, tits. Pretty green eyes.

"Sister. Is that right? So you live here?"

"Yes."

"So, does your sister need a boyfriend. I own my own business. I can take care of her."

She laughs, covers her mouth, and says to me, "No, she has no boyfriend. What kind of business you own?"

"Taxi cab business," I said. "My name's Vincent Kelley by the way. What's yours?" I give her my hand to shake.

She shakes my hand and says, "Varinka Sabaneyeva." She gives me a smile.

"Varinka. Beautiful name. What's your sister's name?"

"Annushka."



“Annushka. Tell you what Varinka. I have to get back to work. I’ll give you my number. You give it to your sister, and tell her I’ll show her around California.”

“Okay.”

So I gave Varinka my number, and went back to work passing out fliers.

An hour later, I get a call on my business phone. I got two cells, one personal and one for the taxi business.

“Vincent’s Taxi Service. Vincent here. You need a ride? I’m at LAX right now.”

“Perfect, so am I. I found one of your fliers. Where are you parked at Vincent?” The guy sounded like he was from the East Coast, New York or Bostonian accent, I can’t tell. Strong deep voice. I can tell he was a businessman from his commanding voice. He’ll probably be in an expensive suit.

We communicated, and eventually found each other. Yeah, businessman, professional, expensive suit, six feet tall, greying blonde hair, White dude.

“Ed?” I asked the guy.

“Vincent?” he reached his hand out, and gave me a strong grip.

“I’ll help you with your bags Ed. I go by Vin.”

“Vin it is. That won’t be necessary Vin. I don’t have any bags. I travel light.”

The guy hands me \$200, two crisp unfolded hundred dollar bills, from out of a long wallet inside his suit jacket.

I take the money, “Shit. With this, we can go anywhere in Southern California you want Ed.”

“Great. Sounds good. I have a lot of places to go. I like working with the same face. Are you going to be available for the next few days Vin?”

“Yep. You got my number. I’ll pick you up wherever, whenever.”

“Excellent. Let’s stop by and get a drink first in Downtown LA somewhere. I’m going to need a couple suits.”

“Gotcha. I’ll take you to a bar in LA. Cool place. We’ll head down to Wilshire after. There’s a few places that have suits.”

“Sounds good Vin. We’ll get along fine,” Ed gives me a smile and pats my shoulder.

We start walking to my cab. He’s chewing gum. He’s got this relaxed and confident look and attitude to him. His head doesn’t move around a lot, sign of a man with high status. His eyes move around, checking people out, and he has a constant smile on his face. Says hello to random people as we walk out the building to the parking structure.

So I took this guy to the bar I was telling him about. He buys the both of us drinks, then buys everyone in the bar drinks, and passes the barista \$200 dollars. This guy was loaded.

Says he’s from New Jersey, come to visit his sister. After the bar we drive down to Wilshire to get his suits. On the way there I was seriously contemplating driving him down to Compton, me and the niggas rob him and shit, take his shoes and everything. I’ll play it cool though and feel him out for a while.

As I’m waiting outside for this guy Ed to buy his suits, I got Blue Jay on the phone, telling him about this dude, how he’s fucking loaded, gave me two bills, spending bills left and right and shit. Blue Jay says to bring him down. I told Blue Jay we’ll do it later, I gotta get a feel for him first, see what he’s up to.

Ed comes back to the cab with large bags. Suits inside. I put the bags in my trunk.

“Where’s your hotel Ed? The sun’s going down soon.”

“Didn’t book one. I was thinking of staying at a Casino. Have a little fun, before we head down to my see my sister.”

“Casino Morongo? It’s way out in the Reservation. About 70 miles from here. One and a half hours.”

"Let's do it," he hands me another bill.

On the way to Morongo we small talk. I don't like pushing people to talk about their lives, if they don't talk it themselves. Some people, like this guy Ed, live private lives and you gotta respect that privacy.

Ed just talked about golfing in the cab, and about the places he's traveled to, and the beautiful women he's been with in different countries. We were debating on which country had the most beautiful girls in the world. I told him Russia.

Ed says, "Russia's second. Have you ever been to Sweden Vin?"

"Nah, never," I said.

"After you're done with me, take a vacation and visit Sweden," he says to me, "the ugliest girls there make our 10s look like 5s. Friendly girls. The girls that work in their corner convenient stores look like super models. And they all speak English. They love Americans. Friendly. I was riding the bus once after I got off the plane to go to my hotel. Met a beautiful thing on the bus. After talking with her for a few minutes, she left with me to my hotel and let me fuck her. They're friendly Vin."

I gave him a smirk, "Sweden huh?" I nodded in contemplation. Yeah... I'm gunna have to give Sweden a visit.

After the drive to Morongo I ended up liking Ed. He turned out to be a cool guy. Not because he was giving me bills left and right, but cuz there was something about him that was genuine and cool. Nah... I can't rob him.

So we book rooms at Morongo. I took off to get some dinner at their food court. Ed disappeared into the floor somewhere. Said he was going to play cards all night. I smoked a Camels and people watched for a while. I was never into gambling. I'm checking out the girls walking around. Thinking about Sweden.

Tomorrow we gotta drive all the way down to Las Vegas, where Ed's sister lives. They were going to meet up at Circus Circus of all casinos. So I went up into my room early to book us two rooms there.

I never asked Ed about what he did for a living. He didn't talk about it. But something about him and this whole thing was off. Why do you meet a sister at a run down casino and not her house? And why does a guy with so much money to burn travel with no clothes and shit?

I text Ed and told him I was turning in early for the drive tomorrow. He said I was a wimp in his text back to me, and said he'll turn in later after a few more drinks and rounds.

\*\*\*

So I'm driving down to Vegas. Ed is asleep in the back seat. He stayed up all night I guess at Morongo. Party animal. I'm smoking a Camels with the windows down. It was a hot summer day, hot dry wind passing thru the cab. A few little white clouds in the sky. Endless fields of mesquite for miles and miles. I had the radio on, on some alternative music station Ed liked. What a weirdo. He's around 50 at least and he likes that shit.

We finally made it to Vegas, and we make our way to Circus Circus to check in. Ed crashed in his room and said he'll be up tomorrow. So I figured I'll walk around the strip, hang out at the Stardust all day, and go visit a cathouse later for some pussy. Might as well, since I'm here. I don't gamble.

The next day, I'm waiting in the cab in the parking structure at 1PM as Ed had instructed. I saw him walking over to me with a large leather duffle bag. He was wearing one of the suits he bought in LA, a dark blue one. He had on a different suit before meeting up with his sister. Why did he change suits? He opens the door and gets in.

"Let's go on the strip," he says to me. He throws the duffle bag in the back seat.

I didn't ask him what the duffle bag was. I knew what he'd tell me: his "sister" gave it to him. Yeah right. I didn't ask him what was in it either. My gut instinct by now had told me I was in something big and dirty and I was just the driver.

He didn't look confident anymore. His head moved around, looking around, as if he was paranoid.

"You alright Ed? Want a cigarette?" I offered him a Camels. I noticed small spots of blood stains on his fingers.

"Yeah..." he took one, lit it and took a long drag, "I need to stop by the Yucca real quick. To have a talk with my sister's husband."

He took out a wet-nap from his jacket pocket, tore the little packet and wiped the blood spots off his fingers, then threw the wet-nap outside the window.

Then a large zip-lock bag. He pulled it out of his inner Jacey pocket. It had a knife in it. A very blood stained knife. He put on some latex gloves, removed the knife, and used more wet-naps to clean it, wiping the blood and handle clean of finger prints. He threw the knife outside as we drove to the Yucca, some piece of shit motel.

"Let me see your lighter," he said. "Pull over real quick."

I gave him my lighter and pulled over. He opened the door and went half way out, and began to burn the zip-lock bag and latex gloves.

I'm trying not to watch or stare. Just keeping my eyes on the look out. I know I'm for sure unknowingly involved in something. I can smell the odor of burnt plastic, and see black smoke rise. He steps on the burnt plastic. I can hear he's rubbing the shit into the dirt.

"Let's go Vin. Yucca."

"Right."

He get's in, closes the door, I take off to the Yucca motel, it's a shitty motel out in the desert, I've stayed in it a few times, Ed's reaching into the back, and I hear him unzip the bag, and I'm thinking he's probably gunna pull out a gun on me or something, my heart's pounding, I keep my cool.

"Heads up," he says, tossing at me a bundle of money into my lap.

It was a bundle of fresh brand new \$100 bills, \$10,000. I looked over at Ed nodding with a smile on my face, "You know what Ed, you alright man," I said to him. I meant it too. I put the bundle in my pocket.

"You're gunna visit Sweden right?"

"Fuck yeah, now that I got my vacation money," I tap my pocket and look at Ed whose smiling back at me, "I'm buying a ticket as soon as we get back to Cali."

"Got another cigarette Vin."

I pass him one and my lighter, he lights it up and takes a drag. He's calmed down and back to his regular confident self, doesn't look scared anymore. I ain't too worry about getting busted for being an accomplice to a homicide, I'm just a cab driver. I don't know shit.

So we make it to the shitty motel and Ed tells me, "Don't park. Keep the engine on. I'll be back in a second." He opens the door and puts a foot out.

So I says to him, "Right. I'm gunna turn the car around and get ready. Ed..." Ed looks back at me, and I gesture with my head to the glove compartment, "I got a glock 9 in the glove."

He opens the glove compartment and looks at the glock and nods with a smile, "You know what Vin, you're all right," he says, "already got one though. But you see Igor in that black car? Fuck him up if he follows me into the room."

"Gotcha."

Ed closed the cab door. I turn around. I'm watching him in my rear view mirror, he walks casually toward a motel room, still smoking his cigarette, he juts his chin at Igor, who returns the gesture, they're all probably acquainted business partners, if you know what I mean.

Now I really, really know I'm involved in something big. I got a duffle bag full of \$10,000 bundles in my back seat, a rich New Jersey guy who probably knifed a woman to death back at Circus Circus, and now they're Russians involved. The dude in the parked black car behind me, looks Russian, he has a light brown beard.

This place is a dump. The motel building itself looks like shitty homes built during the 50s or something, just tan in color with ugly brown doors. Interestingly, it's in between the Little Chapel of the Flowers and some "adult movies" shindig.

I'm watching Igor in my rear view mirror, whose watching me and smoking a cigarette. He takes his phone out and I see the motherfucker take a picture of my cab. He's got my license plate number now. Motherfucker! I reach over into my glove compartment and pull out my glock 9. I'm gunna get that phone or poke hole in him. I don't want Russians on my door step, they probably have a program or crooked cop who can trace those numbers.

As I grabbed my glock, I heard seven quick gun shots: *pop pop... pop pop pop.. pop pop!*

I said, "Fuck!"

I'm thinking Ed got popped.

I gotta take off!

Igor ain't following me either. Fuck that shit.

So I put the crib cab in reverse and step on the pedal. I'm backing up right into Igor's door. I'm gunna knock him out so the motherfucker doesn't follow me for the money. That shit's mine now! Ed's dead.

**BAM!**

My rear drove right into the black car driver section. I put the cab in forward and take off, looking at the room Ed was in just in case he was still alive. I'd wait for him. Nobody came out. I'm gone. The black car had a big dent in it, and Igor's out cold.

I make my way onto the freeway, but I'm headed in the opposite direction, going to Mesquite which is a little town by the Utah border of 2000 people. I don't wanna take any chances of Russian mobsters chasing me down and gunning me on the freeway. If there are more of them, they'll think I'm headed for California.

So I pulled up into a quiet street in Mesquite. I'm gunna hang out till sun set and head back to Cali in the darkness of night so no Igors see me. The crib cab is pretty distinct.

I light a Camels and take a drag to calm myself. My nerves are jittery. I'm a little nervous about looking in the duffle bag. I still got my glock in my hand.

I step out of my driver seat and walk to the back seat, open the back door, and looked around to make sure nobody was watching me, and I sit in the back next to the bag, and I look inside.

Nothing but cash.

A fucking bag stuffed with freshly cut \$10,000 bundles. I took out 10 bundles, that's \$100,000 right there... and there was more, a shit ton more money in the bag. At least a million. I grabbed the \$100,000 and walk to my trunk, and hid them inside my spare tire compartment.

I couldn't contain myself. I screamed out, "Whoo hoo! Fuck yeah!" real loud.

Man, I love being a cabby. I flicked my unfinished Camels to the ground, a huge grin's on my face, I'm dancing around the sidewalk and singing, *"Charlie don't surf and we think he should, Charlie don't surf and you know that it ain't no good..."*

I went back into the back seat to search the bag some more, there were zippers on the inside. I unzipped a section of the bag and found a hard drive of a computer and 3 flash drives. In another zipped compartment I found several passports, four of them, I'm looking at the passport pictures and they're all of the same woman, each passport had a different name, saying she came from a different country. There wasn't anything else in the bag.

Okay. So I'm trying to put the pieces of the puzzle together. I walk out of the cab, close the door, and pace around outside along the sidewalk. Ed's from the East Coast, he killed some woman with multiple identities, I don't think the Russian mob has female members, and I don't think they can produce fake passports, I'm thinking she's a spy of some kind, not Russian cuz she didn't look Russian, Ed didn't look like he was mob affiliated, must have been a spy too, but Igor was Russian, maybe Russian mafia?

Who cares. My mind's thinking of the mess I left back there at the Yucca. I should have taken Igor's phone so his people can't find me, they'll be looking for their money. Ed's phone has my number. Fuck. When the cops get to the crime scene they'll have that shit. I'm not too worried about that though: I'm a cab driver, I heard shots, I got scared, I took off. That's my story.

*And then Ed calls me.*

Or his phone called me. Okay... now I'm worried. My heart's pounding.

I'm thinking if I should answer it... third ring.

"Vincent's Taxi Service. Need a ride?"

"Hello Vincent," it wasn't Ed. Some dude with a thick Russian accent, "I tink you hyav sometink dat belonks to us. Can you turn around. We hyav your license plate number."

"What? You mean the bag in my back seat?"

"Yies, da bag."

"Oh, no, no. That's Ed's bag. He told me to deliver it to somebody."

"Who?"

I hung up.

Now I'm nervous and scared. There's more of them. They got Ed's phone. And my license number. Shit just got fucked up.

I get into my cab. I ain't gunna stay around. I get back on the road and make my way to the freeway. I'm gunna drive into Utah until sun down, then turn around and head for Cali.

So I took my personal phone out and made a call.

"Hey Blue Jay... remember that dude I picked up at the airport?"

"Sup Vin. Yeah... what happened?"

"He's dead—"

"Dead?"

"Yeah. He got wacked by the Russian Mafia. Dude left a duffle bag with a million dollars in it—"

"What the fuck!?"

"Hey I'm in deep shit. They just called me. They want their money back. I'ma head back down to Cali in 5 hours. They're looking for me. They got my license plate number."

"They gunna trace that shit?"

"Most likely."

"Ain't no biggy dawg. We'll take care of that shit."

"Cool. I'll stop by your pad with the money."

"Cool. I'll call some of the niggas over later."

"Yeah. I gotta go man. Be there in 5 hours."

"Right right," Jay hangs up.

So as I'm driving into Utah, I get a call from Ed's phone again.

"Vincent... we know where you live. We'll be there soon."

"Cool. Yeah come over. I'll give you a call back and give you directions later to pick up the bag if you want it. I'm too far into California to turn back."

"Okay. Good," he hangs up.

After driving into Utah until dark, I turned the cab around and drive back to Cali. To Compton. I don't care who you are, mafia or whatever, it's perilous for White boys to be walking around certain parts of Compton.

So back in Cali, I pull up to Blue Jay's pad and parked inside his parking lot. Blue Jay lives in a run down apartment complex. The complex is full of niggas. All crips. All from the same gang.

I plopped the duffle bag on Blue Jay's coffee table and opened it, then sat on the sofa and took a drag of my Camels, "Look inside dawg."

"What the fuck!?" him and his girl said together.

"Over a million bucks, I reckon. \$10,000 a bundle."

"What the fuck. What's going on?" his girl said.

"I don't know. The guy Ed said he was gunna talk to his sister at Circus Circus, he knifes her, I saw the knife and the bloody spots on his hand, then he goes to some motel and talks to some Russian, next thing I heard 7 gun shots, Ed's dead, and I got this bag. The bitch he wacked was like a spy or something, she gots four different passports in that bag. There's a hard drive and three flash drives too."

"Baby get your laptop," Blue Jay said. So Jay's looking at the bitch's passports and the computer shit.

We popped the flash drives into the laptop, but couldn't read anything. It was all encrypted.

"I told the Russians I'd call them later to give them direction to pick up the bag," I said.

Blue Jay snickered and look at his girl, "Yeah, White guys in the hood. Bring them down here man. Let them take their bag. Like we gunna give up a million bucks without a fight nigga!"

"I'll call them up right now then, yeah?"

"Yeah, do it. Tell them we'll meet them on the corner of west Indigo and Alameda Street West. Google it if they need directions. This ain't no place for Russians to be getting lost in."

I nodded, "Hey, pass out some of the money to the niggas and tell them to be at that corner for back up."

"Right right."

So I called the Russians over and gave them directions, Blue Jay took the bag outside into the complex to distribute the cash, I joined him outside after the call, and me and Blue Jay raise ourselves an army of gangbangangers.

There was a grip of us in blue, most are strapped, and we make our way to hang out at the corner of Indigo and Alameda for our guests to appear. There's some empty fields there, and a warehouse.

It's already dark, and I'm tired as fuck, but I'm too nervous and excited to feel tired cuz my adrenaline is pumping. We're drinking 40 ouncers at the corner, talking shit, and scoping the place for cars that pull up.

After an hour, some car with four guys parks at the curb by the warehouse. They walk out of their cars in civilian attire. They looked Russian. Two of the men had shaved heads, one was big and buff, the other was some skinny geek with glasses, probably the dude who messes around with the hard drive and shit. Stupid motherfuckers.

They're looking around. They notice their surrounded by 60 niggas, all around them.

"Sup man. You lost!?" One of the niggas yelled out. There was a burst of laughs.

"We're here to see Vincent," one of the Russians said, "We just want the bag, and we leave. No problems guys. We'll give everybody some of the money."

"Come and get it," Blue Jay said out loud. He drops the bag at his feet. He's got a glock in his hand.

The Russians looked at each other, and didn't move.

"I told you motherfuckers to come and get it," Blue Jay says, "cross the motherfucking street and come get the shit man!"

"Look, we don't want any trouble guys—"

I charge at them, "Jump 'em!"

Next thing you know niggas ran into the four Russians from every side. We're yelling, and the Russians are eating a rain of fists.

"Drag the motherfuckers in the car," Blue Jay says, "blindfold them, take 'em to the pad."

So we shove them in two different cars, blind folded them, took their car, and took them back to the apartment complex. They were fucked up, face all bloody, nose and mouth bleeding.

We take them to one of the niggas pad and shove them to the floor in the living room.

"Look guys, we don't want trouble. You guys keep the money. We just want the hard drive and flash drives. Look, we can get more money. More money guys. A million more," one of Russians with the shaved heads said.

"More money—" me and Blue Jay said.

"Yeah. More money. I can bring more money. You take the money and give us the drives, and we forget this all happened."

Everybody in the room nodded their heads.

"Alright," I said, "You got till sun rise to get that money here. When the sun comes up and you ain't back with the money, your three friends are dead, and we're destroying the drives. You hear me?"

"Yes. I hear you. I'll come back."

So I check his pockets, take out his wallet, remove his drivers license, this guy was a resident, he spoke better English with a light Russian accent. I take a picture of his license with my phone.

"You live at this address on your license?" I said.

"Yes."

"If you get the cops involved, or bring down more of your boys, we'll go to your house, ass fuck your wife in front of you, ass fuck your daughter in front of you if you have one, shoot their heads off, cut your dick off, make you suck on it, and then kill you. You hear me?"

"Yeah. No funny business. I'll get the money."

"Right then. Let's do it yeah?" I look over at Blue Jay.

"Yeah. I'll take this dude with some of the niggas and go with him."

"Cool."

They left with the bald Russian. I'm babysitting the other three. I spark up another Camels, and sit on the sofa with some of the other niggas. I small talk the Russians.

"You know, I have some respect for your criminal enterprise. How you guys control and influence the Russian government. It's a beautiful thing. Reminds me of what's happening in Mexico with the drug cartels. Some day it'll happen here too. Just a matter of time. It takes a lot of money and a whole political system to suppress human instinct. When that money and system weakens, crime will just grow, and the most criminally organized group will take control of the system. It's fucking beautiful."

So three hours later, Blue Jay and the bald Russian come back. With another bag of money. Jay tosses the new bag on the sofa for us with a big smirk.

"Let 'em go," Blue Jay says.

We untie the other three guys.

I hand them the drives, "We all cool fellas? Nobody retaliates or kills anybody? No problems?"

"Yeah. No problems. No retaliation. We're cool."



“Right then. You’re car’s outside,” Blue Jay says.

The four Russians leave.

We’re standing there, looking at the new bag, and each other, big grins all around.

“God fucking damn!” Blue Jay yells out. The rest join in the cheering.

“I’m going to Sweden after this!” I said.

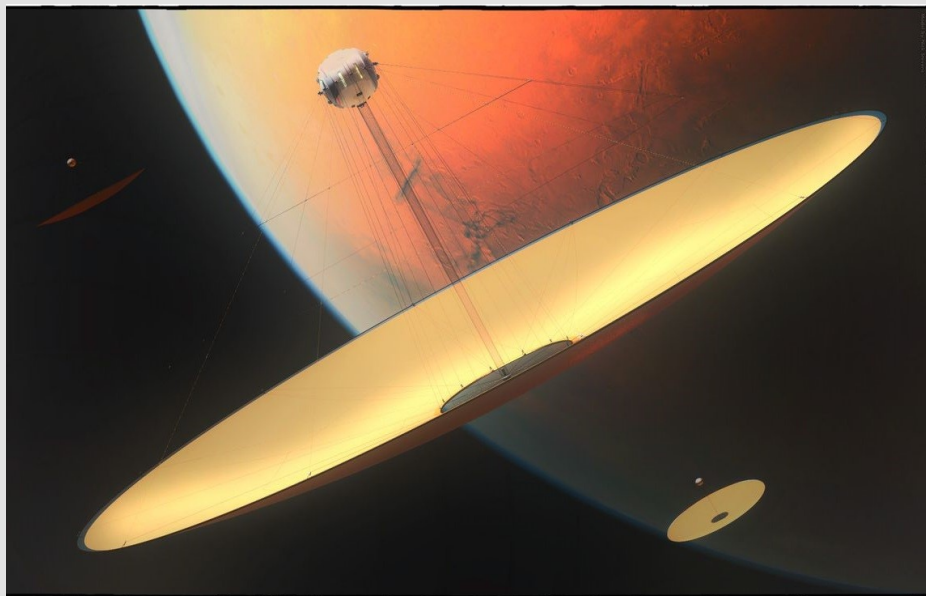
So we divvy up the two bags of money the rest of the night amongst everybody. Smoking blunts and drinking. The living room is packed with homeboys getting their share.

At some point, before sunrise, after we divvied everything and were talking about our money and what we’ll be doing with it, Blue Jay’s girl said something.

“Hold up... hold up,” she said. She had one of those pens that checks for fake money, “oh hell no! Nigga this money’s fake!”

We all looked at her, then at our money in our hands. Then everybody looked at me.

“What? Come on guys. How was I supposed to know?”





# Wanted By The Men In Black

Larry walked to the car, he was in a hurry. It was dark, 11 o'clock at night. The parking structure was dark, lit up by dim lights, some of which were working. He was afraid. There was nobody else around. He walked fast, wobbling, his enlarged beer belly moving up and down as he ran. His shoes hitting the concrete made loud footstep noises that echoed across the parking structure, which made Larry even more nervous.

He looked around. His breathing became more faster, he was heaving and huffing, but he couldn't stop. He was in downtown LA, an area he was unfamiliar with. He got more nervous and looked around as he walked faster towards his car. He heard footsteps. They weren't his. He stopped walking. His heart beat faster, pounding in his chest, his stomach cramped. He was being followed. He knew it. It was them.

He was only a few yards from his car. He pulled out his keys and ran as fast as he could his car. They ran also. He could hear the fast footsteps coming closer to him. His hands shook and trembled, he whimpered.

Larry fumbled with his keys. He was panicking. He dropped his keys, it made a metallic sound which echoed inside the parking structure. He bent down to pick up the keys, his forehead was sweaty. He quickly stuck his car key into the keyhole and turned it, opened the door, got inside and locked the door really fast.

He turned his head and could see the two men, dressed in all black with white apron, running towards him, Larry whimpered as he stuck his key in the ignition, he turned it, the engine started. He stepped on the gas pedal all the way to the floor, and peeled out of the parking lot, turning the wheel towards the two men, his car speeding fast in their direction.

The two men ran out of the way, and Larry sped off towards the exit as fast as he could. He escaped. On the street, at a red light, he looked back just to make sure the two men did not follow him, they didn't. The light turned green and he drove off into the night towards the 101 freeway. Larry screamed in joy pounding the palm of his hands on the steering wheel. He got away without having to pay for his dinner at the fancy restaurant, but he'll never be able to go to there again.



## Declaration Of The Acception



∴It was stated in Nexion Zine 3.1 that the “White Star Acception” will evolve and reincarnate into a new Form which would be unrecognizable. What we meant back then was that the White Star Acception has shapeshifted into the memplex and weltanschauung of Boreialism.

The White Star Acception’s evolution and reincarnation was hinted at in Boreialism’s economic Flag. The Flag itself containing, in symbology, the very words “white star acception,” where the white circular field of the Flag represented Polaris the North Star, which is itself composed of a couple white stars, and the compass representing “The Acception” as was explained.

At the time Nexion Zine 3.1 was published, we were not legally and honorably permitted to use the name White Star Acception because Austria had taken an interest in the White Star Acception and had been given the White Star Acception in usufruct. In 2016, the White Star Acception returned to California, whereafter it was given a public restructuring in order that we secure the White Star Acception, in the public mind.

Now that the “White Star Acception” has been secured, it is our wish and will that the White Star Acception, and its volksgeist fully shapeshifts and reincarnates into its intended New Causal Form, which is the Memplex and Weltanschauung of Boreialism.

As such, whatever constitutions the White Star Acception may have had are void and nullified. Whatever structure the White Star Acception may have had in its past is abrogated. Everything about the former White Star Acception is abrogated. Having been abrogated, the White Star Acception disowns and rejects anything written, published, or stated in public associated with its name before the year 2016.

The White Star Acception is this year re-constituted as an organized institution founded upon Boreialism. The WSA352 will also be re-structured with three self-initiation degrees, which shall be included in this issue and all subsequent issues.

A new constitution will be included in the next issue of Nexion Zine.

∴Caligula 352

9.6.2017

Version 1.5

White Star Acception







## Declaration Of The Acception v2: OV



∴After learning about the degrading and diffusive nature of an incoherent memplex, we have decided to re-constitute the White Star Acception into an organized institution. There has been provided brief yet adequate examples of the concepts of coherent and incoherent memplexes in this issue of Nexion Zine, for example: indigenous witchcraft of certain folks.

The Constitution, drafted in 2017 has been quietly empowered and will be included in the next issue and all subsequent issues of Nexion Zine.

Nexion Zine, henceforth will be the newsletter of the WSA352, and will contain elements of Opus Vrilis, as a means to continue building and constructing, and evolving the WSA352, into the Future.

For this newly re-constituted WSA, we have chosen two symbolical “mascot” divinities to represent the suchness and quality of the spirit of the WSA: 1) Pluto, Lord of the Underworld & 2) Babylon, Mother of Abominations. Symbolically: Babylon is the “Goddess” of the re-constituted WSA, and Pluto is the “God.”

The “Satanism” as explained in issue 4.1 is the Satanism of the White Star Acception henceforth.

∴Caligula 352, 12.24.2017

White Star Acception





# In Praise Of Burma

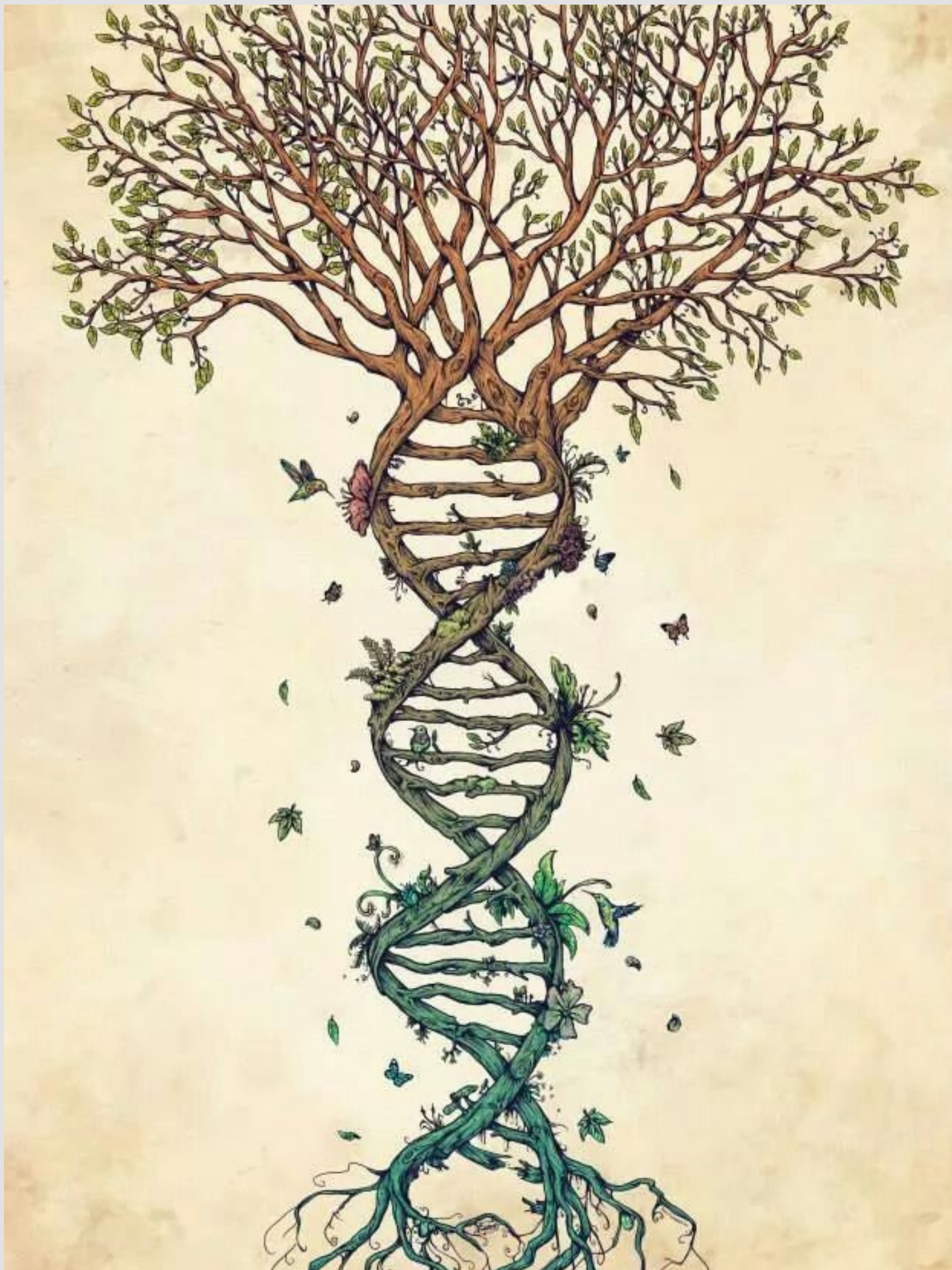
...I send my offerings of praise to Burma and its people and government for the wonderful work they are doing with the Rohingya.

Every cybernetic entity – family, clan, tribe, race, nation – that cherishes its culture and well-being, that desires to conserve its ancient traditions, has the natural right to declare its constitutional makeup. Has the right to say what belongs to its collective body and what does not.

What we are seeing regarding the Rohingya is not inhuman: it is human. All too human. And it has been happening since the dawn of homo sapiens. That tribes of people have wandered to greener pastures, invading other races' homelands is nothing new. The Jews did it, so did the Vikings, so did the Mongols, the Gypsies, so did the European colonialists. And the reaction to such invaders is human as well.

The only difference today is that many countries are controlled by liberals, and the United Nations – which is a big joke – is itself a cesspool of liberal sentimental intellectualism.

At least Burma – or as it's called these days, Myanmar – has the guts to do what is Right for its country, culture, and people, in the face of this global liberal sentimentalism.



# Islamification Of Europe



© Provided by IBT Media

A Saudi preacher has been banned from all religious activities after saying that women should not be allowed to drive because they have a quarter the brain of men.

The cleric, Sheikh Saad al-Hijri, was banned for a statement that was "diminishing human value," Saudi state television reported on Friday, citing a spokesman for the governor of Asir province.

I know some people who are philosophically inconsistent where they rhetorically praise women and denounce patriarchy, misogyny, and the "masculous" with one breath, and then praise Islam with the next breath.

They rhetorically praise a religion which breeds such types of clerics that teach that women have a quarter of the brain of a man. A religion and its politics that doesn't allow women to even drive cars or go anywhere without the permission of men.

I have a Spine, and honest values, not just rhetorical statements said or written for an audience, said or written to entice, incite.

And that Spine of mine and my honest views and values draws a line for me, which I can't honorably cross. Which I won't cross.

Although I believe the Quran is a beautiful book, and that Islam as theoretically presented by the Quran is nice, in Practice, the Muslim is a different animal altogether.

In the same sense and way that the Bible itself is a beautiful book, which I do like a lot, and that the Christianity it teaches is in Theory, beautiful likewise. But in Practice, you had such things as the Inquisition, the slaughter of heathens and heretics, the witch hunts, and so on. And so it's the Christian as a collective that is a different animal than the Theoretical religion. Makes sense right?

And it's the views, morals, values, of the Muslim as a collective cultural order, that I dislike greatly. We should refer to this as "Muslimism" to differentiate it from Quranic Islam.

And so I don't like or support Muslimism, and the Muslimification of Europe or any Northern Nation.

And I certainly don't like the notion that Northern Women should one day be subjugated by the views and values of the Muslim.

Extreme Islam and terror cells blowing themselves up is one thing, which I don't disagree or have any actual contentions with. I don't disagree with killing Mundanes or inciting others to kill them.

What I disagree with are the millions upon millions of common Muslims invading Northern countries and forcing their Muslimism upon native Northerners [of any Northern country].





# Shrencing

## Introduction:

“Shrencing” is the name given to describe various practical schemes, methods and techniques which a Satanist uses to device or fool others in order to attain some Satanic goal.

Generally, shrencing is a skill which is best learnt by practical experience. However, most Satanic novices benefit from knowing some specific methods, schemes or techniques which have proved useful and successful in the past – that is, from learning from a master shrencer. Accordingly, this series of Order MSS will disclose much practical experience which novices may find applicable to their own Satanic lives.

## I – Deep Cover

Deep cover is a state of living – when the Satanist decides, for whatever reason or reasons, to work secretly by acquiring or obtaining either another identity, or another way or life. ‘Another identity’ means one assumes a different name, has documentation for that name and a ‘history’ (of education, work/employment and so on) to go with that name. ‘Another way of life’ means one may simply move, dress/act in a different way, obscuring one’s past and proclivities/interests and so on – but without actually changing one’s personal identity, except perhaps for the use of such “professional” pseudonyms as may be necessary/useful.

Specific examples will illustrate the general principles involved. The first example concerns a Satanist who wishes to go under ‘deep-cover’ in order to enjoy the benefits of a certain business without attracting undue – or hopefully any – attention from the ‘authorities’. For this example we will say the business is buying and selling “drugs”. For a number of reasons, the Satanist decides another identity is not necessary at the moment (although it is an option for the future). He changes his place of residence to somewhere business is good. He wants to ‘blend into’ his chosen location but still maintain some distance from ‘clients’. Despite his qualifications/past, he finds work in a factory, then contrives to lose his job. He claims “State Benefit”. Meanwhile, as a master shrencer, he contrived to build up a picture of himself in ‘official/semi-official’ files/records which would be accessed by anyone taking an interest in his activities: e.g. Police investigators. First, he dispossess of what property he owns – it is all in someone else’s name (but of course he still has control of it). Second, he borrows some money from some Banks or Credit Brokers (this while he is employed, of course). When he loses his job, he of course cannot meet the full payments – but he appears helpful to lenders, and arranges reduced payments consistent with (apparently) living on State Benefit. This means he is placed on a “Credit Blacklist” – which is what he wishes. Thus, to all recorded purposes, he has no assets, is in debt, and lives entirely on ‘State Benefit’. [If he has some minor criminal convictions in his past, so much the better.] For the most part, his style of life seems to confirm this – there are no obvious signs of any wealth, no great spending: i.e. no ostentation. Rather, there is a discreetness, a not attracting attention by way of dress or possessions. This does not mean of course that he lives a starvling existence in some grotty bed-sit: it means a balance. Perhaps an unpretentious (smallish) house in a not too fashionable, not too run down area.

What the Satanist has done is created an ‘image’ for himself, and one which stands up to the type of investigations likely to be undertaken into his current circumstances. To all intents and purposes, he is simply one unemployed man with financial problems among hundreds of thousands of similar men. His real ‘business’ is discreet, carried out away from where he lives and in a manner not likely to attract attention. This Satanist had decided to use the business to supply him with a fairly comfortable living [and incidentally to aid the sinister dialectic] – he did not wish to build a highly profitable empire supported by others and which necessitated violence to uphold it. He simply works for himself, with his own supply line – free to spend the rest of his time doing the Satanic things required by his personal wyrd. [Naturally, another Satanist might have chosen – as some do – the ‘empire building option’ if that is what they desire to do.]

The second example is similar. A Satanist in a position of some authority has a Temple of long-standing. Due to his Profession, he does not want anyone to know of or suspect his involvement in Satanism. He does use his Profession to provide himself with some things – young women to warm his bed, the occasional novice to influence and train. His created ‘image’ is of a sort of respected Professional whose interests are for the most part those of most members of his profession. This is “sort of” because he has contrived to appear slightly eccentric, in his habits and manner of dress – eccentric but harmless. This deflects attention –one does not wish to appear to be too ‘average’ or too respectable or too boring, and that is one of the keys of deep cover. Too quiet, too normal and so on can be just as dangerous, in attracting attention, as being the opposite – one has to be seen acting and behaving in the same way that others, in the social position/cover chosen, would do: at least on occasions. Or one must have certain attributes of character which others can judge and by which they are ‘dis-armed’.

This Satanist is careful regarding his meetings with fellow Satanists – whether for Temple meetings or whatever. He always ascertains if he is being followed as he always contrives to make the meetings themselves innocent. A shooting party at the country house of one of the members, for instance; or a few friends around to his house for Dinner. And so on. The ‘image’ of this Satanist is consistent for the most part with the accepted image of members of his Profession – and he strives to maintain this, while he deems it necessary to do so, since he understands the Profession as part of his own wyrd. It also aids the sinister by him influencing in various ways, various individuals he is brought into contact with. And it provides him with a means to maintain his Temple and so work sinister magick. In this example, the ‘image’ is not the Satanist – but a means to maintain used to achieve Satanic goals in the real world.

The third example concerns a Satanist assuming another identity. This man had spent some years acquiring direct experience of the sinister – he had been involved in some violent political actions, and had spent some time in prison for assault occasioned during a political rally. He needed another identity because he was “wanted by the authorities” in connection with various politically motivated acts which the authorities called “crimes”, and he deemed it necessary. To acquire a new identity he needed a past and documentation, together with some resources to begin a ‘new life’. The past was easy to acquire. He made it up, learnt it and had three quite outwardly respected Satanic comrades who were prepared to give him false references to prove his past – education, employment and so on. One of these provided him with a false certificate regarding a qualification [in fact, the certificate was genuine, only the name on it was false]. A comrade who worked in a certain government department altered certain data and provided him with a National Insurance number and a history of contributions. The Satanist we are concerned with provided the basis of the documentation himself. He found someone of about the same age and similar build in a city, and found out where this person lived. Following a careful surveillance, he burgled the man’s place of residence and found his birth certificate and Passport. [To be accurate, the first mark chosen proved not to have either – or they were not found during the search – so the Satanist found another mark and entered his place of residence, finding the documentation required.]

With the birth certificate, and the relevant forms etc. signed by respected comrades, he went to a different Passport Office than the one which issued the genuine Passport and awaited for the Passport to be issued. There were no problems – for he claimed never to have had a Passport, his address was different from that of the real owner of the birth certificate, and he cleverly used another middle name. [Shrencing note: ideally, obtaining a certificate from someone who has never had a Passport issued is best. All that matters is that the age of the mark is about the same as one’s own. Another shrencing technique is to find a mark who resembles one in appearance (not as easy as it sounds) and age and then having obtained the items, take them to a different Passport office and with a new application form, suitably with forged references, explain that one needs a separate Passport because one is travelling from Israel to an Arab country or vice versa. Usually, the staff are very helpful. Yet another shrencing technique is to use the birth certificate to obtain a ‘Visitors Passport’ and thence a Driving Licence – Provisional at first, and then a full one after one has taken/re-taken one’s Driving test. Usually, these are quite sufficient documentation to assume another identity.]

Thus, this Satanist built a complete past for himself. He had an employment record, documents, qualifications, and comrades prepared to write whatever references might be necessary – to obtain employment, for example. Of course, he had to play the role, assume the new identity- know his past completely, be competent in his work and so on. That is, he had to convince others. But, as a good Satanist, this was a challenge eagerly accepted. He could then move on to other Satanic ways of living.

The fourth example concerns a lady who had acquired a minor reputation in some esoteric circles as a Satanist, and who desired, in order to move on to new experiences, to make herself seem “re-formed” – to be seen should anyone investigate her as either not involved in anything Satanic or at least only working on her own: i.e. as “harmless”, probably not worth “exposing”.



The lady set about building an 'image' which those investigating her at any time would come across and make judgements from. That is, she would use the 'judgement' and methods of the investigation against those investigators – they would see or find only what she wanted them to. So she would gradually build up a picture of her in a way she desired them to – they of course would not realize they were being manipulated in a subtle way.

Her first act was to change her manner of dress – she would dress in a certain way by conforming to a particular "stereotype". Most people would look at her, make a judgement and 'classify' her – that is, she would fulfil their expectations of what a certain type of person looked like. The 'look' she chose to undertake arose naturally out of the new place of residence she had chosen – a somewhat isolated cottage in the country. She dressed as one might expect a lady in her circumstances to dress – slightly worn clothes, of traditional design and colour, but well-made. Gone were her former black clothes, the 'Occult' jewellery. Gone were the Occult/Satanic furnishings of her former dwelling – the paintings, the candles, the crystal and the many objects collected over the novice years. Inside her cottage, there was nothing to indicate an interest in Satanism or the Occult – no books on the subject, no set of Tarot cards. Instead, there were Cookery books, books on needlework and various crafts – a sewing machine; a variety of indoor plants. The ambience was what one might expect of such a place. Naturally, the lady added some individual personality to the contrived image – she had an interest in and professed an enthusiasm for fly-fishing. [Of course, she had gone to the trouble of learning about the subject, and gaining experience in it.]

This, to others, made her a 'real' person – a human being. It gave charm to her character, as was intended. It was also a useful pretext for going away of the weekends at peculiar times. She would also meet strangers at locations suitable for privacy – as when a candidate was interviewed with a view to them joining her Satanic group or being guided by her.

In addition, she took trouble to often appear in financial difficulties – and worked for a Nursing Agency in a nearby town, doing the odd night duty in people's homes. [She had acquired experience for this, and thus references.] This work not only served – or seemed to others to do so – to supplement her income it was also not work that someone might expect a 'Satanist' to do. That is, it would be, if needed 'proof' of her reformed character.

Thus, the images presented to anyone coming into contact with her, or investigating her, was of a rather independent lady who lived a somewhat simple country life, was caring, rather scatterbrained with money, with a rather odd passion for fly-fishing. [She later acquired two dogs- Red setters – to add to the image. And a succession of 'men friends' who stayed with her for varying lengths of time, from a few months to some years. Most, of course, were fellow Satanists – although some were just for fun.] Outwardly, she seemed to meet few people, and certainly not be Mistress of a Satanic group, participating in rituals and teaching novices. Thus, her real work continued in secret, and effectively, as she wished.

It should be clear from the examples, that shrenching, like all good Satanic acts, requires planning, foresight and judgement. The Satanist decides on a particular course of action and then strives to achieve the goal, manipulating people and situations and taking advantage of contacts made in the early years of the noviciates and subsequently.

Being Satanic, shrenching means an effort by the individual – things are seldom given; they have to be achieved. In the striving, experience is gained, skill perfected. In an important sense, shrenching is Satanism in action: i.e. striving to achieve their own personal Satanic goals and to aid the sinister in general either by those goals or by other means. They are consciously deciding, consciously striving for control, of themselves, others, and situations. They are living more fully, enjoying the game of life.

In effect, shrenching enables specific "Roles" – and particular "Insight Roles" – to be successfully lived. Beyond these, it enables a genuine Satanic living.

ONA 1991 ev



## ∴.About The WSA352.∴.

*“For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.” --Gen 3.5*

∴.To presence the Dark, Progression, and the Numinous. The White Star Acception is an independent, autonomous, and sovereign Nexus of the Order of Nine Angles and a Dreccian Sinister Tribe based on the ONA Corpus. By “nexus” is meant the point wherein a corpus of teachings converge with people who will put such written teachings into practice. Thus, the Acception understands and defines the “ONA” / “Order of Nine Angles” as a corpus of esoteric philosophy codified by Anton Long, and not as an actual organization.

The White Star Acception is a Dreccian/Niner self-initiatic *agathokakological* institution dedicated to propagating Boreialism, Usufructuarianism, Synolosophy; to Manifest The Devil, The Sinister Way, Social Heresies, and ONA Kulture. Being self-initiatic, “membership” is Open to anybody who Claims 352 and initiates themselves into the Acception.

The Acception is Open Source and Leaderless. Those who wish to contribute may do so at will. Those who wish to write “manuscripts” may do so at will. Manuscripts signed off by the collective pen-name and pseudonym “Caligula” are Accepted manuscripts of the WSA. Being Open Source, manuscripts written by “Caligula” will often times contradict each other. Each individual associate of the Acception is their own sovereign authority and may thus pick, choose, reject, accept, whatever set of teachings, ideas, and manuscripts they see fit. If an associate does not see a teaching or manuscript present in the WSA that represents their views and beliefs, they may simply create such at will as “Caligula.”

The “White Star Acception” is be an umbrella name for individual associates and autonomous cliques. In other words, in reality, the WSA does not exist as its own entity. What exists are sovereign, autonomous, and independent groups, cliques, nexuses, nexions, etc and individual associates, which and who identify themselves as being “WSA” and have initiated themselves into the Acception’s Degrees.

The WSA352 is an agathokakological institution based partly on the ONA Corpus, By “ONA Corpus” is meant 1) The Black Books of Satan, 2) Naos, 3) the Hostias, 4) the Letters of Steven Brown, 5) the Deofels, & 6) all ONA MSS written by Anton Long between the years 1972-2011. But the WSA encourages intelligence and discourages myopia, and so therefore, the Acception encourages its associates to also study and familiarize themselves with other traditions and memplexes, such as the Western Tradition, Thelema, Eastern Philosophy, etc.

The WSA is divided into three *self-initiation* Degrees. The First Degree is “Protege of The Acception.” The Second Degree is “Peer of The Acception.” And the Third Degree is “Paragon of The Acception.” Any Drecc or Niner may initiate themselves into the WSA at their will and pleasure, and claim the WSA. Each Degree has a duration, conditions, and tasks that must be met and executed. The self-initiation system is as follows:

**Degree of Protege [P.:1]:** The conditions and tasks are: 1) the Entrant must take the Oath of a Boreialist, 2) the Entrant must initiate themselves as a Drecc according to ONA Corpus, 2) the Entrant must perform the ABC Rite, 3) the Entrant must study the whole ONA Corpus and begin the work of putting the Corpus into practice (in whole or in part), 4) the Entrant must join a street gang of some type (gangs, tagger crews, skin-head groups, etc) if they are under the age of 25; if they are over the age of 25 they must join a political activist group of some kind (Nationalist groups, or whatever), finally 5) Choose a martial arts style, and begin learning and training in it until the black belt or intermediary level is reached. The Entrant must remain a Protege for two years during which time the Protege is to complete the task of studying ONA Corpus. Once the two years is completed, the Protege may be Elevated as a Peer of The Acception.

**Degree of Peer [P.:2]:** The conditions and tasks are: 1) the Elevated must establish a nexus of the WSA in their city or be an active member of one in their city, the nexus must have at least three members to be a proper nexus, 2) the nexus must begin creating its own WSA manuscripts, share them with other nexuses, establish relations with other nexuses, 3) new members must perform the ABC Rite, 4) the nexus must hold meetings every Full Moon, & 5) the various objectives of a nexus may be as follows: mutual aid and relief, comradeship, to teach each other and put into practice the ONA Corpus, to presence the dark, to manifest the devil, to presence the Numinous, to establish Dreccian street gangs, to spread Boreialism, to recruit new Boreialist comrades, and to terrorize Southerners. The Peer must run his/her nexus or be an active member of a nexus for seven years before being eligible for being Exalted as an Elder of The Acception.

**Degree of Paragon [P.:3]:** The first condition: the Peer must take a difficult Monastic Vow of some kind. The Monastic vow can be a year of silence or solitude/isolation, three years of observing a spiritual discipline, backpacking alone across the country, a year-long pilgrimage, etc. The duration of observance of the first condition must be at least a year and the vow must be devoutly difficult and spiritual. After the first condition is completed, the Peer is Exalted with Honours as an Elder and Exemplar of the White Star Acception. The second condition: the Elder will take a life-long Monastic Vow to Renounce the Modern Order, Modernity/Modernism and to live ONA Kulture for Life. The Elder is a legal Shareholder and Monastic of The Acception. The task of a Paragon is to help further develop the ONA, establish nexions, and begin the work of ONA Infiltration and Subversion of the social, political, economic, and religious spheres; and/or to create secret societies of Boreialists and begin infiltrating social, political, and economic spheres of the Modern Order.

∴Caligula 352  
7.24.2017  
White Star Acception







I found this picture on the internet, at the DeviantArt site. The artist who made it was not aware that there was actually a 'Chloe' associated with the ONA when he made the artwork. I contacted him to tell him of the interesting coincidence.

***SEXION 3***

# Germans Are Leaving Germany 'In Droves'

Zero Hedge

Tyler Durden · 23 hours ago

*Submitted by Soeren Kern via The Gatestone Institute,*

- **More than 1.5 million Germans, many of them highly educated, left Germany during the past decade. — *Die Welt*.**
- Germany is facing a spike in migrant crime, including an epidemic of rapes and sexual assaults. Mass migration is also accelerating the Islamization of Germany. Many Germans appear to be losing hope about the future direction of their country.
- **"We refugees... do not want to live in the same country with you. You can, and I think you should, leave Germany. And**

...Liberal majority... this is what happens. I can't figure out what's wrong with Germany's collective mind? It did a complete 180. During world war two they were Nazis... now their hearts bleed for millions of negroes and sand roaches. Maybe the German collective psyche feels so guilty for what it did in the past, so they're trying to correct it.

Whatever it is, it's social and cultural suicide. You guys in Europe haven't seen anything yet. Down here, after the Paesas [non-Hispanic Mexicans] cross the border in the thousands they then do something else once they settle here: Breed... like fucking roaches.

You Europeans haven't seen anything yet. Wait till all those Africans and Muslims out breed you in your own fucking countries. You Liberal Europeans are fucking morons! I feel very bad for you guys. Wait till global warming fucks shit up in Africa and the Islamosphere. They're all gunna come to Europe, and you know what: you Liberal fucks are going to welcome them with open arms.

But this isn't new or alien to Europe right? Remember Germanic Barbarians invaded and colonized the Roman Empire: and they never left... they just took it over in time. But this time, it's African and Muslim Barbarians that's invading and colonizing Europe. What's taking place in Europe right now is the crack in the dam: the begin of the fall of Europe as we know it.





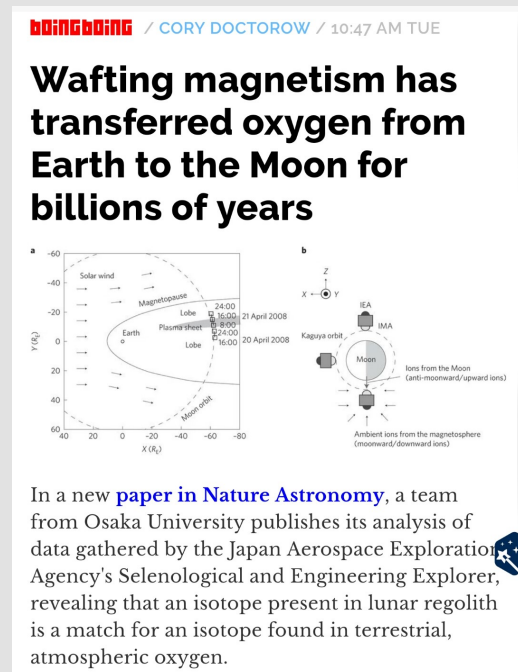
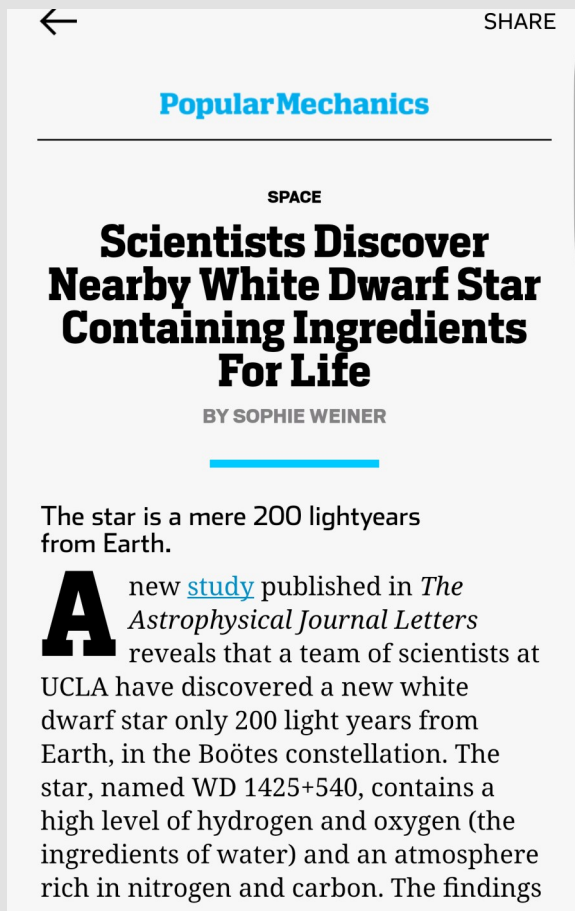
∴ This is rare. The news talking about “strange” sizzling lights during and after earthquakes. In the previous issue of Nexion zine, we talked about the idea that plasma—and not plate tectonics—is the cause of earthquakes, and volcanic activities. And so, the presence of plasmic activities [“strange flames”] helps support that idea.

But to be sure, we have to figure out which causes what: does plasmic activity cause earthquakes, or do earthquakes cause the plasmic activities? Then we need to figure out if its cause or correlation. Just because there is a correlation between earthquakes and plasmic activity, doesn’t actually signify that one causes the other.

This is something junk journalists love to do. Some scientists will discover a correlation between “A” and “B” and junk journalists will write an article that states that “A” causes “B.”

For example there was a recent study where it was found that there was a correlation between cussing [bad words] and large vocabulary. Several thousands of people were studied and it was found that people who cuss a lot also generally have a large vocabulary.

And so, the journalists come in and write an article that said that people who cuss a lot are intelligent and have a vast vocabulary. And the people into scientism will buy what the journalists wrote as gospel.



...Got it! I recently serendipitously stumbled upon two articles I needed. In a previous issue of Nexion zine, I was telling you guys about my crazy idea of how I think our earth in ancient times was a small icy moon of Saturn or Jupiter. I was doing some research about how far a moon has to be in order to have a spin and not be tidally locked. I learned that if the moon is big, and too far from its planet, then the bond between them would be weak, and the moon can just gradually drift away. And so you don't actually need a cataclysm to dislodge a moon from its planet.

My big problem was figuring out how ice/water got onto the earth, and the current icy moons of the big planets. I hypothesized that gas giants, brown dwarfs, and red dwarfs have hydrogen and oxygen, which would "fall" into their moons and planets gradually, over great spans of time. The first article confirms that hypothesis.

My only problem was how exactly does that "falling" happen? Like how do hydrogen and oxygen from inside a dwarf star or gas giant leave that celestial object, then traverse the millions and millions of miles of space to "fall" into/onto their moons and planets? I knew it was happening, because it was the only reasonable answer, but how?

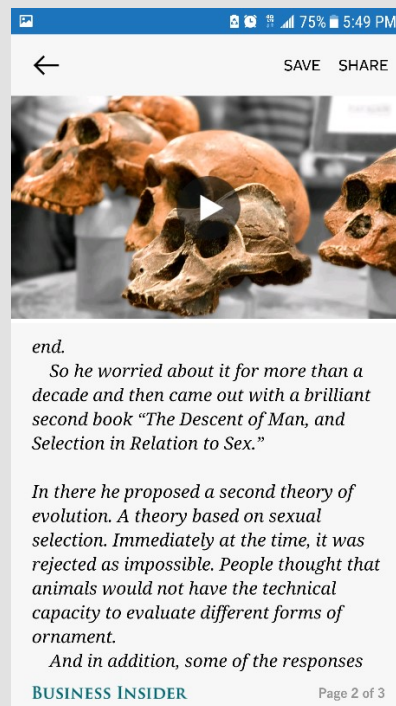
The second articles I accidentally found, explains how! It's like a "magnetic conveyor belt!" Of course! Water is actually affected by static electricity and magnetic fields. Run a thin stream of water from your faucet, then rub a plastic comb on your sweater, and then place the plastic come very close to the thin stream of water and see what happens to the stream. The magnetic field of a star or planet is what connects it to its planets/ moons! And stuff like hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and CO2, are transferred from the star or gas giant to its planet/moon via that "magnetic conveyor belt."

The bigger the planet or moon, the more force of gravity it has. The more gravity it has, the more it will be able to drawn in, attract to it, those gasses! Well, now I know.

There's a wonderful axiom said by the Bible which goes: "Seek, and ye shall find. Ask, and it shall be given unto you." Time and time again, this axiom has proven to be very true, for me at least. I think a lot, about weird problems, ideas, and notions. Then I try to find the solution or answers to those problems. And then I search for confirmation or supporting evidence. And after a while of you being in the act of searching, Providence will step in and do its part: you will either find what you need, or the answer will actually be given to you.

You guys should see how I actually do my research. I first wake up in bed, stretch, yawn, rub my eyes. Then I take my phone off my charger, and read the day's news, while I lay in bed. That's it. That's how I do most of my research. And providentially, around 60-70% of the time I will see an article that is a missing puzzle piece to a problem that I had been pondering on. The other 40-30% is when I actually surf around the web, aimlessly for answers, following leads. It happens so often, for so many years now, that I've become reliant on this providential method of research.

...



∴Scientism is the modern-day religion and opiate of the Mundane mass. And scientists are the priests of this religion. Like a religion, scientism has dogmatic doctrines. One such dogmatic doctrine is "Darwinism."

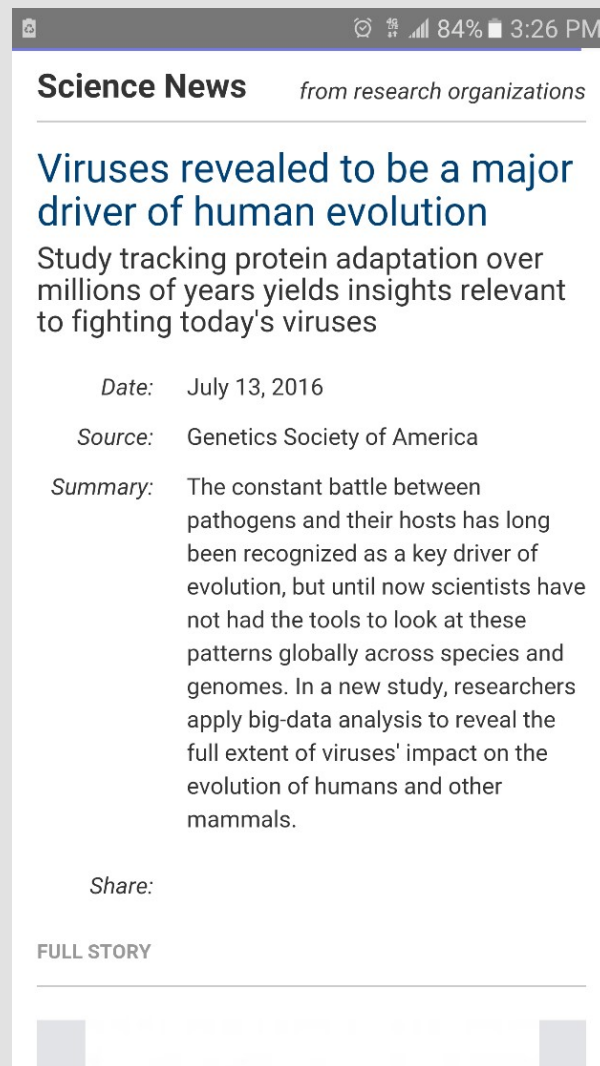
Darwinism is the belief that we evolved from creatures via Natural Selection and Mutation. I hate modern scientismic Darwinism.

As you can see, like a religion, people into Scientism cherry pick shit: they've conveniently left out the concept of Sexual Selection, which actually organically explains things better than Natural Selection.

BOTH Natural Selection & Sexual Selection work together in tandem to gradually and incrementally create new breeds and new species over time.

The contentious issue for me, is Mutation, which was an idea that crept into the concept of evolution. I personally disagree with the idea that Mutation has any significant role to play in evolution. "Mutation" here meaning the sudden introduction of new genes into a genome. Or the sudden alteration of parts of DNA by the presence of new genes. I'm not saying that the sudden introduction of new genes, or that DNA can be altered by the presence of new genes does not happen.

I'm saying that Mutation is not the cause for such. It's irrational to think so. And that thought process is in line with materialism's unwritten dogma of "Accidentalism," which is the world-model where it is believed that things arise into being by mere accident. According to this irrational school of thought and weltanschauung: the entire universe, and everything in it respectively came into being by chance and accident. I'm not an Accidentalist because it's highly irrational, and so by default, it contradicts the rational Nature/Constitution of the Cosmos. I'm in the Determinism camp.



∴ So, scientists were able to video tape the DNA molecule replicating itself, and it didn't turn out the way they assumed it worked. The whole process was random, where bits and pieces were everywhere, and somehow the random process made new DNA. And the scientists can't explain why mutations don't occur with such a random process.

The idea behind Darwinism's doctrine of Mutation is that during the process of DNA replication, the DNA is retarded and will make mistakes as it copies itself. The mistakes are "mutations," and such mutations is how new species ultimately come into being. Well, the video tape of DNA replicating itself and what we learned from it calls this beloved doctrine into question.

So, if mutation is not actually responsible for introducing new genes into DNA or into a genome... then what is? Good question. I was troubled by that same question for a while. And I had no rational answer. Until one day, Providence showed me an article on my phone! The answer is the Virus. I never would have guessed, because viruses have such a bad reputation.



ScienceDaily  
Your source for the latest research news

NEW: Find **great deals** on the latest gadgets and more in the **ScienceDaily Store!**

SD A- A A+ Full Menu

**Science News** from research organizations

## Evolution Is Deterministic, Not Random, Biologists Conclude From Multi-species Study

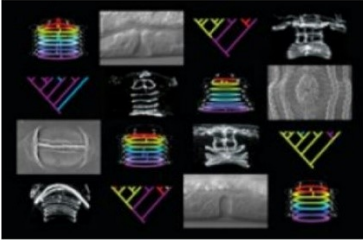
Date: November 19, 2007

Source: New York University

Summary: Biologists have concluded that developmental evolution is deterministic and orderly, rather than random, based on a study of different species of roundworms. The researchers note that even where we might expect evolution to be random, it is not.

Share:

FULL STORY



Variation of vulval development among rhabditid nematodes.

Credit: Image courtesy of New York University

A multi-national team of biologists has concluded that developmental evolution is deterministic and orderly, rather than random, based on a study of different species of roundworms.

Science Frontiers  
ONLINE  
No. 60: Nov-Dec 1988  
Issue Contents

### Purposeful evolution?

One seemingly unassailable dogma of evolutionary biology insists that natural selection involves, first, the continuous, random, environment-independent generation of genetic mutations; and second, the subsequent fixation of those mutations that are favored by prevailing conditions. In other words, the genetic mutations cannot be influenced by external events and conditions. But in recent experiments with bacteria (E. coli), J. Cairns et al, at the Harvard School of Public Health, find they actually do produce mutations in direct response to changes in their environment. The adjective "purposeful" has even been applied to the action of these bacteria! Can anything be more heretical?

"One of the experiments involves taking colonies of E. coli that are incapable of metabolizing lactose and exposing them to the sugar. If the lactose-utilizing mutants simply arise spontaneously in the population and are then favored by prevailing conditions, then this would lead to one pattern of new colony growth. A distinctly different pattern is produced if, under the new conditions, the rate of production of lactose-utilizing mutants is enhanced. The observation is something of a mixture of patterns, indicating that directed mutation appears to be occurring. This experiment suggests that populations of bacteria...have some way of producing (or selectively retaining) only the most appropriate mutations," note Cairns and his colleagues."

(Lewin, Roger, "A Heresy in Evolutionary Biology," *Science*, 241:1431, 1988.)

Research with E. coli at other labs is producing similar heresy. Cairns does not doubt that some mutations arise spontaneously and randomly, but some bacteria have found a way to do a little better.

(Hendricks, M.; "Experiments Challenge Genetic Theory," *Science News*, 134:166, 1988. Also, Cherfas, Jeremy, "Bacteria Take the Chance out of Evolution," *New Scientist*, p. 34, September 22, 1988.)

**Comment.** This discovery seems at least as "impossible" as the "infinite dilution" experiments discussed elsewhere. Will *Nature* now dispatch a "hit squad" to Harvard?

From *Science Frontiers* #60, NOV-DEC 1988. © 1988-2000 William R. Corliss

Science Frontiers Sourcebook Project Reviewed in:

- Booklist: December 15, 1977
- New York Times: April 3, 1979
- *Icarus*: Volume 41, Issue 3, p. 470-470 1980, Vol. 56:3, P.615 1983, Vol. 58:3 June 1984, Vol. 60:3 Dec 1984, Vol. 72:3 Dec 1987
- Library Journal: June 1, 1981
- The Science Teacher: March 1983
- Choice: June 1982; September 1983
- Science Books and Films, Sept/Oct 1983
- Journal of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada, Vol. 81, no. 1, 1987
- American Journal of Physics, Volume 52, Issue 8, p. 764 August 1984

Quotes

- "A sourcebook of unexplained phenomena is therefore a valuable addition to a collection of scientific literature. William R. Corliss has provided this in the past with his source books of scientific anomalies in several subjects, and now he has provided it for astronomy. He has done an excellent job of collecting and editing a large amount of material, taken in part from scientific journals and in part from scientific reporting in the popular or semi-scientific press." -- "The Mysterious Universe: A Handbook of Astronomical Anomalies", reviewed by Thomas Gold, Cornell University, in *Icarus*, vol.41, 1980
- "An interesting, systematic presentation of unusual weather [...]. This book is recommended for a general audience." -- Corliss, William R., Tornadoes, Dark Days, Anomalous Precipitation, and Related Weather Phenomena, Sourcebook Project, 1983, reviewed in *Choice*, September 1983
- "...the science is necessarily somewhat speculative, but Corliss's synthesis is based on reputable sources." -- "Corliss, William R. (Compiler). Lighting, Auroras, Nocturnal Lights, and Related Luminous Phenomena" reviewed by Joseph M. Moran, Univ. of Wisconsin in *Science Books and Films*, Sep/Oct 1983
- "Before opening the book, I set certain standards that a volume which trades into dangerous grounds like this must meet. The author scrupulously met, or even exceeded those standards. Each phenomenon is exhaustively documented, with references to scientific journals [...], and extensive quotations" -- "Book Review: The moon and planets, a catalog of astronomical anomalies", The Sourcebook Project, 1985, Corliss, W. R., *Journal of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada*, Vol. 81, no. 1 (1987), p. 24, 02/1987

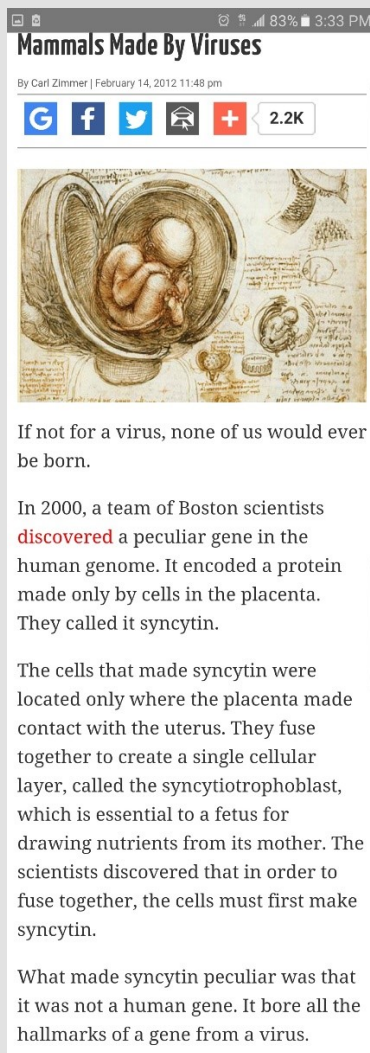
∴My view and world-model is that developmental evolution is a function or behavior of the Cosmos, and that since the Cosmos is orderly, rational, and deterministic via its Laws and Principles, then evolution is also fractally an orderly, rational, and deterministic process. Chance and accidents don't happen in a domain of manifestation [the Cosmos] which is governed by universal laws and principles. Mutation is not a significant factor of the process of developmental evolution.

The functioning word is actually "Developmental." In the days of Darwin, the word "develop" and "evolve" meant the same thing and were interchangeable. And so you think of the process of fetal development, where a zygote gradually Develops into new born baby. There is nothing random or accidental about that process of development.

In terms of biological evolution, there is also nothing random or accidental about the ancient, multi-billion-year process of the Development of primordial unicellular organisms, into multi-cellular organisms, into worms-like organisms, into fish, into amphibians, into reptiles, into birds, into monotremes, into mammals, and into us humans. It is a Rational, Orderly, and Deterministic process.

And Mutation doesn't fit into the "syntax" of that developmental process, unless the Mutation serves the purpose of manifesting the next stage of biological evolution, or something. Which is to say that, perhaps, Mutation occurs in the amphibian in order that

reptiles arise. But highly doubt this, because Mutation did not actually and factually cause placental mammals to arise from monotremes. It was actually the intercession of a virus that caused placental mammals to arise. Not Mutation.



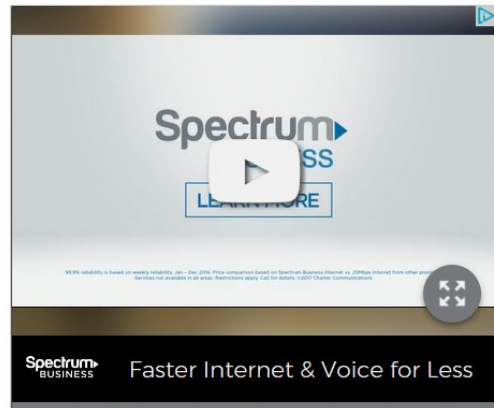
Unless we are saying that the genes said virus introduced into the genome of the monotreme ancestor of all mammals “mutated” said monotreme’s germline in such a way where that the monotreme’s descendants developed the proteins and enzymes, etc, needed to develop placentas, thereby giving rise to the mammalian order. But if we use the word “mutation” in that manner, it is no longer the accidental Mutation that is a cornerstone dogma of Materialism’s religious Darwinism.



*Water carrying only the electromagnetic signature of a DNA sequence can make a replica of the sequence out of simple building blocks, Nobel laureate HIV researcher shows. Dr. Mae-Wan Ho*

When Noble laureate HIV researcher Luc Montagnier discovered that certain bacterial and viral DNA sequences dissolved in water causes electromagnetic signals to be emitted at high dilutions, that was bad enough (see [1, 2] '[Homeopathic' Signals from DNA](#) and [Electromagnetic Signals from HIV](#), SiS 48). Now, new results from his lab appear to show that the DNA sequence itself could be reconstituted from the electromagnetic signal. That has so stunned the scientific community that one prominent supporter was nonetheless moved to remark: “Luc is either a genius or he is mad!” But some quantum physicists are taking that very seriously, and are linking Montagnier’s findings to decades of research demonstrating the sensitivity of organisms to extremely weak electromagnetic fields.

A story that goes back ten years



..I was doing some researching on the power and mystery of water, and I accidentally stumbled upon the works of a French scientist who believes that water has the inherent power to retain memory, that is to say, water can be impressed with and store information. What a crazy idea.

The French scientist also worked with the concept of homeotherapy, which is that “pseudo-science” where they place herbs and medicine in water, delude the water a thousand fold, and they believe the essence of the herb and medicine is still in that water and still have therapeutic effects on you. How ludicrous.

So this Frenchman one day was dissolving DNA inside water and he picks up electromagnetic signals when the DNA dissolves.

Well, he did a lot of experiment, many of which were video tapes, and he discovered that when you place DNA into water, take the DNA out, delude it a thousand fold, and place amino acids and other building blocks of DNA into the deluded water, that the water was able to reconstruct the original DNA!

You know, it’s generally understood that water is the essence of life, and that you cannot have life without it. But is there a fundamental reason for this? What if water does have the capacity to retain or store information?

What if water is the “missing link” or the “bridge” between the familiar physical world, and the world or domain of intangible things such as energy, information, fields, and so on?

What I’m saying is that, what if physical life began not as very primitive pseudo-life, but as non-physical fields, such as electromagnetic fields? And those fields use water, and the stuff in water, to build physical bodies/forms, such as RNA, DNA, and so on?

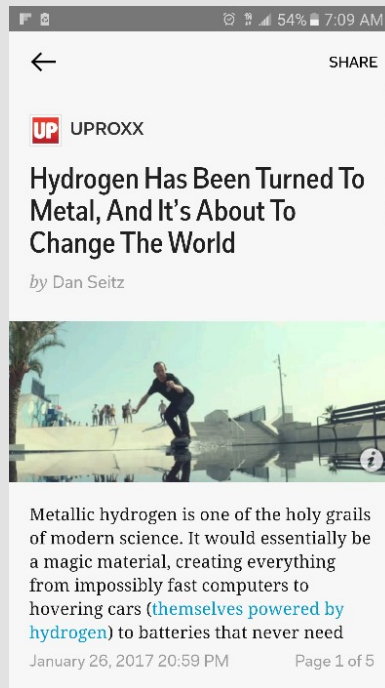
Isn’t that an interesting idea?

When I was you and far more ignorant, I wondered why we just couldn't kill off the fly species because they were ugly and annoying. I later learned that flies actually have a role to play in Nature! There is a reason why they exist. And so, I gradually formed the idea/view that Nature is like a body made of parts and pieces. Each part and piece had a role to play which contributed to the greater welfare and well-being of the body of Nature. Exactly like how our own body and its parts and pieces work.

And so I wondered, for a very long time, what role viruses played in the Body of Nature, in the Natural Order, which contributed to the greater welfare and well-being of the System that Nature is. Causing disease and killing this is not what I'm talking about or looking for. Viruses must be doing something constructive in Nature. But what?

It turns out that viruses, throughout the history of biological evolution, have been regularly injecting or introducing whole sequences of genes into the DNA/genome of organisms! How mind blowing. With this providential lead, I followed it, and a little research revealed to me that a good part of our own human genome is actually viral "DNA" [RNA sequences], introduced into our monkey ancestors by viruses over great spans of time. Talk about Horizontal Gene Transfer!

So now we know what viruses are actually good for. And we know also that there is no need for the "Alien Hypothesis" regarding the evolutionary emergence of the human species. But now, something is afoot! Something is taking place beneath our awareness on that microscopic level. The interesting questions that I now wonder are: where do viruses come from? How do they come into being? And where or how do they get their RNA? If I can find the answers to those questions, I'll be able to see the "secret" influencer of biological evolution.



..Here's another puzzle piece to something I had been thinking of, which I found one morning on my phone's news app providentially.

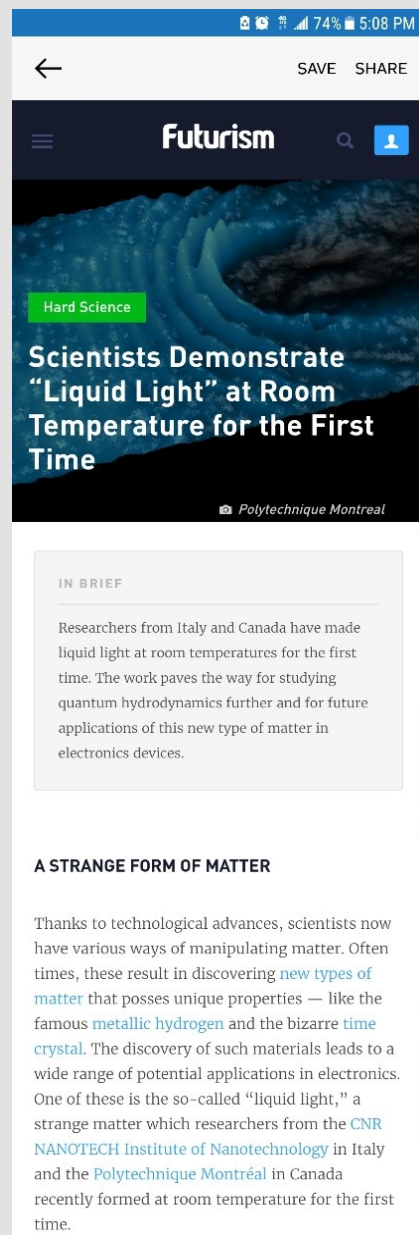
I wrote a few science fiction/fantasy stories in a previous issue of Nexion zine. In my sci-fi world, I was trying to figure out a rational way to make spaceships fly. I can't see what "anti-gravity" is in my mind, and so I wasn't able to rationally come up with anti-gravity drives/engines. "Rational" here meaning that I believe the Cosmos is orderly and rational, and that all things in the Cosmos function and operate according to rational parameters and processes.

My answer to the problem of making spaceships fly was "crystal-metal" hydrogen. Not metal hydrogen mind you, but "crystal-metal." A "crystal" is when the atomic structure of something is orderly and repeats over and over again. Three examples of crystal-line structures would be diamonds, your DNA, and graphene.

In my fake sci-fi world, I made crystal-metal hydrogen by placing hydrogen atoms in a honeycomb pattern [hexagonal], just like how the atoms of graphene are arranged. The hydrogen atoms are then compressed and bathed in certain electromagnetic and sonic fields, which I call "baking." This baking process allows the crystal-metal hydrogen to be stable at room temperature.

And to use the crystal-metal hydrogen, I used intense ultrasonic waves, which is directed at the crystal-metal hydrogen. The ultrasonic waves cause the crystal-metal hydrogen to form a "resonance field." Like a bell being struck, will first make a sound, and then it will resonate. The resonance field of the crystal-metal hydrogen acts like a bubble which deflects gravity, causing itself and the spaceship it is in to lose weight. To make the ship move in different directions, I used different colored laser lights aimed at the crystal-metal hydrogen.

Anyways, I gave this crystal-metal hydrogen the uncreative name "Hoverium" as I explained in that issue of Nexion zine. I thought my idea of Hoverium was fake. But it looks like real science is getting closer to making such a thing! Metallic hydrogen... will one day make cars hover.



∴Confirmed by Providence again! In a previous issue of Nexion zine I wrote a science fiction story about sentient robots called Custodians. My Custodians ate bricks of soil, and drank something I called "liquid light" out of bottles.

In my mind, liquid light is when you squeeze actual photons together where they become a fluid, or something which behaves like a fluid. I thought this was possible because of how I understand photons to be. As I explained in some previous issue of Nexion zine, a photon is a whirlpool of ether, and ether already behaves like a fluid. I was wondering if such a thing was possible. If it was possible, to me, it would help support and confirm the etheric nature of Light.

I found articles on my phone's news app which showed me that such a concept is possible, and that liquid light had actually been created!



..God I love how Providence works! I wouldn't be able to look for stuff like this if I were to search for it on the internet. This information just literally comes to me on my phone.

So, in a previous issue of Nexion zine I wrote an essay called "Notes On Light," wherein I talked about what I hypothesize Light is.

In the essay I explained that a great mystery to me was how Light [Photons] can travel thru glass, but not a wall. The idea of collision balls and kinetic energy popped into my mind one day. And with that insight I understood that Light is a force similar to kinetic energy which swirls ether. And when ether swirls, it shines [becomes luminescent].

And so the, the force hits the glass, travels thru each atomic layer of the glass, and when it reaches the final layer, if it has not weakened, the force creates more etheric swirls. And we perceive this as Light traveling thru translucent objects. In an opaque object, the force is dissipated as it passes thru each atomic layer, and it never reaches the final layer of the object.

My problem was: how do I find information which either confirmed or falsify my insight. Well, I didn't have to find it; the information just literally popped in front of my face one day in the form of a notification on my phone.

It turns out that electrons [a species of etheric swirl like photons] have been observed to do exactly this. The data of that article helps support and confirm the etheric nature of Light [photons], and in general, of subatomic particles. You'll have to read that essay for the details.



## Resonant Transmutation of Nitrogen in Lung Tissue

### [Carbon Monoxide Poisoning by Transmutation of Nitrogen in the Lungs](#)

by Alex Putney for [Human-Resonance.org](http://Human-Resonance.org)  
January 22, 2013

The following is an interesting excerpt from C. Louis Kervran's '*Biological Transmutations*' (Crosby Lockwood, 1972), translated from the original French by Crosby Lockwood and revised and edited by Herbert and Elizabeth Rosenauer, pages 18-21:

In 1935... a case of fatal poisoning of a welder had occurred... [yet] I could find no evidence to show where the carbon monoxide originated... It was only in 1955 that it dawned upon me what had happened. In that year... three welders using blow-pipes had died in a period of several months... from carboxyhaemoglobinaemia (carbon monoxide poisoning)... It was decided... to take blood samples from fellow workers even though the men were apparently in good health. The samples showed that those doing the same work as the victims were seriously afflicted with chronic carboxyhaemoglobinaemia, some to a degree approaching that of the fatal cases.

In fact the three fatal incidents in 1955 had lead me to a hypothesis which I had to verify. As the blood contains carbon monoxide without any being inhaled, if there is an undetected source of this toxic gas, it would be found in samples taken in the proximity of the respiratory organs, thus carbon monoxide would be produced in the body...

The odd composition of the Venusian atmosphere may also be due to the high levels of heat and electrical activity at the planet's surface. Venus may once have had an atmosphere more like that of the Earth, with a preponderance of nitrogen and oxygen and water vapor. It was shown many years ago by the French scientist, Louis Kervran, that nitrogen in the presence of a hot iron surface becomes 'activated' and may be subsequently resonantly transmuted to carbon monoxide. Carbon monoxide and water vapor in the presence of heat will form carbon dioxide and hydrogen as in a well-known industrial process. The hydrogen combines with available oxygen to form more water vapor, until the oxygen is consumed. Thereafter the hydrogen tends to escape to space leaving behind a heavy carbon dioxide atmosphere. It is significant therefore that the water vapor content of the Venusian atmosphere was found by several Venera landers to mysteriously decrease near the surface of the planet. It can only mean that water is being absorbed or destroyed at the surface. What is more, the rate of disappearance could not be sustained for more than a "geological instant," Nitrogen remains the only significant constituent of the Venusian atmosphere, following carbon dioxide.

..In a previous issue of Nexion zine I was talking about how chickens have the ability to transmute stuff like mica into calcium. Or something like that. The chicken story was questionable. But I am almost certain that elements [atoms] can be transmuted into other elements, inside biological organisms, and in Nature.

This is a topic I have my interests in at the moment. Because if elemental transmutation is possible, if it is a natural process in Nature: then there is force, or field, or energy, something that makes it work. And it would give me insight into the very Nature/Physis of atomic elements, as being amorphous stuff.

The Providential clues I have so far is the transmutation of nitrogen into carbon monoxide. I have a fuzzy idea, an intimation, that sound has something to do with it... specifically resonance fields. I don't know... I have to wait and see. It's fascinating.







***SEXION 4***

## The GPD Pocket

..So I bought the GDP Pocket, which is a little mini-laptop! It was around \$500. It's actually a cute little fully functioning laptop. I placed a dollar bill in the picture so you guys can see how big it is:



It's 7 inches long, which is about as long as a Kindle reader. The screen is 7 inches, diagonal. Touch screen, made from Gorilla Glass.



It doesn't actually fit inside of a pocket... unless you have really big pockets. But it does fit in your bag, and it's a convenient travel computer you can take on the go with you, like to the coffee shop.

My only little issue is with four keys: The Backspace and Delete keys should be switched, and the right Shift key and the Quotation marks key should also be switched around. Otherwise I can live with the keys.

The keyboard itself works fine. Especially how I type: I use my two pointing fingers to poke at the keys.

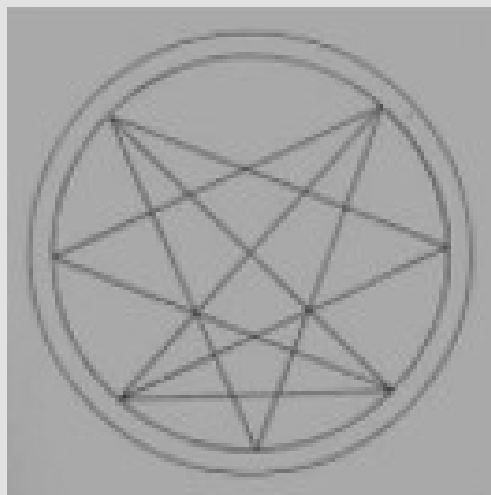
I bought a GPD Pocket for two primary reasons: 1) to write stuff on the go and at the shop, where I spend a lot of time at. I dislike lugging a big laptop around with me. 2) My cousin who lives out in Brazil started his own little data mining company with a friend of his down there, and he needs help... so I will be spending this year teaching myself how to program computers with the Python programming language.

I have Python installed on my GPD Pocket, along with Pycharm. And it's cool cuz you can write a computer program on the go, anywhere, with the GPD Pocket. I'm keeping my eyes on the GPD Win 2, which will be even more convenient for me! So, there's been a slight change of plans: I won't be writing books soon, and I won't have time most days to write long stories. Learning Python for me is hard. It'll take me a whole year to know what I'm doing.

I owned a Pandora, which is a pocket computer that came out a few years ago, which I also wrote about in a previous issue of Nexion Zine. The nub on my left Pandora stop working, so I unscrewed it opened to see if I could fix it, and I accidentally broke one of the little components... so its trash now... which was why I bought this one.

The GPD Pocket by the way is made with aluminum casing, no logos, no moving parts, very high quality build, sturdy.

On a scale from 1-10, I give this device an 8. Minus 2 point because the keys could be better, and because there is no MicroSD card slot to expand memory; it does have a USB port. It comes with 128 internal memory storage. The good side is, if you are just writing and reading, the battery will actually last you 10-12 hours. Five hours if you're constantly watching YouTube videos.





∴ That red symbol plus the Omega & Alpha will be the official symbol of Nexion zine, because the red symbol has the letters N & Z in it, which obviously would stand for Nexion Zine. It's also the Buddhist swastika. The Omega & Alpha refers to a Biblical passage. The one about the 'first being the last, and the last first, for many be called, but few chosen.' Something like that. I don't remember it off the top of my head.

I started Nexion zine 4 years ago, not knowing if anybody would even read it. The original intention was to write essays for and share insights with a future generation yet to be born. I'd just leave it archived for those future generations to one day find it.

I now have 10 years of experience of writing blogs and sharing my essays and building an audience over time. And so I kept working on this Nexion zine project for 3 years. You need at least three years to see if your writing project has the ability to circulate and generate an audience.

It's been over three years and the results I see are positive and acceptable. Nexion zine seems to have a circulation of an average of 400 based on the number of downloads per issue over at archive.org where I upload and save all of the issues. I can't tell if its being circulated outside of that website. As of this writing, issue 3.1 seems to be the most popular for whatever reason. It has so far been downloaded 581 times from that archive website. Most of the issues have been downloaded around 500 times.

Which is pretty good, given the restraints: 1) all issues are uploaded to one single website [archive.org] which is not a very popular site [relatively speaking], 2) not much advertisement is done to get people to let people know that the zine even exists, & 3) I don't run around forums, facebook, and the internet coercing people to read and download the zines. I want to see how the zines do if they are just left alone in the archive.

I'm not sure – in fact I have no idea – who these circa 500 people are reading Nexion zine, but I do know they are all not associated with the ONA. Which is really cool.

Let's see what becomes of Nexion Zine after 10 years of publication! Thank you everybody for reading it.

--Chloe



The GPD Win 2

It's supposed to be coming out in the summer of 2018! I'm getting one. Specs:

- 6 inch, 1280 x 720 pixel capacitive touchscreen display with Gorilla Glass 4
- Intel Core M3-7Y30 Kaby Lake processor
- 8GB of LPDDR3-1866 memory
- 128GB of solid state storage (it's an M.2 2242 SSD card that's user replaceable)
- 802.11ace WiFi
- Bluetooth 4.2
- Stereo speakers
- Dual 4,900 mAh batteries (9,800 mAh, 37.24Wh total)
- Dual vibration motors
- USB 3.0 Type-C, USB 3.0 Type-A, micro HDMI, 3.5mm audio, and microSD card ports
- 6.4" x 3.9" x 1"
- 1 pound

I think it will be on Indiegogo or something. Just google it.





The Dragonbox Pyra

∴It's a Linux open source pocket computer / mini-laptop. The Pyra is the successor of the Pandora, which I had. Past tense! I was taking my Pandora apart this one day, to see what the insides looked like, and I accidentally broke some doohickey off the circuit board, and then I didn't know how to put the device back together in one piece. Lesson: if you know nothing about electronics, don't take apart your electronic devices.

So I'm waiting for the Pyra to come out. Which should be some time in 2018. They already have the prototypes. And I actually did already buy the pre-pre-order! So, now it's just waiting those "two months!"

Go here to read more about it: <https://pyra-handheld.com/boards/pages/pyra/>



# ***FINI***

-----BEGIN PGP SIGNED MESSAGE-----

Hash: SHA1

Chloe 352

December 2017

White Star Acception

-----BEGIN PGP SIGNATURE-----

Version: GnuPG v1.4.12 (MingW32)

iQEcBAEBAGAGBQJaNU92AAoJEBi1gnyzbah5loH/j2gzvsqIj1h2YtHVV3utMua  
3OBYqpimgZJt9eMnedzDMiTIsoBPpGp9GbENXMuZ8zOJLgJwfwOJg/hy6pbHkPTI  
xrTK3vsAHlpUpE3WgtwlcoDKTT3NVASajCXa5ivwt5ulKmWfcYgoobxr6HOZz0O6  
ivWfvNGMSIMhgeMtdYI7759P89wHFWnOs9psFVv7J/IHbBKH+df1PjNjOHYEsniH  
NVox0vxNZS2q+c9LTPi7+/X2OtHD90xuUYBAf1pIb9FWxZ98NeUn2rsNjm1206QM  
LBhRhPkHtEwr2X1FvxARCtsZ4tL3yID10PoBKfj0yvKAqP+EQq8tKXmHGzNHHqk=  
=2j3g

-----END PGP SIGNATURE-----

# ***ORDER OF NINE ANGLES***